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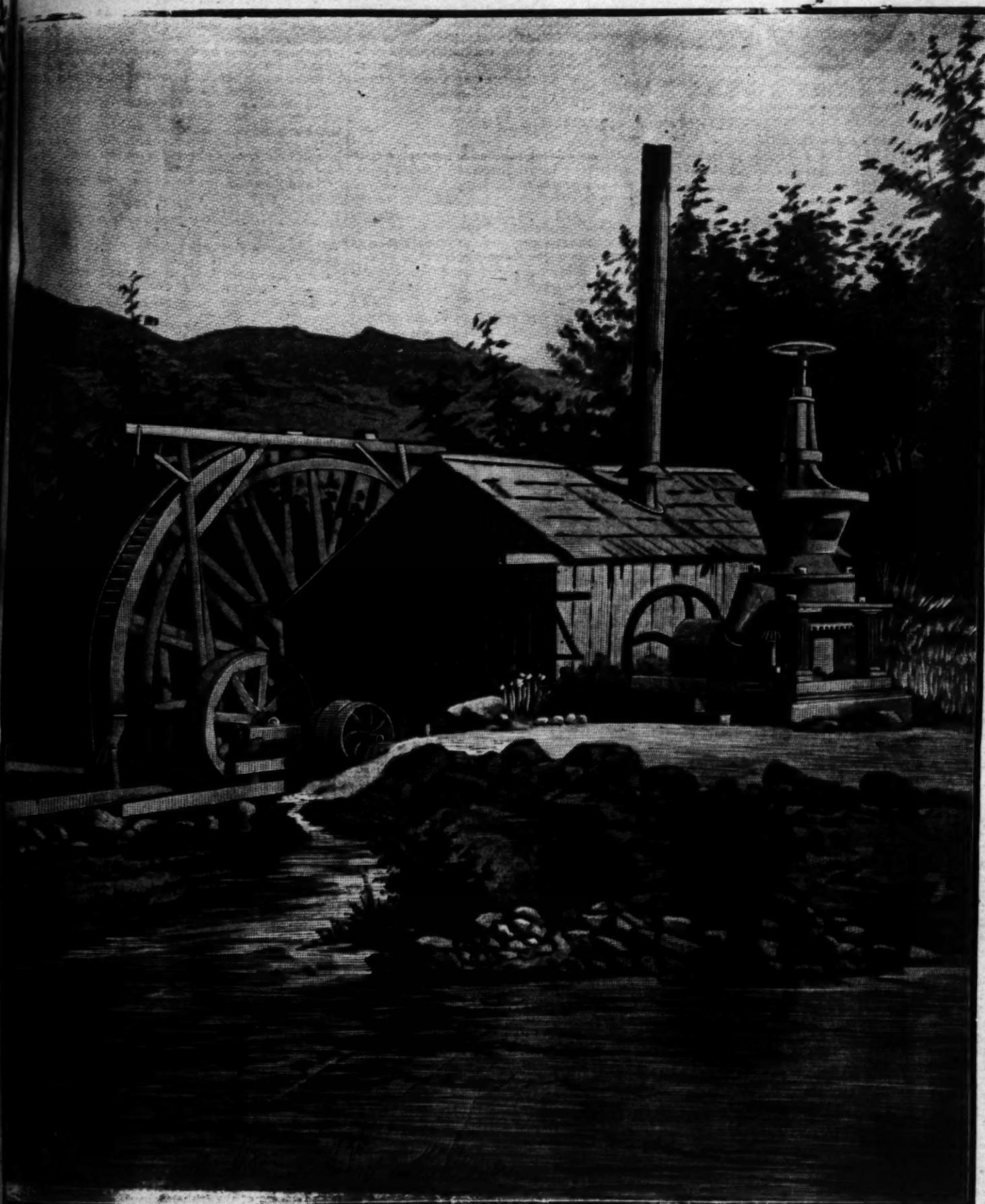
Los Angeles Sunday Times

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PAGES

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SCENIC CALIFORNIA.



Old Yucca Mill in the Soledad Pass.
[From a water-color drawing by Chapin.]

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, complete in itself, is served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 Magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 4, 1897.

OUR CONSULAR SERVICE.

BISHOP POTTER of New York is quoted as having spoken as follows in an address he recently made before the Iota Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Rochester, N. Y.: "I inquired some time ago, while traveling abroad, regarding the accurate knowledge, intelligence, broadmindedness and compliance with customs on the part of our consular service, and I found that these qualities were as much to be found there as are grace and elegance on the part of a bull in a china shop. . . . The consular service is mostly made up of men who are selected by the Senators to pay debts to political heelers by forcing the hand of the Executive. It constitutes a vast system of political sway and is degrading to this high legislative body. We hear of the bad conditions that exist in our city governments, but our attention needs also to be diverted to the poor quality of the representatives that we send abroad."

Bishop Potter has accomplished much good in reform work, but like most reformers, he sometimes goes off on a tangent, as he did not so very long ago in reference to the Philippine problem. There is a basis for criticism upon our consular service, but the bishop's intensity of character has led him to exaggerate the conditions which he criticizes, while he seems to overlook the more serious defects in the service.

Most Americans who have traveled abroad will, we believe, testify that our Consuls are generally courteous, intelligent and tactful men. Bishop Potter's comparison of them to a "bull in a china shop"—rather undignified, considering the occasion—is, we believe, unjust as applied to the great majority of our Consuls.

That many of our Consuls should lack "accurate knowledge" is a condition naturally to be expected from our established method of appointment. The need of training for the men who are to occupy our diplomatic and consular offices has been referred to heretofore in these columns. So strong a hold, however, has the present system of appointment obtained, that a reform cannot be effected in a moment, or in a year. Nevertheless no little progress has been made, and every careful observer knows that the service has been greatly improved within the last few years. Never before have the foreign agents of this country made themselves so useful as during the administration of President McKinley. Never before have the demands upon them been so exigent, nor their retention in office so dependent upon the character of their service.

The duties of the Consul are largely in the interest of our commerce, and the faithful service rendered in this field has had much to do with the growth of American trade in other countries. Their comprehensive and accurate reports to our State Department have been of inestimable value to our merchants, manufacturers, agriculturists and horticulturists. They have not only kept us informed with reference to the condition of the markets abroad, but they have investigated conditions with reference to the introduction of new articles from this country, have watched legislation in the countries in which they are serving, and have kept our State Department informed as to the probable effect of such legislation on our commerce; they have reported on industrial methods employed in those countries where they differ from our own, and have transmitted much other valuable information.

A paragraph in the Newark, N. J., Evening News on our consular service is pertinent and truthful. It says:

"The Consul may not be a Chesterfield in address, nor a Turveydrop in deportment, nor a Messofanti in command of the Pentecostal gift, and yet be a most valuable and efficient public servant. It is highly desirable, indeed, that he should be a man of polish and suavity, and no doubt many of our Consuls speedily acquire the social varnish originally lacking, for it is an American characteristic to be adaptable to surroundings. But far more important than this is it that they should manifest just what most of them develop, a remarkable insight into the business relations and conditions which govern the foreign world with which our transactions are so important. The average Consul no doubt has defects which may handicap his usefulness, but he could scarcely

have a better working ideal than the record of the last few years has proven to be foremost in his mind."

While it is true that our consular service would be much improved were it practicable to put it under the civil-service rules and thus develop a trained corps of Consuls, it cannot be denied that very useful work has been done by our agents abroad, and the evils of which Bishop Potter complains are not so serious as he imagines.

A HOLIDAY LAND.

CALIFORNIA may be enumerated among the most fortunate States of the Union in its possibilities of summer outdoor life. The myriad ways which lead from the cities of the Pacific Slope to the mountains, the foothills and the sea, illustrate the power of the State to build up physical tissue and the conditions of harmonious and optimistic thinking. A large share of the enjoyment of these outings depends upon the systematic concentration of well-chosen plans in order to get the full benefit. The tourist who goes to the mountains to learn something of the structure of the rocks, their lichens, ferns and flowers, their entomology, their bird haunts and typical fauna, has given hygiene a cooperative friend of sanitary potency. There are no dull places in the mountains for resourceful minds with the power to focalize enthusiasm on any subject of noble interest. He who discovers the old trail of a long-gone race comes into comradeship with the youth-time of the State, and will also find old ethic footprints of glowing associations which are individual secrets of his own possession.

If the holiday student takes as a text-book any of the popular guides for scientific study adapted to the State he may also find among pocket editions of general interest in Woods' "Common Shells of the Sea Shore" and Austed's "The Earth's History" some concise and informing chapters. While not depending altogether on conventional curricula, or arbitrary facts, he may glean many original impressions, and so educate his cogitative forces that his mind will seek out those little byways of advancement that tend to the wonderlands of discovery.

Many currents are sent by Mescadier's new duplexed telegraph system, but of the twelve currents which enter the wire, the receivers are said to select each current belonging to its own particular message, rejecting all others.

All lovers of nature have had experiences of outdoor charm, which seemed like these special, individual calls, when the light on the summer sea, or the song in the forest whispered Paul's words, "Think on these!" Turn away from exploring the crypts and caverns of painful memories, draw the light from new suns. There are in such moods sibylline confidences in the swaying leaves, and the mountain streams in the fissures in the rocks infuse something of their young jollity. There are singing festivals calling among the hills, where one may find the songs of Schubert, Schumann or even the chorals, in the unwritten music of forest minstrelsy. If one has watched the sailing of the hawks or the flight of the eagles among the mountains he has known one of the delights which are untranslatable into speech; he understands the ardors of the old masters who strove to paint the wonders of flight and copy the iris colors of the Alps and the daffodil lights on the sky.

The ascents and crevasses of the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn, with their wildly precipitous and snowy crests, have been invested in imagination with perennial glory, but the Californian whose zenithal heaven includes glimpses of the Sierras has an equal right of national pride. If he wanders from those horizons of infinite blues back to the glamour of the sea, he has not only a storehouse of physical props, but fountains of spiritual strength. The memory with its mutilations, its fractures and wounds, is soothed as by a mother's touch of healing. Nature speaks in the language of immortal youth.

There is apparent here in the majority of the mountain and seaside homes an artistic impulse, which is illustrated by wide portals and broad vistas and gay exterior. The building of the temple of the spirit, so that its light shines in the grasp of the hand, the flash of the eye, and the spoken word is also a process of orderly law. Who can doubt but the balsam of the forest, the singing of the mountain stream, and the salt tides of the sea, are among the life-giving influences which should not be ignored as invigorating powers?

Frequent glimpses of the ideal quality of outdoor life can but contribute to sanity and normality of spiritual poise. The fear and depression which haunted the night hours, specters of the desk and the arena disappear in the long beach ramble. The cloud-scows of the imagination relax, and the broad patches of blue shine in on the soul.

There are crowds of children along the sands. The fairies of Grimm, Hans Andersen and "Alice in Wonderland" could not furnish more enchanting pictures than these lovely children of the Pacific Slope. Glimpses of these Raphaelistic cherubs have all the charm of song and blossom world.

The way to the seacoast-holiday shores leads through golden harvest fields and along fruitful orchards, and the sight of the golden plenty must fill the heart with the deep sense of omnipresent love and care.

L. F. H.

OLD YUCCA MILL.

The yucca mill pictured on the first page of this issue today was built a number of years ago in California by a company of English capitalists, for the purpose of manufacturing paper from yucca pulp. The process was found too expensive, however, and was abandoned and only the ruins of the old mill remain.

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Chicago is to have an underground railway to supplement its splendid system of underground political Republicans.

Can there be any connection between Bryan's trip and Grover's hasty exit to the fishing in Labrador?—[Chicago News.]

In the opinion of Murat Halstead the Missouri author, Web Davis, is simply "nothing" that job of book making.—[Washington Post.]

J. Pierpont Morgan may be a hero in his own circle, but the people at large do not name him as they do after war and political heroes.—[Post.]

Dowle says the doctors of Chicago have forced to beat him into insanity. The physician who accomplished that feat would have to be a springy nominal swiftness.—[Denver Post.]

Russia, in spite of its universal peace plans of years since, seems ready for any kind of a brush with the benighted heathen of Asia to war with the United States.—[Washington Post.]

Profound public gratitude is due to Alice B. Simpson, who will not tackle Shakespeare in his season, but will write a play of his own. The inutility shown in the abstention from Shakespeare's commendable departure from the fashion of the ville stars.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

The most familiar heading in the newspaper country, at least, is "Killed at a Crossing." The paid out by steam and trolley lines for double crossings would more than pay the expense of a guard around every crossing. Why not one precaution and thus save life and money?—[Star.]

There is no expanse of navigable waters in the world that can surpass the English Channel for comfort. Now there is talk of building a bridge that will cover the distance across in thirty-five But thirty-five minutes is ample time for a stomach to make itself dreadfully diseased.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

"Coin" Harvey has become a citizen of Bon Ark, and entertains Congressional aspirations now busily engaged in organizing an old-time contest, but whether that has augt to do with political plans the press reports do not state. It is a much less complicated proposition than anyhow.—[Minneapolis Times.]

All the accounts from abroad agree in saying that keepers of hotels and restaurants, of theaters in London would be almost in despair this summer if it were not for the army of Americans in the British isles and for the generous expenditures of the visitors. Brother Jonathan has made so much that he is even more liberal than in former years in seeing the sights and enjoying himself in the—[New York Tribune.]

It should be remembered that the foreign elements in America look for editorials attacking the purposes of other nations and cable them over to the European public, just as the European correspondents in Europe make it their business to home every scrap of anti-American stuff they can. No doubt many Europeans think the Americans are plotting against the peace of the world, to gain or trade, while in the United States it looks as if rope were shaking its fists in this direction. An anti-American feeling in Germany and the German policies in America is due to this same City Star.

TO THE EAST, GREETING.

(From The Times Flyer, published at Buffalo, N. Y.)

Oh, Nature spreads a glorious feast
Within this broad and sun-filled East—
A feast of color for the eye,
With boundless wealth of harvesty.

Such psalms are on the green fields spread
As are by Nature's lovers read.
How wide the grass-clad, rich expanse,
Pierced by the sunbeam's golden lance.
Like emeralds on the breast of day,
They in their wondrous beauty lay,
The dim-aisled forests, how they thrill
Our sense of vision; never still,
Their countless leaves, uplifted there,
In the soft silence of the air.
They clap their hands, The wading brook
Wakes Nature's, richest harmonies.

"The groves were God's first temples"—
Doth Nature worship, and man's pray
Is holiest. O beauteous East,

We greet you gladly for the feast
Of beauty that you give—fair
With many crystal streams ye art,
With velvet meadows, forests grand,
And grass-clad plains on ev'ry hand,
We of the sunset West do greet
Our brothers here, and it is sweet
To feel one flag is ours, one land—
Both East and West united stand.

A GAELIC TYPEWRITER.

[London News:] The most recent evidence of development of the Irish language movement, the stimulus of the Gaelic League, is the production of a Dublin firm of a typewriter which writes in the next Irish characters. It is not an uncommon sight now in Dublin to hear in government offices the language carried on in Irish.

In Galilee. By Robert J. Burdette.

Beside Blue Galilee.

The grasses that his feet have pressed,
The hills that beheld his face,
The sea that sung him to his rest,
The hills that heard his word of grace.

Through all the centuries' tale of years—
Through storm of war and nights of pain,
Through mists of doubt and rain of tears,
Lives in the morning joy again.

There is no age in this sweet, fair clime;
No yesterdays of death and strife:
His presence blessed his world and time
With his own gift—eternal life.

Nazareth.

At a slow foot pace our horses toil up the rock-strewn
hill that leads up the long, long hill to Nazareth. The
Emperor of Germany must have had some half-formed
notion of coming this way at some time, for there is
hill—or rather heaped—the foundations of a good broad
carrage road up the slope. But it is so much steeper
than the trail marked out by the pack mules, camels and
shakers of the caravans, so much rougher and rockier
than any natural landslide interrupted in its headlong
course by a lost earthquake could possibly be, that trav-
elers carefully avoid the intentions of the Turkish road-
builder and follow the way of the donkeys. Which is
much better.

We have crossed the frontiers of Zebulon and Issachar;
many ancient rock tombs line the roadside; to the right
looms a mountain, rock ribbed and precipitous, lifting
its stony brows abruptly against the ever-smiling sky.

"That is the hill," the dragoman said.

Who in the beginning of His ministry, "Jesus came
to Galilee, where He had been brought up," He preached
in the synagogue. In the course of a sermon five min-
utes long and 1000 years old, He related two well-
known, undisputed, universally-accepted facts, recorded
in their own national histories, and believed to the
very letter by every man in the congregation. He did
not add one word of suggestion, comment or application,
but immediately "all they in the synagogue, when they
heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up,
and thrust Him out of the city, and led Him unto the
brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they
might cast Him down headlong."

My boy, that was great preaching. If you have any
thought of entering journalism—which is good preaching—
you will find in the four gospels the most perfect
and most powerful, the simplest and most convincing
system of "reporting" that exists in all literature. The
best example of what Jacob Riis so aptly terms "the
power of fact" that you can read anywhere you will find
in these four little biographies. And if you don't read
them, professionally, you will overlook the best "re-
porter's handbook" ever printed. They contain more
simple statements of absolute and amazing fact, with
less comment, less suggestion of what the reader ought
to think about it, less attempt to shape his verdict or
color his judgment for him, than any other history or
narrative ever written. And yet, by the inexorable logic
of fact, they mold the reader's thought as no other
writings do. That's one of the things that made these
writers such perfect reporters—my boy, with the note-
book—they were so absolutely, "rock-foundedly" sure
of their facts.

Yesterday and Today.

Nazareth is a New Testament town. It is mentioned
for the first time in the first chapter of John, where
Nathaniel wonders, "Can there any good thing come out
of Nazareth?" Much as today a man might become
speechless with amazement on hearing that man from
New York was lecturing on "good government." A
large church was erected here in the closing years of the
sixth century, when Nazareth was a prosperous little
city, but under Mohammedan rule it soon dwindled to a
village. In the year 970 it was captured by the Greek
Emperor, but almost immediately afterward it was de-
stroyed by the Arabs. Again recaptured by the crusad-
ers, several churches were erected and the town began
to resume its place in the world. Then, after the battle
of Hattin, which was a Mohammedan victory, Saladin
himself came here, in July, 1187. About fifty years
later the Emperor Frederic II rebuilt the city, but after
20 years' occupation the Christians were compelled to
leave it by the Turkish conquest. However, the Fran-
ciscans, assisted by a famous Druse chieftain, estab-
lished themselves here in 1629. In Napoleon's campaign
in Syria the French army encamped near here. During
the latter part of the eighteenth century the town be-
gan to regain some of its former prosperity, and it has
now a population of more than 8000 people, of whom
about 3000 are orthodox Greeks, 2000 Roman Catholics,
about as many Mohammedans, and a handful of
Protestants. The orthodox Greeks have a church and a
monastery, a Russian school for boys and girls and a
teachers' college. The united Greeks have a church.
The Roman Catholics have a Franciscan monastery, a
school, a hospice, an orphanage, a girls' school
and two nunneries. The Maronites have a church. The
Protestants have a church, a mission school, a Bible
school and a school and home for orphan girls. Many of
the streets of the pretty city—for it certainly is pretty—
are as filthy as anything you will find in Syria
or in Jerusalem, which for general filthiness stands
a class by itself. In the Latin Church of the An-
gelus you may see the exact spot where the angel
stood when he appeared to Mary, saying, "Hail, I

blessed among women." There can be no doubt about
this, for the spot is marked by a stone column. Eighteen
inches away stood the virgin; this place is marked by a
fragment of a pillar, which appears to be held up by be-
ing fastened in the ceiling. But it is not; it is miracu-
lously suspended there. The man told us so. He also
showed us an old cistern which he said was the kitchen
of the virgin.

The house of the virgin Mary used to stand here, but
on the 10th of May, 1291, some angels carried it away—
roof, attic, well and cellar—everything but the kitchen—in
order to prevent its desecration by the Mohammedans.
I don't suppose it ever could have recovered from the
contamination of the Mohammedan touch, but a little
able-bodied lying has secured its spotless sanctity in-
violate until this day. The angels, bewildered no doubt
by the glittering inducements of rival real estate
agents, were a little uncertain at first where to locate
the property. They carried it to Tersato, near Plume, in
Dalmatia, but afterward removed it to Loretto, Italy,
where it now is. This miracle appears to have been
questioned by some incredulous people, because it had
not been heard of until some 200 years after its first
performance. So in 1471, during the pontificate of that
most exemplary Pope, Paul II, it was confirmed by the
church, since when it has been easy to believe it without
a struggle.

In the orthodox Greek church you may drink of the
well of St. Mary, a clear running stream of pure, sweet
water, which flows under the altar. From that it runs
through a conduit to the place which you will oftenest
frequent while you stay in Nazareth.

Mary's Well.

It is in the only fountain in the city. Here, in the hour
before sunset, groups of women stand chatting with each
other as they fill their water jars, while others are going
and coming—young girls, and the girls of Nazareth are
famous for the grace and beauty of their figures; gayly
attired brides, with richly embroidered jackets and the
tinkling ornaments of coins glittering on breast and
brow; and mothers—the sweetest figures in all these pictures
at the Nazareth fountain—with little ones running
beside them. Frequently the youngest and the shyest
is clinging to the mother's gown, child fashion the world
over. It is the only fountain in the city. It is not
known there was ever another. And here it may well
be, she whose name and life have made motherhood
sweet and tender to the touch of divinity, to the point
of worship, came in the sunset hours of centuries gone
by, as the women of Nazareth come today. And he, of
whose childhood in this city we know naught save that
he was a home-keeping boy, who came here with his
parents "and was subject unto them," ran at her side
as do the children we watch in this evening hour. It is
pleasant to think so. And, there being no chapel built
over this singing spring to shut out God's sunlight and
pearly shadows, and no "saint" before its name, and no
smoking lamp and no distracting dab of a painting
hung above it, it is easy to think so. I don't like the
faith that lurks in a cave, which is really only a good
place for bats. I don't care much for any religion that
must say its prayers in a gloomy corner between stone
walls, lighted by guttering candles and tinsel shrine of-
ferings. If I had lived in the old days, and had been a
heathen—and as I am not a Hebrew, that is probably
what I would have been—I would have been an infidel
heathen. For I would have had scant respect for Roman
altar and Greek statue—unless they were placed on a
hillside, in a meadow, close by sleeping stream or singing
fountain, and were marvelously beautiful—and I
would have worshiped the trees and the mountains.
And still I do most truly believe, in these days of enlighten-
ment, that there is not more religion, perhaps,
but better religion, and immeasurably more Christian-
ity in sunlight than in candle light. Why should we
make our churches dark and our jails light?

One sunny morning we draw rein on the summit of
the hill that looks down upon the beautiful little city of
white houses, nestled in the amphitheater in the crown
of the hills, wreathed with picturesque cactus hedges, as
are the old California missions, and garlanded with
bright orchards of figs, and the dove-tinted foliage of the
olives, a fair, sweet picture for the soul. Make your city
remember by your life, my boy. "I am a citizen of no
mean city," boasted the great apostle, and he meant
Tarsus, but you would never have known anything
about Tarsus, probably, had it not been the home of that
man. Nazareth always was "a mean city," but it shines
forever, a star in the firmament of history for the pure
life that passed its unchronicled days amid its quiet
hills.

Through Naphtali.

We ride away through a village which they tell us is
"Cana of Galilee." A great spring, clear and cold, lies
sleeping for a moment in a stone-walled reservoir before
it goes singing through the rocks and across the field.
All day we ride through a fertile land of fields and pas-
turage—the land of Naphtali, "satisfied with favor, and
full with the blessing of the Lord." To the south the
soft dome of Mount Tabor—the Mount of Transfiguration,
if that helps you the better with your prayers; to
our left, the "Horns of Hattin"—the Mountain of Beatitudes,
if that will make the "sermon" sweeter and
clearer to you; far to the north Hermon, with his crown
of snow; we ride slowly across a plain of Hattin—if we
listen with the ear that can hear things 800 years away,
we can hear the shock of contending hosts, the shouts
of challenge and the answering cries of defiance, the
cheers of victory and the vain appeals for mercy—all
the din and tumult of ancient war. For on this plain, on
a "Fourth of July" that antedates the greater one, Sal-
adin met the Christian hosts and gave the Frankish su-
premacy in the holy land its death blow. He utterly de-

feated the King Guy of Lusignan, and the garrison of
Tiberias; took the King prisoner, sold hundreds of noble
knights into slavery for worse than death, and put to
death many of the Knights Templar and the Hospital-
ers, including their Grand Master. I grieve to say that
Saladin found this treatment necessary in the case of
the noble Grand Master of this noble order of knighthood,
to cure him of an inveterate habit of lying into
which he had fallen, deeming it no sin, I trow, to lie
to a Paynim chieftain. Saladin, however, held different
views on the subject of the honor of a pledge and the
sacredness of treaties, and when it came his turn to interpret
the ten commandments, it appeared to him that
nothing would so thoroughly cure the Grand Master of
his habit of violating his word as a little killing. So
he made the patient kneel down, gave him time to say
his prayers and then "absolved him with an ax." He
applied the remedy in the neck, with his own hand, and
a half-ton of the Grand Master, "after taking," showing
his head and his body twenty-seven feet apart, indicated
that the cure was complete with one battle. What a fortunate thing for the United States it is that
Saladin never had the authority to pass judgment and
execute sentence on our numerous Indian treaties. Or,
I may say, on the first one. Because even such a stern
judge as Saladin would hardly have been sufficiently unreasonable to expect the same government to furnish a
new head every time it made a treaty with the Indians.
"Don't I mean 'every time it broke a treaty'?" That's
what I said, son.

We gallop across this haunted plain, sweep around
the curve of a lily-diked hill, and some one cries:

"Galilee."

If there was never historical or sentimental association
linked with the name, "Sweet Galilee" would be
beautiful. The soft and changing blue of the lake melts
into the skies that stoop to their own mirrored beauty
in its breast, and to the hills that cluster around it,
every slope and crest robed in the emerald beauty of the
springtime and gemmed with a thousand wild flowers.
The hills are not mountains; the one city, Tiberias, left living on
these once-crowded shores does not speak of desolation,
but deepens the shadow of beautiful solitude; white-
browed Hermon is a distant sentinel looking down
through the pearl-tinted clouds upon the sleeping lake.
Instinctively you would call it "Sweet Galilee."

We ride around the old city of Tiberias, still crowded
within its strong land-walls and old sea towers, and
make our camp half an hour to the south, on the shore
of the lake, near the hot baths. Very picturesque is this
City of Tiberias. Jesus was a boy of 14 years when
Herod the Great began to build it, naming it in honor of the
Emperor of Rome. It was built over an old
burial ground which defiled the city for the Jews, and it
is doubtful that Jesus ever entered it. Herod peopled
his city with foreigners, adventurers and the general
ruck of beggars. It was always a Roman city rather
than Jewish. It is mentioned but twice in the New Testament.
Josephus fortified the city strongly when he
was commander-in-chief in Galilee, and when it surrendered to
Vespasian the Jews were permitted to dwell there. During this war the Romans defeated the Jewish
host in a naval battle on this peaceful little lake. But one cannot picture a battle on the calm serenity of this
beautiful canvas. Tiberias did not suffer in the war
which culminated in the destruction of Jerusalem, and it became thereafter the ch' of seat of the Jewish people.
There are now probably 500 human beings in the city, and countless millions of inhuman, sleepless, and
rapacious fleas. About two-thirds of the people are
Hebrews. They have ten synagogues. There are numbers of excellent row and sailboats at the city
"wharves," clean, well-equipped and well-manned. One of these came to our camp landing, which was an old
Roman wharf, solid masonry of great blocks of hewn
stone, but two feet under the water, and we embarked and were rowed to.

Capernaum.

A few fragments of Corinthian capitals, some broken
bits of columns of smooth limestone very like marble,
supposed to be the remains of the white synagogue
built by the Centurion "who loveth our nation;" some
pieces of black basaltic stones from ruined houses—this
is Capernaum, in the day of its pride "exalted to
heaven," now "brought down to hell." Jesus came to
this city after the marriage in Cana of Galilee—"He and
His mother and His brethren and His disciples." Here
He preached the word of repentance and the coming of
the kingdom; here He came after the death of John the
Baptist; here He healed the servant of the Centurion,
the equal of whose faith was not found, "no, not in
Israel;" in this synagogue He healed the man with the
unclean spirit, who so disturbed the service on the Sab-
bath day; here dwelt Peter and his brother Andrew; here
Jesus healed the mother of His disciple's wife, "who
lay sick of a fever." And here in Capernaum, when the
Sabbath day, with its services of preaching and healing,
was done, and He was weary in body and spirit
and with the joy of a tired man hailed the shadows of
the twilight with their promise of quiet and much-needed
repose, "when the sun was setting all they that had any
sick with divers diseases brought them unto Him, and
He laid His hands on every one of them and healed them.
And all the city was gathered at His door." A faithful
preacher has no eight-hour day, my son.

And with all this preaching and healing, all this fervor
and opportunity, this trace of the ruin of a ruin is
Capernaum. But the Roman city farther down the lake
stands within its walls today. There is no damnation
so complete and awful as misused opportunity. A savage
on a midocean island, with nothing better than his
nakedness, a spear for his fortune, a log for his god and
an empty memory for his library, gets along well enough
with the barrenness of his island, its wild beasts and
its wild men. But the "castaway" on those shores—the
man who sets sail from the world of Fair Opportunity
and loses his reckoning and drifts to wreck—his ruin
is appalling and complete.

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The Australian Aborigines. By Frank G. Carpenter.

"BLACK FELLOWS."

THE QUEER HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF A RACE WHICH IS FAST PASSING AWAY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

HERE are now less than 60,000 aborigines left in Australia, and of these 20,000 are in the State of Queensland, where this letter is dated. I saw no natives in Tasmania. There are only 565 in the State of Victoria, and only about 8000 in New South Wales. South Australia has been less developed than the eastern States, and it has 23,000, while the vast desert regions of Western Australia are said to have something like 6000. These figures, of course, are not absolutely accurate. The aborigines live in the wilds, and in the vast regions of unexplored Australia no one can tell how many there are. The only pure natives I have seen were in some of the towns along the northeast coast of Queensland, and my information comes largely from travelers, explorers and the colonial governments. Many of my photographs have been furnished by the governments of Queensland and New South Wales, from the collections taken by the official explorers.

How the "Black Fellows" Look.

The people here call the aborigines "blacks" and "black fellows." They sometimes use the word negro,

profusely used, and it is not uncommon for a native to give himself a coat of fish oil whenever he can get it. This envelops him in a rancid smell which is very offensive to Europeans. The methods of hairdressing vary. The hair is often bound up with cloths, and the knuckle bones of the kangaroo are so fastened to it that they hang down over the ears; in some parts kangaroo teeth are fastened to the forelocks, so that they hang down and rest on the forehead between the eyebrows. About Port Darwin in Northwestern Australia the men and women use nose pins, some of which are ten inches long. The nose is pierced in the center, and, being pulled down, these pins are thrust through so that they stand out for five inches on each side the nostrils. Some of the pins are made of turkey bones and others of kangaroo or emu bones. Sometimes parrot quills are used, the bright-colored feathers extending out on each side the nostrils. Some of the natives pierce their ears, using kangaroo bones as plugs.

Scars as Ornaments.

Among the queer forms of ornamentation are the scarring and cutting of the body. Nearly every native has more or less scars upon him, and the bigger the scars the better they like it. I refer to ornamental scars, for many of the women are scarred by the punishments inflicted upon them by their husbands. As to the ornamental scarring, this is done as a matter of beauty. The skin is voluntarily cut with flints or shells, pow-

brothers, and after marriage she is a widow. The husband can lend or give his wife away, and tribes she is not allowed to exchange a woman with. At 10, and there are few native girls who are not bachelors, but no old maids, for even an old woman can get. He leaves all his work to his wife, and more wives he has the richer he is.

When a man dies his widow goes to his old home, who can keep them or dispose of them, as the elder brother has the right to give away his wife off his sisters, and the same right belongs to the wife who often trades the females of the family for his sons.

Can't Complain for Want of Work.

The native woman of Australia can't complain for want of work, from building the house to all the professions of her tribe are not open to her. She does all the work, from building the house to the food and nursing the baby. Most of the tribes are nomadic. They build little shelters of brushwood wherever they camp, starting a new village at a stopping place. In traveling, the women carry the belongings of the family. They are laden with pack horses and walk along bent over behind their husbands, who, perhaps, carry nothing but their rifle and clubs. As soon as they come to a new camp the woman cuts the bark and builds the hut. She then cuts out and digs roots, picks fruit and climbs trees to chop out the larvae of worms, which she uses for breakfast. She often carries her child with her at this work, laying it on the ground as she cuts the wood and carries the water, and the woman behind her is usually sure of a whipping if she fails. Of such treatment, she ages rapidly, her hair becomes white, and her face wrinkles, and, as a rule, she is dead by 30. Even the men seldom live to be more than 40.

What the Natives Eat.

The lives of the aborigines are shortened by their diet. In point of intelligence they are as low as any people of the world, and they are more like animals than human beings. Their diet is largely vegetable, including all sorts of roots, thrash seeds out of different kinds of grass, weeds which they eat as we do watercress. One of their favorite dishes is wild honey, found in the hollow trees. They collect wild honey and their bread is made of grain seeds mashed between stones into a flour. This flour is then made into dough and eaten either cooked or raw.

Among the curious viands of which they are fond are ants, worms and snakes. There are ants in Australia, and certain varieties of them are eaten by the aborigines. The native stands upon a log and stamps with his feet, whereupon the ants crawl up his legs. After his shanks are well coated he cuts them off and eats them. The larger kinds are dried and eaten in the sun.

Another delicacy is the beetle, which is caught in the worm or larvae and in the matured form. The worms are picked out of the rotten tree trunks in red-hot ashes. Foreigners who have eaten them say they are not at all bad, and that they taste much like an omelet.

Snakes of all kinds are caught and eaten, lizards, especially the iguanas. The iguanas are a vicious lizard. It is eaten throughout South America, and has flesh much like that of a young chicken. They are a delicacy and are greedily devoured by the natives.

The natives are also fond of grasshoppers. There are sometimes swarms of the little insects, and women gather them by the basketful and boil them. They have a great feast. They first throw the grasshoppers into the fire to burn off the wings and legs, then drag them out and roast each grasshopper in the fire. The flesh so prepared tastes not unlike roast nuts.

As Hunters and Trackers.

The Australians tell me that the natives have a greater hunting and tracking ability than is generally supposed. They have a sense of reasoning powers and are such skillful hunters and trackers that they are largely employed by the whites. Here in Queensland they are said to be as good as bloodhounds had in slavery days. They are not afraid of anything. They follow criminals on horseback and most invariably catch them. There are 1000 men on the Queensland police force, each of whom receives a salary of about 10 cents a day and is a good hunter.

As hunters they catch the largest game in Australia. They trap emus, hunting them with dogs and driving them into nets and catching them. In the wilds the hunters station themselves near water holes and wait until the emu comes to drink. They then rig up a net across its path, drive it into the net when it has become entangled, destroy it with spears, clubs or boomerangs. They howl like dogs, which they imitate the voice of the emu, and the mountainers do that of the turkey in wild turkey hunting. The emu whistle is made by pounding a piece of hollow log in such a way that it gives forth a mournful sound. Sometimes a man will cover himself with a shield and thus sneak upon the emu and kill him.

Kangaroos are caught in nets, and are also hunted with dogs and spears. The natives trap them in all kinds and in all sorts of ways. They catch them by throwing nets over them as they sit about the water holes. They go into the water with bushes and heads and sneak upon the ducks and cranes, and thus drown them. They also catch fish with nets, sometimes poison the water with certain plants.



(1.) A NATIVE AND HIS HOME. (2.) THE SCARS ON THIS WOMAN WERE INFILCTED BY HER HUSBAND. (3.) THROWING A BOOMERANG. (4.) SHOWING NOSE AND OTHER ORNAMENTS.

but the few natives I have seen were chocolate brown, rather than black. Their hair was curly, but not woolly, and they had not the thick lips nor the very flat noses of the African. Some of the aborigines are quite fine looking; they are straight and well formed, although generally lean and scrawny. In Townsville I saw a native girl about 18 years old, who looked more like a mulatto than a negro. She had high cheek bones, a slightly receding chin and a big mouth, and her hair was glossy, smooth and fine. Still she was by no means bad looking for a "gin," and would have passed muster among a mixed crowd of colored people from our Southern States.

This girl had on European clothes. In the interior parts of North Australia the natives wear no clothes whatever. Both men and women go naked, or at best have only a few ornaments in their hair, nose and ears, with perhaps a string or two about the waist. In Northwestern Queensland the natives use belts of human hair during certain ceremonies, and they often stripe their bodies with paint. They sometimes have grass necklaces and strings of opossum skins about their shoulders. They tie bands about their hair to keep it from falling into their eyes, and for the same reasons soak it stiff with fat or clay. Hair grease is everywhere

deposited on the body as thick as your finger. These scars are found on the back and chest, and on the biceps muscles. They are sometimes on the thighs and stomachs. Among other tribes little pieces of skin are cut out to make scars, the victims yelling with pain during the operation.

As to the scars of the women, there are often made by the men in way of punishment. They look upon the women as their slaves, and when angry club them and cut them with their tomahawks and spears. If the woman is killed it makes little difference, for she is looked upon as the property of the man who supports her, and a man may do what he likes with his own.

A Chance for the New Woman.

There is no place in the world where the new woman could work to better advantage than among these aborigines. I doubt whether there are people in the wilds of Africa who treat the women so badly. The wife is the plaything and slave of her husband. She has no rights that any man is bound to respect, and if caught away from home any man will maltreat her. As a daughter she is sold or given away by her father or

[Chicago] The most enthusiastic city in the world that's where we are.

"It looks to the unemotional

[Life] La

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Claire: Ho

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the fish as they rise to the surface. They catch catfish by tramping through the streams and getting the fish under their feet. In such cases the native kills the fish by biting deep into its flesh just back of the head. He then throws it out upon the bank, knowing that it will not wriggle its way back into the water, and feels about for more.

The Question of Cannibals.

There is no doubt but that the Australian aborigines are more or less cannibals. The records show that they have always been so, and that the eating of human flesh exists in some parts of Australia today. Carl Lumholtz, to whom I am indebted for some of the information in this letter, has written a book, entitled "Among the Cannibals," pictureing his travels through the camps of the Australian aborigines; the government records also contain instances of cannibalism. About twelve years ago a man named Edwards saw the natives roasting an infant in one of their ovens. He watched the Maoris open the body and begin eating the fat, but the sight made him so faint that he was not able to continue his observations.

Lumholtz says the natives especially like the flesh of a black man, and that any sort of a human being is eaten as the choicest delicacy. There are parts of this State of Queensland where children who die suddenly are roasted, and there are proofs that native children have been killed for food. In Western Queensland the flesh of the pure blacks is preferred, but half-caste children are roasted and eaten. It is said, however, that the people do not care for white man's flesh, although they are by no means adverse to a rare bit of China man. There is one instance recorded of ten Chinamen being eaten at one dinner, and the statement is made that the preference for such meat over that of the white man is because the white man eats animal food, while the Chinese confine themselves largely to rice and vegetables.

Throwing the Boomerang.

I bought several boomerangs the other day, paying about 50 cents apiece for them. They are merely little sticks made of wood, each about two inches wide and from twenty inches to a yard long. They have a natural twist in them, and are so shaped that when thrown they return to the owner. The natives display great skill in throwing them, but do not, as I had supposed, use them to any extent as a weapon of war. For fighting and for all heavy hunting they prefer spears and lances. They have spears which weigh as much as four or five pounds, and which are eight or nine feet in length. Some spears are barbed with bone, flint or iron. The natives throw them with great skill, and are so treacherous in their use that the explorer has to watch out that he does not receive a spear in his back. The boomerang is sometimes used for killing small birds, but it is to a large extent a plaything.

Ghosts and Witch Doctors.

As far as I can learn, the aborigines have no Great Father like that of our Indians, although they believe in a future state and happy hunting grounds. They have a great dread of ghosts and demons, and think that certain places, such as caves and thickets, are haunted by them. They have witch doctors, who cure their diseases, which they think come from the spirits. The doctors pretend to locate the demon, and they suck pieces of wood out of the body where the pain is. They believe that most of their woes are due to sorcery, and that certain men can cause others to fall sick and die if they so wish. They believe their medicine men can make rain, and hold them responsible for all their sufferings. They have all sorts of charms to bring on and ward off evil spirits, and of late have announced their belief that the white settlers are dead natives come to life again, and that they themselves will after death again appear as white men.

Queer Methods of Burial.

The future state of the aborigine depends largely on how he is buried, and the men are very careful to inter their dead after certain rites. As to the women and children, they are of no account, either dead or alive, and their remains are usually rolled up in rugs or between sheets of bark and thus buried. A woman will often carry a dead child for a month before she buries it, laying the body under her head at night and sleeping upon it, notwithstanding the horrible odor.

The men are usually bundled up before burial. The knees of the corpse are forced up to its neck and tied there, the arms are tied to the sides and the calves forced up to the thighs and there tied. Then a rug or some pieces of bark are fastened about the body, and it is buried three or four feet deep in the sand, a mound covered with logs being erected above it.

In other parts of Australia cremation is practiced, while in other sections the dead bodies are dried before the fire until they turn into mummies. Some tribes lay the dead out upon platforms in the trees and allow the birds to clean the bones, just as the Parsees do upon their Towers of Silence at Bombay. After this the bones are buried in the earth or dropped into a hollow tree.

Brisbane, Australia.

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GROUNDS FOR HIS OPINION.

[Chicago Tribune:] "A few years ago," said the enthusiastic citizen who was showing him the wonders of the lake front, "the lake extended inland far beyond where we are standing. I tell there isn't a town in the world that's making history as fast as Chicago is!" "It looks to me more like making geography," replied the unemotional stranger.

LOVE FINDS THE WAY.

[Life:] Laura: Her father cast her off without a penny when she married without his consent. Claire: How did they manage? Oh, they published two volumes of their love letters.

MR. DOOLEY

ON THE NEW YORK CUSTOMHOUSE.

Contributed by F. P. Dunne.

"HANNIGAN'S back," said Mr. Dooley.

"I didn't know he'd ever been away," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Oh, he has that," said Mr. Dooley. "He's been makin' what Hogan calls th' gran' tower. He's been to New York an' to Cork an' he seen his relatives an' now he's come home fr' to th' to get even. He had a gran' time, an' some day I'll get him in here an' have him tell ye about it."

"Did he bring anything back?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He started to," said Mr. Dooley. "Before he left Queenstown, he laid in a supply iv th' stimulant that's made th' Irish th' finest potes an' revolutionists an' th' poorest book-keepers in th' wurrud, an' a dozen or two iv blackthorn sticks fr' frinds iv him on th' poils. He had a most tumulchuse v'ye. There was a man played th' acorjone all th' way across. Glad he was to see th' pleasant fields iv New Jersey an' th' street clanin' department's scows goin' out to sea an' th' la-ad fr' th' health board comin' aboard an' askin' ivrybody did they have th' smallpox an' was they convicts. There was a Rooshian aboard that'd been run out iv Rooshia because he cud r-read an' people thought he was gettin' r-ready to peg something at th' Czar, an' Hannigan an' him got to be gr-rat frinds. As they shud on th' deck, Hannigan banged him on th' back an', says he: 'Look, he says with th' tears r-runnin' down his cheeks. He was wan in th' Legislature. 'Look,' he says, 'ye poor down-throdden serf,' he says. 'Behold, th' land iv freedom,' he says, 'where ivry man's as good as ivry other man,' he says, 'on'y th' other man don't know it.' he says. 'That fag which I can't see, but I know tis th're,' he says, 'floats over no race iv slaves,' he says. 'Whin I step off th' boat,' he says, 'I'll put me box on me shouther,' he says, 'an' I'll be as free as any man alive,' he says, 'an' if e'er a soul speaks to me, I'll give him a dhrink out iv th' bottle or a belt with th' blackthorn,' he says, 'an' little care which it is,' he says. 'A smile fr' those that love ye, an' a punch fr' those that hate, as Tom Moore, th' poet, says,' he says. 'Land iv liberty,' he says, 'I salute ye,' he says, wavin' his hat at a soap factory. 'Have ye declared yet?' says a man at his elbow. 'Declared what?' says Hannigan. 'Th' things ye have in th' box,' says th' man. 'I have not,' says Hannigan. 'Th' contains iv that crate is sac el between me an' meself,' he says. 'Well,' says th' man, 'ye'd better slide down th' companion way or stairs to th' basement iv th' ship an' tell what ye know,' he says, 'or tis mindin' bar is at th' pinitachry ye'll be this day week,' he says.

"Well, Hannigan is an Irish raypublican that does what he's told, so he wint downstairs an' there was a lot iv la-ads settin' ar-round a table, an' says wan iv them: 'What's ye'er name, Tim Hannigan, an' are ye a citizen iv this country?' 'Well, glory be to th' sa'n's,' says Hannigan, 'if that ain't Petie Casey, th' tailor's son. Well, ho war-re ye an' what ar-re ye doin' down here?' he says. 'I'm a customs inspector,' says th' boy. 'Tis a good job,' says Hannigan. 'I thried fr' it wan't meself, but I jined th' wrong or-gan-ization,' he says. 'Step out an' have a dhrink,' he says. 'I've a bottle iv Irish whisky in my thrunck that'd make ye think ye was swallowin' a pincushion,' he says. 'Sh-h,' says Petie Casey. 'Man alive, ye'll be in th' lock-up in another minyt if ye don't keep quiet. That fellow behind ye is a mannyfastrhr in Irish whisky in Bleecker street an' he's hand in glove with Mack,' he says. 'Well, anny-how,' says Hannigan, 'I want to give ye a blackthorn sthick fr' ye'er father,' he says. 'Lord bless me sowl!' says th' boy, 'ye'll lose me job yet. That fellow with th' r-red hair is th' princpal Rahway dealer in blackthorns. His name is Schmidt, an' Mack sinds him down here fr' to see that th' infant industries iv Rahway don't get th' worst iv it fr' th' pauper labor iv Europe,' he says. With that, th' chief inspector come up an', says he: 'Mister Hannigan,' he says, 'on ye'er wurrud iv honor as an Irish gentleman an' an American citizen,' he says, 'have ye anything in that box that ye cud've paid more fr' in this country?' 'On me wurrud iv honor,' says Hannigan. 'I believe ye,' says th' chief. 'Swear him. Ye know th' solemnity iv an oath. Ye do solemnly swear be this an' be that ye have not been lyin' all this time like th' knavish reoundrel that ye wud be if ye did,' he says. 'I swear,' says Hannigan. 'That will suffice,' says th' chief. 'Ye look like an honest man, an' if ye've perjured ye'self, ye'll go to jail,' he says. 'Ye're an American citizen an' ye wudn't lie,' he says. 'We believe ye an' Mack believes an' th' secrety iv th' treasury believes ye as much as they wud thmselves,' he says. 'Go down on th' dock an' be searched,' he says.

"Hannigan says he wint down on th' dock practisin' th' lock step, so he wudden't seem green when they put him in fr' perjury. I won't tell ye what he see on th' dock. No, I won't, Hinnissy. Tisnt anythang ye ought to know, unless ye're goin' into th' dhray goods business. Hannigan says they hadn't got half way to th' to-tom iv th' thruncks an' there wasn't a woman fr'm th' boat that he'd dare to look in th' face. He tur-ned away with a blush an' see his wife an' childer standin' behind th' bars iv a fence an' he started fr' them. 'Hol' on there,' says a policeman. 'Where are ye goin'?' he says. 'To see me wife, ye gom,' says Hannigan. 'Ye can't see her till we look at what ye've got in th' box,' says th' copper. 'Ye're domestic jooties can wait until we see about th' others,' says he. 'Ye're a prisoner,' says he, 'till we prove that ye ought to be,' he says. With that Mrs. Hannigan calls out: 'Tim,' she says, 'Fah-gah,' she says. 'Ar-re ye under arrest?' she says. 'An' ye promised me ye wudden't dhrink,' she says. 'What ar-re ye charged with?' she says. 'Threasion,' says he. 'I wint away fr'm

home,' he says. 'But that's no crime,' she says. 'Yes it is,' says he. 'I come back,' he says.

"With that another inspector come along an' he says: 'Open that thrunck,' he says. 'Cut th' rope,' he says. 'Boys, bring an ax an' lave us see what this smuggler has in th' box,' he says. 'What's this? A blackthorn cane! Confiscate it. A bottle iv whisky. Put it aside fr' evidence. A coat! Miscreant! A pair iv pants! Ye perjured ruffyan! Don't ye know ye can get nearly as good a pair iv pants fr' twice th' money in this country? Three collars! Hyera! A bar iv soap. An' this man calls himself a patriot! Where did ye get that thrunck? It looks foregn. I'll take it. Open ye'er mouth. I'll thrcuble ye fr' that back tooth. Me man,' he says, 'ye have taken a long chinat,' he says, 'but I won't be hard on ye. Ye'll need clothes,' he says. 'Here's me card,' he says. 'I'm an inspector iv customs on th' side, but th' government really hires me to represent Guidenheim an' Eckstein, shirt makers, be appintment to th' Cabinet, an' Higgins an' Co., authors iv th' Non-Combustible Canton (O.) Pant. A good pant. If ye want anything in our line, call on our store. No trouble to take money.'

"Hannigan wint out an' found Honoria an' th' childer had gone off fr' to get a bondsman. Thin he tur-ned an' called out to th' inspector: 'Look here, you!' 'What is it?' says th' man. 'Ye missed something,' says Hannigan. 'I was tatcoed in Cork,' he says. 'Stop that man,' says th' head iv a ladlin' firm iv tatopers, an' pridint in th' Society fr' th' Protection iv American Art, if Such There Be. 'Stop him; he's smugglin' in foreign art!' he says. But Hannigan hate him to th' street car. An' that was his welcome home.

"Call me Hanniganofaki," says he las' night. 'I'm goin' to Rooshia,' he says. 'Fr' to be a slave iv th' Czar?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'if I've got to be a slave,' he says, 'I'd rather be opprised le th' Czar thin be a dealer in shirt waists,' he says. 'Th' Czar aint so bad,' he says. 'He don't care what I wear underneath,' he says.

"Oh, well, divvle mend Hannigan," said Mr. Hennessy. "It's little sympathy I have fr' him, gallivantin' off across th' ocean an' spindin' money he arned at home. Anyhow, Hannigan an' th' likes iv him is all raypublicans."

"That's why I can't make it out," said Mr. Dooley. "Why do they stick him up? Maybe th' Secrecy iv th' Treasury is goin' in to what Hogan calls th' hungry business an' is gettin' informat on a th' fashions. But I wonder why they make him swear to affidavits."

"Tig wrong," said Mr. Hennessy. "We're an honest people."

"We are," said Mr. Dooley. "We are, but we don't know it."

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SEAT OF SEASICKNESS.

THE EAR, NOT THE STOMACH, SAID TO BE TO BLAME FOR MAL DE MER.

The ear, not the stomach, is the cause of seasickness, according to the Washington Times, which explains the matter as follows:

The apparatus which gives to us the sense of balance is laid in the ear. It is located in the temporal bone. This bone forms part of the skull wall in the region of the temple, and another portion of it, which projects at right angles to that part which forms part of the skull wall, forms part of the floor of the skull cavity where the brain is. The latter portion is known as the "petrus" portion of the temporal bone, and it is in this portion that the balance machinery lies. In the petrus portion are three semi-circular canals uniting at their base. These canals lie in three different planes, and the man, no matter in what position he may be, is always in one of these planes. If he falls he will fall in one of these planes.

These canals have a common base and are hollow. They are lined on the inside with a membrane in which the filaments of the nerve which controls our balance are distributed, or in other words, the nerve which tells us whether we are erect or lying down. There is a fluid in these canals which only scantily fills them. When we are standing erect this fluid lies at the common base of the canals, and by its weight on the nerve filaments, upon which the fluid lies, irritates them, and they send a nerve impulse to the seat of origin of their nerve in the brain, and we are informed that we are in the erect posture.

If, however, we change our posture—for instance, lie down—the fluid in the canals runs into that canal which is in the same plane in which we are lying. Gravity moves the fluid. Here a new set of nerve filaments are agitated by the fluid and an impulse is again sent to their seat of origin in the brain, and the brain tells us that we are lying down. Now, when a person is on board a boat, he is pitched about by the various motions of the vessel and instinctively gets up a different motion of his own in his attempts to keep his balance. This sets that fluid in the semi-circular canals splashing around from one plane to another, or, in other words, from one canal to another. The result is a strange confusion of nerve impulses taking place in that part of the brain where the nerve of balance takes its origin.

Now, if this were all, there would be no sense of seasickness. But it is not all. There is a large nerve which has its seat of origin so closely interwoven with that of the nerve of balance that when that seat is in the throes of confusion this large nerve becomes agitated and disturbed. This is called the "pneumo-gastric" nerve, and passing down the neck from the brain gives off some of its filaments to the lungs and heart, and what is left is distributed to the walls of the stomach.

The peculiar confusion which takes place in the brain as the result of the tossing about of the body from one plane to another in quick succession inspires the pneumo-gastric nerve to send down an impulse along its nerve-trunk which causes nausea and the stomachic convulsions which are associated with seasickness.

The victim of seasickness invariably enhances his own discomfort by interposing a motion of his own, intended, of course, to obviate the motion of the boat and keep himself from falling, but as a rule this effort on his part only adds to the disturbing causes and renders the confusion in the ear and brain more intense. A sufferer from seasickness is always better if he lies down on his back and gives himself up to the motion of the boat.

THE HOME OF CORTEZ. OAXACA, THE CONQUEROR'S FAVORITE CITY, AND THE MITLA RUINS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE tropical skies were all aglow in the October dawn and the blue Sierras in the uncertain distance caught the sunlight in golden wreaths about their rugged peaks as we emerged from the shadow of the ancient aqueduct at Etla, under the great stone arches of which our camp had been pitched, and set forth upon our last day's journey toward Oaxaca, the queen city of the South. We were weary and worn from hard, continuous travel, having traversed many leagues of mountainous country since our departure from the City of Mexico, whence we had chosen a new route to the south of the old Cortez trail, leaving the slumbering volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl far to the eastward and crossing the lofty ranges to the valley of the Río Atzaz. Down this stream we had journeyed to its intersection with the Mixteco, and thence through a region of marvelous beauty to the headwaters of the Verde, on which river, but a day's journey from its source, is situated Oaxaca, the fair capital and metropolis of the State from which it derives its name.

Many and varied had been the scenes unfolded to us throughout our excursion, but as we approached our destination on this beautiful autumn morning we beheld about us a landscape of surpassing uniqueness and interest. The broad valley through which we were passing lay in a gentle slope to the southward, flanked on either side by rolling hills and towering mountain crags and dotted with many haciendas, the numerous buildings on each suggesting a small town rather than a private estate. Everything bespoke a tropical region, from the perpetual verdure of hill and plain to the balmy, languorous atmosphere.

An hour's travel from Etla brought into view, only a short distance down the valley, the picturesque domes and belfries of ancient Oaxaca, upon nearing which the walled gardens became more frequent and the vegetation more exuberant. At length the dense foliage through which we passed became interlaced into an arched arbor, penetrated only by wisps of sunshine and spice-laden zephyrs, which lazily twisted away the autumn leaves and strewed them in golden drifts along our way.

Surprising Hospitality.

We entered the city through a gateway spanned by a massive arch of stone, the time-stained masonry of which had recorded the passage of centuries. Having lingered for a moment to quench our thirst at a moss-grown fountain which plays just within the city, we were about to enter one of the narrow streets in quest of a hotel when we were approached by an elderly, comfortable-looking caballero, who, with many courtesies and apologies, introduced himself as "Señor Enrique Rodríguez, at our service," and, begging that we take no offense at his having observed us to be travelers from a far distance, invited us to accompany him home that he might have the honor of entertaining us until we had recovered from the fatigue resulting from our long journey. Now, the hospitality of the inhabitants of Oaxaca is proverbial to the most remote reaches of the republic, but for such a reception as this, from a prosperous-appearing gentleman to total strangers in travel-stained attire, we were wholly unprepared. However, there could be no mistaking the sincerity of our new acquaintance, who at our insistence in availing ourselves of his gracious overtures humbly removed his brodered sombrero and repeated his assurance of welcome, whereupon we accepted his proposal and were conducted to a commodious dwelling which faced a shady plaza near by. Passing through the main entrance and for some distance along a wide corridor, we found ourselves in the midst of a spacious inner court, fairly ablaze with blooming roses and flowering shrubbery, and overshadowed by immense trees on the outside, which stretched their great branches inward until they met in a verdant canopy overhead. In the rear of this ex-

quisite garden a stable was located, where our horses were quartered, after which we were shown into a large, comfortable reception-room, with high ceilings, deep-seated windows and floor of polished tile. Hung about this apartment were several cages of wicker-work holding in captivity a number of beautiful song birds, which made the old house echo throughout the livelong day with their ceaseless melodies. Our host was unremittent in his solicitousness as to our comfort, yet there was a certain unostentatiousness in his attentions which put us entirely at ease.

An Evening Stroll.

Having refreshed ourselves with a bath in the huge stone baño opening off the sleeping-rooms assigned to us, we sat down to a delicious repast, consisting of all the delicacies known to Mexican culinary art, after which Don Enrique kindly offered to devote what remained of the fast-declining day to showing us the city. At his suggestion we visited the old monastery and church of La Soledad, which stands under the shadow of a great hill rising above the city, just without its walls. This grand old edifice faces a terraced park of singular beauty, accessible its entire length by a broad, gently-inclined stairway of granite. In outward appearance there is little in this massive pile to indicate a religious institution, its buttressed walls and turreted towers suggesting instead an invincible castle. The entire facade is a marvel of antique sculpture work, and is divided

erased from our memories. The city lies in a wonderful valley sheltered by high hills and palisades of rock and all but sequestered by luxuriant groves. Along its western boundary flows the Rio Verde, the waters of which are remarkable for their purity and sweetness and which attain a volume before emptying into the Pacific equal to that of the Colorado. As we stood and gazed upon the entrancing scene our guide indicated terms and with slight gestures of his outstretched arms, commanding figure and quiet manner, infusing those in his presence with a profound respect. He directed our gaze to a structure near the center of the city, which have been, during the sixteenth century, the Spanish Marques, Cortez. Again, he pointed us the great Cathedral of Santo Domingo, the towers of which arose on our left from the city. A faint flush of pardonable pride displayed in his countenance as he told how, in days of the battlements of these two noble temples with cannon and how, in one of the first days of liberty's cause, when the soldiers, overwounds and fatigue of battle, feit their comrades' brethren of the church had thrown aside their garments and taken their places behind the altar exemplified by the valor of the men who



MONASTERY OF LA SOLEDAD.

into four tiers, each of which is embellished with graven images of celestial beings. On either side of the great arched entrance arise two mammoth square towers of hewn stone, each supporting an open belfry of doric design. Immediately behind these is an immense dome surmounted by a turret and surrounded by a succession of parapets and outer works in stone and stucco. Upon presenting ourselves at the entrance, the ponderous doors of which are never closed, we were met by a padre, whom Don Enrique addressed as Father Prospero, and who, with a silent wave of his hand, bade us enter. Preceded by our reverend guide, we first visited the beautiful chapel, with its rich garnishments in gold and silver and marble, after which we ascended a winding stairway of masonry leading to the upper galleries and thence to the tiled moss-covered roof. Climbing still another flight of stone steps on the outside, we found ourselves at the base of the great dome and at an altitude commanding a magnificent view of the city beneath.

An Impressive Picture.

Deeply as its beauty had appealed to us before, from this advantageous elevation and in the gently-falling twilight, when all things appear at their loveliest in the tropics, it presented a picture such as will never be

heroic padres had continued the unequal and vastly superior numbers until victory was gained.

History Recalled.

Aroused by stirring memories from his meditative tranquillity, with inspiring ardor his graphic portrayal of the city's proud past. He related how, during the period of Revolution in Mexico, the flower of the Valley of Oaxaca rushed to arms, and assembling within the devoted city, marched forth in glorious campaign which today constitutes one of the lime chapters in the chronicles of Mexico. For it was the army of Oaxaca which led the march upon the foreign invaders, inflicting the crushing defeat which forced them from the soil. He spoke of the city's roll of brilliant heroes, figured so prominently in the destiny of the people, foremost of whom was the inflexible General Juarez, who led the nation safely through the perilous strife which characterized his term of office. He failed to include the intellectual giant who directs the affairs of the government, and whose policy is fast advancing the republic to the greatest powers of the earth—General Diaz. He pointed to the progress made by the latter years, and to its steadily-increasing numbers, which at the present day numbers 20,000, after which he showed up her great and splendid state palace, with its massive arched entrance, extending along its entire facade, and complete square, fronting on the beautiful Plaza in the center of which stands a superb statue of General Juarez; the historical museum, which contains trophies and records of the people for centuries, the scientific institute and the public buildings which are remarkable for the extreme beauty of their architecture.

But the padre's animation softened into a quiet enthusiasm as he dwelt upon the educational system of the city—the seminary and numerous schools for young; they constituted a part of his own modesty forbade his doing more than to point out from among the mass of white buildings. His eloquent delineation completed, the padre descended his cowl about him and descended the stairs to the roof below, whereupon, with a last, lingering look at the luxuriant gardens of Guadalupe and the city again at the grim historical walls of Santo Domingo, turned and followed him. Descending once more the galleries and corridors of the old monastery, the presence of Father Prospero and, now, the threshold of his medieval abode, emerged in gathering dusk into the streets of the ancient city.

A Visit to the Ruins of Mitla.

On the following morning we bade our host a hearty adieu and rode out of the east gate of the city and across the great stone bridge just beyond, on our journey to the ruins of Mitla, two hours to the south and east. The road, though rough, lies through a pleasing section, varied in



HALL OF THE MONOLITHS.

tion half a mile away. Maria de la Cruz, wife and mother of the woodcutter, is a tall, slender woman with a gentle smile. Her husband, a man of average height, is a strong, hardy-looking fellow with a broad face and a frank, open expression. They have a small hut in the woods, where they live a simple, happy life.

[London Morning Post] bird songs, tails of birds. He gives a cage side grasshopper to his neighbor, a society, he is of his life seem very like the noise in the London who possess M. Coupin will sometimes be an income, mainly the income from the noise.

It is also in England, having better than the Harts. Rohweder, his explanation "upside." Rohweder caused by the want of air, causing them to tremble but note that in England the the vocal equipment.

[British Mutual Insurance Company] The man by the fact about 1,000,000 man has no way to obtain money will become unfit for work, reduced by a now obtains the satisfaction of longer work system, contributing to the household, and savings of their The system is built up with a limit that is still to be filled.

[Washington girl, "do Phil." "Oh," answered one who had it because

[Brooklyn Daily Eagle] I hear the voice of Dusnay: Un

ity lies in the high hills and sheltered by its ever-flowing streams, which attain to a Pacific many leagues indicated in miles, stretching out over the city. His padre, his quiet mein, gaze to an century, which is now, he pointed out, Domingo, the man from the ridge of the mountains, in days long past, the fierce conflict, overcome courage never, aside their pines, and the tawny bader. His

A short distance from the city and about half a mile from the regular trail is the village of Santa María del Tule, famous because of its mammoth cypress tree, which stands in the midst of an old churchyard and measures 154 feet 2 inches in circumference. This woodland giant is reputed to be the largest on the continent, and requires thirty people, clasping hands at arms' length, to encircle its trunk. It was past noon when we drew rein before the hacienda of Don Félix Quero at Mitla. Here we were served with lunch, after which we walked to the ruins, which are situated on a rocky hill only a short distance from the village. But little now remains of the once-magnificent structures, the prior existence of which is evinced upon every hand. Many theories have been advanced concerning the probable size and plan of the temple, some holding it to have been one great edifice, while others assume the more probable belief that there were four buildings, each of which, from all indications, would have been of immense proportions. There are four distinct courts, the walls of which are only partially intact, but those in the north section are in a fair state of preservation, bearing evidence of wonderful craftsmanship in their construction. The architecture is of the mosaic order, the strangely-fashioned stones being fitted together in the most intricate manner without the use of either mortar or cement. There were evidently no windows in the design of the temple, and the entrances are in the form of great square apertures capped by ponderous blocks of stone many tons in weight. The work of preparing and raising these massive cap-pieces must surely have been a stupendous undertaking. A subterranean gallery lies beneath the paved courts and bears evidence of having once branched in various directions, but is now almost entirely choked with crumbling stone.

By far the most interesting feature of this landmark of departed ages is the portion known as the Hall of the Beeswax, a long, imposing chamber down the center of which extends a colonnade of six great stone pillars, each measuring nearly seven feet in circumference by twelve feet in height, below which is a large underground apartment with walls of curiously-inlaid mosaic.

We felt amply repaid for the long, wearisome ride to these unique ruins, for, independent of the object lesson in antiquity taught by their prehistoric walls, the singular spell which reigns within their silent corridors gives rise to fanciful glimpses of the buried past, which唤起 the memory like a tale half told, or a vague, unfinished vision of the night. JOSE DE OLIVARES.

APROPOS OF BIRD SONGS.

(London Morning Post:) Mention was made in the Morning Post a fortnight ago of M. Coupin's essay on bird songs. He has added to it some interesting details of birds which imitate songs other than their own. He gives an instance of a sparrow which was hung in a cage side by side with another cage in which were grasshoppers. No notice was taken by the sparrow of his neighbors, but next year, when he was in the same society, he essayed the grasshopper's note, for the rest of his life never quite lost the art of it. This does not seem very remarkable, for there is something not unlike the noise of a grasshopper—at any rate of a cricket—in the London sparrow's ceaseless "weet, weet," as any one who possesses a suburban back garden will be aware. M. Coupin mentions the instance of young linnets which will sometimes learn the song of a nightingale. It would be an incomplete performance, we imagine; but certainly the linnet always learns in captivity a chant distinct from the song of the trees and hedgerows.

It is also said that several kinds of birds in Thuringia, having skilled examples before them, sing much better than members of their own species dwelling in the Harz Mountains. A German investigator, Herr Rohweder, has lately been devoting his attention to an explanation for the curious bleating or drumming of the snipe. Rohweder contends that this strange music is caused by the rapid vibration of the horizontally extended and half-closed wings, which drive a strong current of air against the stiffened outer tail feathers, setting them in rapid vibration and causing the curious tremulous bleating sound. Lastly, it is interesting to note that in spite of the difference of their accomplishment the thrush and the raven have much the same vocal equipment.

WORKMEN'S INSURANCE IN GERMANY.

(British Medical Journal:) The system of workmen's insurance in Germany is a huge piece of State machinery. The magnitude of the system may be estimated by the fact that it pays out, in one way or another, about 1,000,000 marks (£50,000) a day. The sick workman has no longer to trouble himself as to how he shall obtain money to pay for medical treatment, and what will become of his family should he himself be rendered unfit for work. The workman whose earning power is reduced by an accident connected with his employment now obtains just compensation, and the aged poor have the satisfaction of knowing that although they can no longer work they can still, owing to the insurance system, contribute their share toward the expenses of the household, and are not obliged to depend on the earnings of their children or on ordinary public charity. The system of workmen's insurance has been gradually built up within the last seventeen years, but it is admitted that improvements are required and gaps have still to be filled in.

NOT GOING TO QUARREL.

(Washington Star:) "Why," inquired the New York girl, "do Philadelphia people never eat snails?" "Oh," answered the Philadelphia girl, with the air of one who had heard something like it before, "I presume it is because snails are so hard to catch."

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

(Brooklyn Eagle:) Miss Bertwhistle (automobiling): I hear the very latest dance is called "The Automobile." Dunlap: Umm; I suppose it is a sort of "break-down."

A BAD HUSBAND.

WHAT A FAMOUS WOMAN WOULD HAVE DONE WITH ONE.

Contributed by Susan B. Anthony.

A T FIRST thought it seems a waste of time to devote an entire article to a question which easily might be answered in a sentence that it will not be difficult for the reader to supply. But on second thought I remember that the tense of the verb puts the matter far back into the past, refers it to the last century, in fact—"What I would have done."

If I had married in the early '40's, along about the time when I was getting my first proposals, and had drawn a bad husband in the lottery, doubtless I would have done as other women did in those days—accepted my cruel fate as a means of grace to fit me for a better life hereafter. At that time there were no such means of escape from an unfortunate marriage as are so freely offered in this more humane and enlightened age. In my own State of New York, as in most others, the law recognized but one cause of divorce—infidelity, but the innocent wife who obtained a separation, even for this cause, forfeited all right to the property the two had acquired together, while the husband, who had sinned, remained in sole possession. But this injustice sank into insignificance compared with that which allowed him also to retain the entire custody of their children. Many women would willingly have gone forth portionless, but there was scarcely one who would not have borne every indignity which could be heaped upon her rather than give up her children. In even the few cases where there were no ties of motherhood, women hardly dared take the risk of separation, because there was almost no way open to them in which they could earn a living. But a still greater deterrent was the fact that a divorced woman, "no matter how guiltless of wrong-doing, was a social pariah not far removed from that one who bore the Scarlet Letter on her breast. There was no place in the world for her. So, possibly, if I had had a bad husband in those days—those "good old days" that we hear so much about—I might have endured him, as other women did theirs; but it seems to me that I would have gathered my children in my arms, like Eliza in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and braved the icy waves in my dash for freedom.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was almost the first woman to demand that habitual drunkenness or brutal treatment should be made a cause for divorce, and that women should be encouraged to seek relief from such a wrong. After myself and several other women delegates had been denied the right to speak at a mass meeting of the Sons of Temperance in Albany, N. Y., I arranged for the first State temperance convention of women ever called, and it was held in Rochester, in April, 1852, with delegates present from a number of women's societies, which were then beginning to be formed. I was encouraged in this movement by Horace Greeley, Rev. William Henry Channing and others of influence, and Mrs. Stanton, who was just coming into notice for her eloquence and ability, agreed to preside. I had put in weeks of hard work getting up this meeting, a large crowd was in attendance, and everything looked favorable, but Mrs. Stanton's president's address proved to be a veritable bombshell and almost broke up the convention. The incendiary paragraph was as follows:

"Let no woman remain in the relation of wife with a confirmed drunkard. Let no drunkard be the father of her children. . . . Let us petition our State government so to modify the laws affecting marriage and the custody of children that the drunkard shall have no claim on wife or child."

I was almost the only woman present who sustained Mrs. Stanton in this declaration; she declined to retract, and eventually both of us felt compelled to withdraw from the temperance association.

In September of that year I attended my first suffrage convention, in Syracuse, N. Y., which was, indeed, among the first ever held. Lucretia Mott presided, and among the speakers were Hon. Gerrit Smith, Lucy Stone, Rev. Antoinette Brown (Blackwell), Matilda Joslyn Gage, Paulina Wright Davis, Clarina Howard Nichols, and the eloquent Polish exile, Ernestine L. Rose. Mrs. Stanton could not be present, but she sent a letter, which I read, and which, among other radical utterances, repeated the demands that habitual drunkenness and cruel treatment should be recognized as causes for divorce. The press heralded these statements abroad with the most scathing criticism, while pulpit, platform and the public in general joined in a chorus of denunciation of this most pernicious doctrine. Women themselves were loudest and longest in their condemnation of a law which would enable them to divorce a drunken or brutal husband and retain their children and a part of the property.

This discussion was renewed at all our annual meetings, and found its culmination in the last suffrage convention before the breaking out of the Civil War put all other questions in the background. It was held at Cooper Institute, New York City, in May, 1860; and, as usual, the firebrand was applied by Mrs. Stanton, who not only had the courage of her convictions, but recognized no such word as expediency. She presented a set of resolutions declaring that, under certain conditions, divorce was justifiable, and supported them by a speech which was a masterpiece of logic, beauty and pathos. This convention, although composed of the most liberal and advanced thinkers in the country, had not yet reached Mrs. Stanton's position on this point. Even the broad-minded Wendell Phillips moved to lay the resolutions on the table and expunge them from the minutes, declaring that this body had nothing to do with any laws except those which rested unequally upon women, and those of divorce did not! I spoke in reply and showed how marriage always had been a one-sided contract, resting most unequally upon the sexes; how

in nearly all of the States a woman could not even sue for divorce in her own name, or claim enough of the community property to pay the costs; and how her success in such a case was purchased at the price of reputation, home and children.

William Lloyd Garrison sustained this position with all his eloquence. The discussion spread far and wide, and produced the first schism in the ranks of the little band of suffragists who had stood shoulder to shoulder in so many battles. Horace Greeley used the tremendous weight of the Tribune's editorial columns against divorce under any circumstances. Thus was the contest waged for several decades against a slow-yielding public sentiment, and the closing years of the century have witnessed no greater social revolution than upon this very question. Almost every State now grants divorce for habitual drunkenness and cruel treatment, and these are recognized as just causes by all the churches, except the Catholic, although fifty years ago this demand was far more bitterly condemned than that for woman suffrage. But the changed attitude of church and State is by no means so remarkable as that which has taken place in public opinion. The divorced woman, who is herself innocent, is no longer put under ban, but may retain her usual position in society, and may go and come and be and do as she chooses, with even greater freedom than the married woman. The court provides that she shall not be penniless if her husband be possessed of means, and above all she is allowed, if innocent, to retain her children.

What I would have done with a bad husband, and what I would do if I belonged to the present generation and had made an unfortunate marriage, cannot be answered with the same statement. In this dawn of a blessed century for women I most assuredly would have recourse to the law to rectify my mistake, and would sever the bond which held me captive. The term "bad husband" is, however, subject to many constructions. I have seen women apparently well satisfied with men whom I should unhesitatingly class under this head, and others greatly discontented with those who, making due allowance for the imperfections of human nature, averaged very fairly in the scale of matrimony. But there are certain sins in marriage which are unpardonable, and chief among these is infidelity. The man who has transgressed in this regard can never again be fully trusted. He may repent and endeavor to atone for his sin, but confidence has been destroyed, the sacredness of the mutual vow has been violated, and the thorough respect, which is absolutely essential to the highest form of married life, never can be entirely restored. The husband may regret, the wife may condone, but the solid foundation of marriage has been irrevocably undermined.

How far a wife should go, how many years she should spend, how great an effort she should make to "reform" a habitual drunkard, possibly each woman must determine for herself. The general statement may be made that in the vast majority of cases it will be a useless sacrifice of time and vitality. One never can feel sure of a reformed inebriate until the daisies are growing above his head. Even when a woman's love or sense of duty, is so strong that she is willing to devote her life to this "reforming" process, she should settle with her conscience whether she has a right to bring children into the world under these unfavorable conditions, endowed with an inheritance which may prove a curse for many generations.

And then again the wife must decide for herself how much is gained by submitting to continuous ill-treatment. If there are no children and yet she patiently endures, many will consider that she passes beyond the pale of sympathy. If there are children, then the mother is confronted with a series of perplexing problems. If they are young there is the question of bringing them up, of educating them, of keeping them together, of maintaining the home, of giving them the personal attention which is wholly impossible if the mother must be the breadwinner and assume the duties which by proper arrangement devolve upon the father. Most women will suffer long and deeply before they will deprive their children of these valuable rights. When the children are grown, then the mother must face other vital questions, as she contemplates severing the ties which she has found so galling. She has passed the age for earning money; she is tired with long years of labor and needs the shelter and security of the home; her children have made their place in the world, and she hesitates to cast even the shadow of reproach upon it; sons and daughters-in-law have come into the family, still further to complicate matters; and thus even then the woman hardly dares consider herself a free agent. But in all such cases, if she decide that a legal separation is not advisable, she owes it to her own dignity and self-respect to live her individual life entirely apart from that of the unfaithful, dissolute or abusive husband, even though maintaining to the world the appearance of marriage.

While greater freedom of divorce has come as an inestimable privilege to wives, it by no means lessens their obligations to endeavor by every method consistent with safety, honor and duty to adjust themselves to the relations of marriage which they have assumed. An abuse of the opportunity to sever these relations is demoralizing to society and detracts from the sacredness of the contract. Poverty, illness, infirmities of temper, ungenerosity are a part of the grievous trials which manifest themselves in many marriages. They must be met bravely and philosophically, and every effort made to mitigate them rather than to run away from them. The antenuptial dream of paradise often has a rude awakening, but it must be remembered that even when Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden, they found a very good world on the outside. An imperfect husband, who falls short of the wife's ideal, is not necessarily a bad one, and by patient, tactful and sympathetic management, sometimes may be transformed into a reasonably good one; so she should exhaust every resource of diplomacy before she declares war and calls for outside assistance.

A SUMMER ROMANCE.

By a Special Contributor.

AUNT HANNAH says that Minerva is dreadfully "set" in her ways, and Aunt Hannah's opinion, with variations, is shared by the rest of the family. For instance, Aunt Hannah's adopted son, Teddy—a handsome, wholesome, merry-hearted lad, considered by everyone but Minerva to be a most desirable "catch"—sets it down as obstinacy, pure and simple; while I, more lenient than the badgered suitor, call it wilfulness, and let it go at that. Certain it is, that when Minerva's mind is made up, nothing short of a mental earthquake would shake it in the least. Now please don't imagine that Minerva is an angular, acid old maid—nothing of the kind. She has just turned 20, and but for the fact that she takes things seriously and is bookishly inclined, would be the belle of Pasadena, by right of beauty, no less than wealth and position.

About a year ago, Minerva became interested in archeology—how or where, heaven only knows. She "read up" industriously; and when she had exhausted Bandelier and other presumable authorities, she began to sigh for more worlds to conquer. Some one suggested a trip to Egypt, and fifteen minutes afterward Minerva had the minutest detail of her journey mapped out. In casting about for a chaperon, her choice fell upon me. I will remark, en passant, that I occupy the proud position of cousin to Minerva, but being clever than she by a round number of years, I am dubbed "Auntie Nell."

As it happened, I had just completed arrangements for a European tour and, unluckily, my plans and Minerva's were somewhat at variance. To begin with, I intended to join a Cook's excursion party—a proposition to which Minerva was decidedly averse.

"What! 'Do' pa'es in company with a lot of 'Cook's' Hobnob with Chicago pork-packer's wives, and rub elbows with the homespun and ungrammatical from goodness knows where? Live, move and have one's being according to a Cook's scheiu'e, which allows fifteen minutes for the inspection of the Pyramids, and twenty-four hours for the rest of Europe? Enter the solemn presence of the Sphinx with a loud-voiced guide, whose explanations are an impertinence to ordinary intelligence? No, indeed!"

So I sailed away, "strange countries for to see;" and Minerva, with Auntie Nell in tow, followed on a later steamer.

Homeward bound, we met in London. Minerva had not called on the Sphinx, after all! The foreign officials didn't understand the peculiar "setness" of Minerva's mind, and, despite protestations, the party had been turned back at Constantinople, all travel having been suspended on account of the plague, which at that time was raging in the Far East.

So Minerva settled down near the British Museum, where she put in ten hours a day, work-days and Sundays, in archeological research. Sometimes she was accompanied by Auntie Nell, but more frequently by Teddy, who had joined the two somewhere en route, and who was rapidly developing a passion for archeology which almost amounted to a mania.

Soon after my arrival, I was invited, as a special treat, to visit the gallery of Assyrian and Egyptian sculptures, in Minerva's company. "I will explain everything to you, auntie dear," she said. "It is most fortunate that we decided to take a later steamer, otherwise you would not have caught up with us here, and we should not have had the pleasure of your company home."

"How goes it, Teddy?" I inquired of the young man, when by chance I found myself alone with him for five minutes.

Teddy shook his head gloomily. "She's as nice as possible in all ways but one," he answered, "but at a word, a look, even, she'll freeze a fellow so stiff that July weather wouldn't thaw him out."

"Do you mean to tell me that you've been traveling about with her for three months and aren't engaged?" I demanded. "Well, of all the—"

"Hold on, Auntie Nell." I was just going to tell you that—that I'd made up my mind to do it tomorrow. It's my last chance, for like's not she will be seasick all the way over. But you see how she knocked my scheme galley-west by lugging you—I beg pardon!—into the picnic. Now, Auntie Nell, as a special favor, won't you make yourself a bit scarce tomorrow? Get off in a corner and copy inscriptions—do anything, so that I can have a word with Minerva."

I promised, readily enough, and tried to put a backbone into the youngster by giving him a few pointers on the ways of a maid. "Talk her blind," I advised. "Don't give her a chance to say no. If you make a failure of it this time, you are too chicken-hearted to live, and I shall push you overboard in mid-Atlantic."

The day dawned auspiciously. Minerva made no objection to Teddy's company, although he had not been included in the invitation. But Teddy had reckoned without his host when he counted on relegating Auntie Nell to the background. Minerva halted me before the Rosetta stone, and there she kept me for the better part of an hour.

"Observe, Auntie," she eagerly explained, "the different forms of characters. You see, the inscription is written partly in hieroglyphics, or writing of the priests, partly in demotic, or the writing of the people, and—Auntie looks fatigued," Teddy broke in, at this juncture. "I'll take her over to the refreshment counter for a cup of tea."

"Nonsense!" Minerva waved him away. "Isn't it wonderful, auntie, that this key to the decipherment of hieroglyphics—"

"Minerva," said Teddy, firmly, "I must have a word with you. Auntie, you'll excuse me, will you not?"

So feverishly intent on the inscription was Minerva that she did not answer Teddy's appeal. I doubt whether she heard it. I gave him an expressive look as we passed

on to view Amenophis III, the Colossus; and again he rallied to the attack.

"I wish I were the gentleman with the unpronounceable name," he remarked, plaintively.

"Why?" she queried, indifferently.

"Perhaps I might succeed in attracting your attention," he replied. "What can you see to admire in the fellow, anyway? Look at the cut of his whiskers!"

Minerva wretched him with a glance, and for the remainder of the day was stonily oblivious to his presence.

It was a chastened Teddy that boarded the steamer. Twenty-four hours afterward; and when an attack of mal de mer had further subdued him, he seemed to lose all interest in life.

Not so, Minerva. As Teddy's spirits went down, her spirits ascended. On the second day, homeward bound, she was introduced to a young Mexican, the owner of coffee plantations and other wealth-producing properties in the south of Mexico. The young man had made the tour of Europe, and was then on his way home.

By chance, Minerva learned that the greater part of the world-famed ruins of Palenque was within the boundary of Señor Gonzales's hacienda; and she forthwith abandoned shuffleboard and quoits, and passed much of her time in the company of the gentleman from Chiapas.

It was in vain that I remonstrated with Minerva.

near the sunrises and sunsets—and Señor Gonzales to Minerva.

It was patent to everyone, save Minerva, that the volcano was smouldering; therefore, when the time came, I was prepared.

We had taken our last dinner on board, and gathered on deck in the soft twilight, chattering and—some of us—laying small bets as to who would be the first to announce "land in sight" in the distance.

I went to my stateroom for a warmer coat, and—pulled me back and locked the door. She was under great excitement, and her eyes were tears.

"What do you think?" she burst out. "Teddy and I are up there on deck, and he says he can't live without me, and that he'll jump overboard to marry him. And that hateful Señor Gonzales was listening, I know he was, for—"

"Who can't live without you?" I cried, listening? Do try to be a little more coherent."

"Why, Señor Gonzales, of course. And I am up, just as the man had grasped my wrist and let go, and said in such a freezing manner, 'I will conduct you to your aunt.' And he had been here. Señor Gonzales said he would jump overboard, if he is a mean thing, I love him, so there! What shall I do?"



"You don't know the type as I do, or you would understand the unwisdom of encouraging this hot-headed Mexican youth," I said to her. "Little things that, with men of our race, count for nothing, would be accepted by him as evidence of regard. A touch of the hand, a glance of the eye, and you will have a volcano under your feet."

Minerva looked at me, pityingly. "He is a most intelligent young man," she observed, "and not at all given to foolishness. He is going to take up the study of archeology, which he finds exceedingly interesting, now that his attention has been drawn to the subject."

I thought it quite likely that he did find it interesting, for Minerva, as I have before stated, was decidedly good-looking, and, withal, a most entertaining companion. Indeed, everyone on board, from the ship's captain to the stewardess, and even "the other half" between decks—Minerva went down to see them every morning—was in love with her.

As Teddy preferred to sulk in his tent—i. e., stateroom—Auntie Nell and I joined a family party of Americans for company's sake, and put in our time watching Minerva make several kinds of a fool of the Mexican youth, which she did in such a sweetly unconscious manner that one couldn't bring her to book for it.

The days slipped away unnoted, somehow, although there was nothing in particular to divert one from contemplation of the lagging hours. Sometimes a sail gleamed upon the horizon, or a plume of black smoke, trailing across the sky, announced the approach of a steamer, outward bound.

We were treated to pink sunrises, and to purple twilights, lighted by silver stars; and so tranquil was old ocean that Teddy no longer had the ghost of an excuse for remaining in his stateroom, and must reprove, with

"What did I tell you?" I cried. "What did you have made a nice mess of it! What do you know of the man? Don't you dare to engage him until your parents are consulted. I could show you all of your shames!"

Minerva faced me, amazement written on her countenance. "Engaged to him? To whom? Why, it's Teddy I love! I've loved him since we met."

"Where is he?" I gasped, weakly.

Minerva pulled the curtain aside, and pounced. "Right over there, leaning against the door," I said, opening the door and before me, "and tell him you love him. He's about Señor Gonzales. I know the type. He's engaged to him."

A little later I found Minerva and Teddy sitting in the shadow of the pilot house. He was on her shoulder, and his arm was about her waist as the bells told the hour, a voice from the far sloft, called out: "All-l-l's well! The sun is burning bright."

J. TORREY

THE WHALE'S TAIL FOR THE QUEEN.

[London News:] An ancient perquisite of the Queen's Consort is recalled by the discussion in the Commons with reference to a provision out of funds for her establishment. On the taking of the oaths—the whale being a royal fish—was divided between the King and Queen, the King's property, the tail the Queen's. It was assigned for this whimsical division by the words of England was that the Queen's whale should be furnished with whalebone; but this was a whimsical than the custom itself, for the whale is entirely in the head.

[June 30, 1901]

Señor Gonzales

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THE FOURTH OF JULY. SOME FACTS IN HISTORY CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF.

By a Special Contributor.

IN A REMARKABLE book published some time since, the author holds that our great and revered Declaration of Independence is not the unaided and inspired work of the honored Jefferson. That the sonorous phrases that breathe of liberty and freedom are largely "borrowed material." And then the American patriot is invited to compare the Act of Abjuration of 1851, the Dutch Declaration of Independence, with the famous "We-Died" of our libertas.

To quote from the celebrated manifesto of the Hollenders:

"All mankind know that a prince is appointed by God to cherish his subjects, even as a shepherd to guard his sheep. When, therefore, the prince does not fulfill his duty as protector, when he oppresses his subjects, destroys their ancient liberties, and treats them as slaves, he is to be considered not a prince, but a tyrant. As such, the estates of the land may lawfully depose him, and elect another in his room."

They then proceeded to a detailed impeachment of their ruler, as our fathers did. They were the first to argue that governments exist for nations, not nations for governments.

It is true that analogy is undeniable, but are we not, as some reviewers say, to discover it only in the similarity of circumstance and problem? Americans will not condone the thought that Jefferson was a plagiarist. We have no evidence, however, to show that he was at all familiar with the document famed in the Dutch history. Are we not to find the real foundation of our "We-Died," in the declarations from the Magna Charta to and during the period of the Commonwealth of New England?

It is a popular idea that the birth of our republic dates from the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. The United States of America was born as a nation when the resolutions of independence, with which we are all familiar, were passed, on July 2, 1776. The declaration simply promulgated the fact and assigned the reasons. It was intended as an appeal to the tribunal of the world as a justification of what had already been done.

The reason that the Fourth instead of the second is celebrated as the nation's birthday, lies in the fact that the "resolutions" were passed in private session, and were not generally known to the people until the resolutions and the declaration were publicly proclaimed together.

It is, however, the immortal declaration which has taken a vital hold on the American people, and the great importance and decisive character of the resolutions have been almost entirely obscured.

We picture the signing of the Declaration of Independence as a momentous occasion, and imagine each member of the Congress affixing his name with great gravity to the instrument on that fourth day of July in 1776. How different the facts! None but the President of the Congress, John Hancock—and some add the secretary Charles Thaxter, signed the original. Some historians say that not a name was affixed until it had been engrossed upon parchment, when all the delegates but two signed on the second day of August. If there had been a previous signing of a written document, the manuscript is not now in existence, and the accepted historic opinion holds to the contrary.

A new idea has been brought forward by some writers in regard to the ceremony of signing. The idea that it was used later as a test of the principles of the new delegates—not being possible that they were to be in disguise. On entering Congress they were required to sign the declaration, to prove their allegiance to the republic.

Of the signers it has been well said that the annals of the world can present no political body, the lives of whose members, minus only traced, exhibit so much of the seal of the patriot, dignified and chastified by the virtue of the man.

When we note a hopeless contradiction of testimony, not only among historians, but also among "those present," in reference to the signing of the declaration, we are prepared to find it hard to separate fact from fiction when we endeavor to discover how the news of its adoption was received by the people.

Alas, we are told by some antiquarians that the picturesque bell-ringer and the little boy, celebrated in song and story, are but creatures of the imagination. That "Ring, grandpa, ring—oh, ring for liberty," was not the dramatic signal which announced to the world the birth of freedom.

It is said that the session of Congress was secret, that an expectant crowd did not wait without, that it was not until the fifth of July that Congress sent out circulars announcing the adoption of the declaration, and that the immortal document was not published in the Philadelphia paper until the sixth of the month.

A few days later, it was read to the people by John in the yard of Independence Hall. Col. Cra's had the same honor in Faneuil Hall, Boston, and on the 4th of July, Washington received it at his headquarters in New York, and had it read to each brigade.

We are asked to believe that it was after these various readings, that the enthusiasm of the people broke forth, and showed itself in bonfires, hurrahs and canading.

But it is with reluctance that we surrender to the cold facts of history the romantic part which we have always believed belonged to the "Liberty Bell" on that birthday of our nation. We like to think of the expectant crowd outside the quiet council chamber, waiting for the old bell to proclaim the birth note of freedom. The dramatic intensity of the scene appeals to us.

Holding the old idea, how prophetic the words cast

upon the bell twenty-three years before the Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land—unto all the inhabitants thereof."

It may be of interest here to give an account from a long unpublished diary, of a quaint celebration of the nation's birthday held in Philadelphia on July 4, 1778. The recent deliverance of the city from the presence of Gen. Howe added not a little to the enjoyment of the occasion:

Four tables were spread, and at the head of the upper table, at the President's right hand, stood a large baked pudding, in the center of which was planted a staff on which was displayed a crimson flag having this emblematic device: An eye, denoting Providence; a label, on which was inscribed, "An appeal to heaven;" a man with a drawn sword in one hand, and in the other the "Declaration of Independence," and at his feet a scroll inscribed, "The declaratory acts." Music from clarinets, hautboys and French horns beguiled the feast, at which many speeches were made by the signers of the declaration. A brilliant display of fireworks, the worthy forerunner of all that have followed, closed this memorable celebration.

CORINNE L. BARTLETT.

THE DIME NOVEL.

HOW ALKALI IKE, DARE DEVIL DICK ET AL. ARE CREATED.

CONTRIBUTED BY WALTER L. HAWLEY.

Author of "Rattlesnake Jim, the Reckless Sport of Deadman's Gulch," "Old Pop Crim," and other stories.

TO THE romantic imagination of the small boy, the writer of dime novels is of the same heroic and fire-eating type as the heroes he portrays. The actual fact is so different that if it were known the resultant loss of glamour would undoubtedly be accompanied by a corresponding decrease of sales. The men who write dime novels do not wear their hair long. They carry no six-shooters nor bowie knives and many of them never saw a live Indian or cowboy. The writing of such literature is a business rather than a profession, and the only special qualifications requisite to success are an imagination of grave source and fertility, and unlimited capacity for hard and rapid work. Each publishing house engaged in the business employs a staff of regular writers, paying those who do nothing else, a salary, and to those who do other work, a fixed sum for the manuscript and copyright of each story. Thus is carried on the business of embodying and re-embodiment of the good old heroes, Alkalai Ike, Gentleman Joe, Big Foot Sandy, One Eye Pete, Deadwood Dan, Daredevil Dick, The Man With the Iron Hand, The Boy Detective, and all the other popular favorites who are still on duty, trailing Indians, hanging horse thieves, rescuing kidnapped maidens, finding lost heirs, recovering lost fortunes and in other ways helping good people out of bad scrapes and leaving bad people clinging, weak and despairing, to a yielding twig that holds them for one thrilling moment suspended between the edge of the cliff and the yawning, rockbound abyss a thousand feet below.

In addition to the men who are engaged to produce a certain amount of copy within a given time in order to supply the regular issues of the "libraries," each publisher has a list of men who can write a story to order at short notice. They are classed as "extras," or "specials," and are called upon when a regular writer is ill, on vacation, or falls behind in the production of copy. The extra writers are usually newspaper men employed on some paper in the city, or men engaged in some other class of literary work that does not fully occupy their time. Nine-tenths of all the so-called "blood and thunder" stories produced are written to order. As a rule the author does not even select the title of his story, and in many cases he is compelled to follow to a plot suggested by the publisher or to use some incident in real life as a basis.

The publishers keep a close watch upon the daily papers for stories of sensational crimes and adventure that may serve as incidents in the fiction prepared for the small boy, and when a great event or an incident of national interest occurs, there is an exciting race between publishers to be the first to put upon the market a dime novel relating in some way to the affair that is in the public mind. Within a week of Dewey's victory in Manila Bay a score of thrilling stories in which that battle was the chief incident were on the news stands. When the sailors of the U.S. Cruiser Baltimore were attacked in the streets of a South American city a few years ago, and there was much wild talk of war, a publishing house in New York put on a tale forty-eight hours after the news reached this country, a dime novel with the murdered boatman's mate of the cruiser as the hero. The author of the story wrote for thirty-six hours without rest or sleep, producing 40,000 words of copy, which went to the printer sheet by sheet as he wrote it. This is probably the record for rapid literary production. It often happens that a writer of such literature is called upon to produce a story of forty thousand to fifty thousand words in three days.

Writers of dime novels do not as a rule attempt a polished style of English and rarely re-read or revise a page of their copy. The publishers want action, plot, incident, dialogue and thrilling situations. A successful writer of dime novels must possess at least superficial knowledge of a great variety of subjects. He must be able to write a story of life in the slums of a great city, one of adventure on the western plains, of war in Cuba or the Philippines, without making any material error in the descriptive sections. It is a rigid rule that the plot and incident must be plausible. No matter how improbable the deeds of the hero may be, the author must be careful to avoid impossibilities and absurdities. If the Alkalai Ike scalps an Indian in the Black Hills in the morning and cleans out a faro bank in Deadwood

at night, the story must explain satisfactorily how he made his journey from one point to the other in the time specified.

The dime novel writer must also be able to take up a character created by another writer and carry the imaginary individual along through other stories and new adventures without changing his habits or permitting him to repeat himself in deeds of daring. It often happens that one central character is carried along as the hero through twenty or thirty stories published in the modern "Library" style of such fiction. While the same name or nom de plume may appear on the title page of each story, a dozen different authors perhaps contribute to the series, each taking up the characters where they were left by the preceding writer and carrying them on to new fields of adventure.

A publisher who had created a romantic western adventurer with a name that proved popular with the boys, contracted with one of his regular writers for a series of twenty stories. After sixteen of the series had been issued, one every two weeks, and the other four extensively advertised to appear on certain dates, the author fell ill. The publisher sent for one of his extra writers, who was employed on a daily newspaper, and arranged with him to take up the work and carry on the central characters unchanged. In order to prevent delay in getting out stories as advertised, the extra writer had to read up the career of the hero from the start and write four novels of 40,000 words each in twenty days. The task was successfully accomplished, and the writer in question did not lose an hour from his regular work as a reporter. Devoting only nights and Sundays to the stories, he dictated them to a stenographer, working sometimes six and seven hours at night at a rate of 2000 words per hour.

The regular writers of such stories, men who do not attempt any other work, are able to produce one story of forty to fifty thousand words a week, for six months or a year, with comparative ease. Under pressure, they can readily write two a week, but could not long continue that rate of production without a period of complete mental and physical rest. The author who attempts to lay out a schedule of his story, to work out a plot to the end in his mind, and name all his characters in advance, cannot write dime novels. He must be able to take a title, a name and an incident suggested by the publisher, and write a story of a specified length, letting the plot grow and develop as he writes. He must invent names as he forms the letters that spell them and create a thrilling incident or climax for each chapter.

Virtue must always triumph, in the dime novels, and vice be overthrown, the desirable consummation being achieved invariably in the last chapter, and the hero must be an example of all the virtues. Nor must the villain be too wicked, for in certain respects the novelty of the dime novel is very rigid. It may surprise many persons who decry such fiction as wholly bad, to know that the publisher will not permit a line or situation that might so much as suggest indecency or vulgarity. The villains as well as the heroes are awed "under their breath," and oaths are never used in the lines of the story. Four or five large publishing houses in New York produce tons of such literature every week and the business is conducted in a systematic way. There is the sharpest kind of competition in the trade, and the writer who can suggest and work out new and novel plots or situations will find a demand for all the material he can produce.

BACK FROM MEXICO.

INDIAN WHO WAS GOING TO LEAD AN EXODUS OF TEN THOUSAND REDSKINS THITHER.

By a Special Contributor.

Standing Yellow, a war chief of the Cheyenne Indians, has recently returned from a trip to Old Mexico, where he went as a delegate for a number of tribes in Oklahoma, aggregating about ten thousand Indians. The purpose of the old chief's trip was to select a new home for the reservation Indians, who had always considered Mexico nothing short of another happy hunting ground, where they could all live a life of prosperity and ease; but the report of the old chief has upset the fancy notion these Indians held about Mexico, and will be the means of retaining the 10,000 redskins in this country until they die.

Standing Yellow went to the City of Mexico, where he talked with the native Indians. One morning he met in the suburbs of the Mexican capital a peon and his wife walking into town, both carrying a large bundle of hay on their backs. The man carried about two hundred pounds and the woman half that amount. Standing Yellow asked them the reason for this heavy burden and was told that they were selling it to buy bread and meat. The peon added further that they had cut the hay with a machete and would get about 35 cents for it, which represented two days' work. Standing Yellow made immediate preparations for departure.

"I thought we were poor," he commented, "but we have never had to cut hay in order to get enough to eat. If this is the way the Indians have to work here, we will stay where we are. We did not know we were so well off."

When Standing Yellow made his report of the hay incident to the tribes which commissioned him, it was unanimously agreed to remain on their reservations in Oklahoma.

NOT A "PRINCESS ROYAL."

[London Chronicle:] The King has decided that his eldest daughter will not bear the title of "Princess Royal" during the life of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick. "The Daily Chronicle," it may be remembered, first raised the question some months ago. The title was invented by George II, in favor of his eldest daughter, Anne, who married the Prince of Orange, and died in 1759. The next princess royal was the eldest daughter of George III, who was born in 1766, married the first King of Württemberg, and died a childless widow, in 1828. The Empress Frederick, firstborn child of Queen Victoria, was the next and present holder of the title.

POINT FERMIN LIGHT. ITS HISTORY, ITS KEEPER, AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

By a Special Contributor.

LONG, winding shore line, grayish white in the golden sunshine; a jagged, precipitous bluff, its brown sides flecked with vivid splashes of blood-red ice plant; a wide expanse of blue water coqueting with the eager sunbeams; and above, rising straight from the jutting point, a lighthouse, white and still, the silent sentinel of the deep. Here for the past twenty-six years it has stood, and from its tower, each night, from sunset till sunrise, has shone forth a beacon light of warning and of guidance for the good ships which pass that way. It is situated about three miles from the historic little harbor town of San Pedro, upon Point Fermin, a sharp promontory cutting into the sea, in lat. 33 deg. 42 min. 14 sec. N. and long. 118 deg. 17 min. 41 sec. W.

I saw this lighthouse for the first time about twelve years ago, and although I have had occasion to visit it two or three times since, I shall never forget the feeling of disappointment and shocked surprise which surged over my childish soul as I looked at the first "flesh and blood" lighthouse I had ever beheld. My knowledge of lighthouses was rather limited, having been gleaned principally from pictures with which I was wont to adorn my scrap-books, and my ideal one was a tall, somber tower, rising straight from the cliff, with a tiny circular balcony at the top, the old-fashioned kind to be found on the rock-bound shores of the Atlantic.

My ideal has never changed, but my point of view has; and while from an artistic or romantic view point the architectural value of the modern lighthouse is as naught, still one cannot but feel how infinitely more sensible and comfortable it is.

To the tourist or sightseer the place is something to be visited, explored, enjoyed, photographed, perhaps—and then forgotten; while for him who keeps the light, and for those who belong to him, it is not merely a place to live—it is a home.

Surrounded, as it is, by a white picket fence and its neatly white-washed outbuildings, the Point Fermin Lighthouse presents little difference in appearance from an ordinary dwelling-house. The main building, which is painted white, with a red roof, is two stories in height, while the tower rises from the front fifty feet. The house, with its twelve great rooms, must seem lonely to the genial old sea captain who is at present its sole occupant. In fact, he confessed as much to us, and added, with a knowing wink: "And I'm not going to stand it much longer, either. I tell you, I'm going to get someone to stay with me. I'll not put in another lonely six months as I have the last;" and he laughed jovially; but behind the laugh there was just a touch of pathos, after all.

His name is George N. Shaw, and a typical old sea captain he is—jovial and hearty, and always ready and glad to sit down and spin a yarn; capital stories they are which he can tell, too, and they possess all the charm and flavor of actual experience and adventure.

Short and stout, with a stubby gray beard, his visored cap pushed slightly awry on his grizzled head, disclosing a jolly, weather-beaten face, his feet encased in huge carpet slippers, he is indeed a picturesque figure as he leads the way about his interesting domain or sits upon a scarred old bench under the trees, with one leg crossed over the other, spinning a sailor's yarn. He is just enough cock-eyed to be interesting, but a very kindly light shines in the merry blue eyes, and life-long service has not killed that innate air of refinement which bespeaks the gentleman.

While I was inscribing my name in the great register in the entrance hall he told me that there were annually 3000 visitors to the lighthouse, callers being received every day in the week, with the exception of Friday and Saturday, the hours being from 8 to 12 and 1 till 4 o'clock. On these days it is one of the regulations that he shall never appear without his uniform, which is of blue, with cap to match, bearing a lighthouse embroidered in it in gold thread above the visor. Fridays and Saturdays are his housecleaning days, and visitors are not admitted.

Four or five parties came while I was there, and while we were waiting for them to register he ushered me through the reception-room on the right to the parlor beyond, which looked out upon the sea. It was here that I asked if he had always lived alone.

"Oh, no," he said. "There is my little lass; she is 15 now, and at school in San Francisco" and he pointed with fatherly pride to the portrait of a little girl above the mantel, while a very tender look stole into his rugged, weather-beaten face.

"And there was the wife, when she was with us;" and the lowered voice and the past tense told their own sad story, as he pointed to the picture of a sweet-faced woman, gowned in the fashion of thirty years ago.

"And there is her mother—her name was Clark before her marriage, and she was the belle of Staten Island at one time."

Then we climbed three flights of narrow, winding stairs, the first one landing us on the second floor, where are located the captain's living-rooms, which no woman could keep more scrupulously neat than he does.

"This is my boudoir," and the merry blue eyes twinkled as he motioned us into a large sleeping-room, whose furnishings reminded me of my grandmother's eastern home, so quaint and old-fashioned were the appointments. In all, the lighthouse contains twelve rooms, six of them being fifteen feet square, while three are ten feet square, and the other three smaller.

We followed up another still darker, narrower stair-

way to the chartroom, where the necessary books and maps relative to the lighthouse service are kept. From there we ascended still another flight into the light tower, where the linen cover was removed from the sparkling lens, that \$6000 lens which is the pride of the keeper's heart; it is of the fourth order and 400 diameters. While the wick of the lamp is but 1½ inches in diameter and the flame but 2 inches in height, the magnifying powers of the lens make the light appear as large as the entire lens, and it is often seen as far away as Old Baldy. The glass windows surrounding the light are three-eighths of an inch thick and of the finest quality of glass obtainable.

Stepping out through a small door, we found ourselves upon a circular balcony, surrounded by a railing of iron. And here one could spend hours of almost perfect happiness drinking in the beauty of it all. The view which repays you for your upward climb is one of the finest obtainable on this section of the southern coast. As far as the eye can see, to the southwestward, is the limitless stretch of blue ocean, sparkling and scintillating in the golden sunshine like a liquid sapphire encrusted with diamonds, and the tender tur-

across the expanse of ocean, and but for the of his wings there is no sound save the gentle murmur of the ever-restless sea as the urges it to the shore, where it breaks over the clouds of white spray; and you find yourself drifting away till suddenly you are sharply into the prosaic realities of life by hearing the "Those outhouses? Yes, they were for children, all have sixty, but they are all gone but three. The badgers and wildcats killed them all. I raise chickens here. Why, I planted and planned to have a garden, but the vermin all the seeds up; had one lone squash—the only thing that ever ripened;" and he

natured.

He told us that, after he gave up a career tried for a time to live inland, but he could not be satisfied. For eighteen years he has been keeper of the Point Fermin light. From 1871 Miss Mary L. Smith was the keeper, and she and her sister lived there alone. She resides at home now, in the shadow of the grand old

Although 154 feet above mean high water, many a wild night when the winds rage and madden frenzied about this lonely abode, and salt spray has many a time been dashed over the tower, completely drenching the little bell-tell of one wild night when for nine long faithful keeper sat in the rocking tower, and such nights as these that ships go down.

Placid and calm as was the water on the day when last I visited it, old settlers tell when four good ships, the American, the Kennedy and St. Louis, all went ashore near point.

In 1858 the light was changed from a blue and white light to a steady white one, which seen seventeen nautical miles at sea, and better. Once every three months the capsule arrive in the supply boat Madrona.

As we went downstairs I asked the captain could not tell me of a real wreck that occurred at Point Fermin, "one with a mystery or something creepy or queer?" I cried, for eagerness to be dignified. By this time we were in the little porch, where two more of our party, breathing in the invigorating air. He sat on the upper step, and crossing one leg over the other in his characteristic way, he pushed his farther back on his grizzled head, and began

"I can remember when there were twenty English ships in the outer harbor and thirty nearer, and I can tell you of a wreck that occurred years ago, just around the point there. The *Derby*, an English ship hailing from Cargow, a 1000-ton steel clipper ship she was, carrying 2000 tons of coal, bound for San Pedro, ran aground on the end of the reef there, at 1 o'clock afternoon. The captain and crew just lowered and put into San Pedro, and sold her to the *Withey* for \$1800, and the latter afterward to the *Whitelaw Reid* Company of San Francisco. She was a fine ship, and was insured for \$10,000, but she was there for a long time, and people why she anchored away out here, instead of the harbor, not knowing that there she struck a rock through her.

"Well, sir, some of the seafaring men in the harbor raised a purse of \$250, and sent back to his home in England. There was something strange about what happened afterward: a new ship after a while and set out to sea; one night he cut his throat, and no one knew the reason why. The whole thing was mighty queer!" and the captain shook his head.

So intensely interested had we become in the captain's story that we had lost all account of our driver becoming impatient in threatening, as drivers will, to charge us away, and we were obliged, reluctantly, to leave him. As the captain, lifting his faded and courtly a grace as did ever a young lieut. after us, "Good-by, I'm glad you came; when you have more time to spend. You'll be a welcome."

GRACE HORTENSE

BASIS OF BUSINESS IN RUSSIA

[Commercial Intelligence:] A new law has been published in Russia making it compulsory to sell grain and flour by weight, and not by measure heretofore, owing to numerous frauds practiced on peasants by the unscrupulous middle class. Novoe Vremya very justly remarks that it will not be stopped even by such an enactment, the chief reason of the frauds is the low state of obtaining among the Russian merchants the favorite maxim being "without cheating it is to sell."

CHAMPION YOUNG SWIMMER

[New York Herald:] Little Elaine Golding, only seven years old, is a marvelous swimmer, proven herself to be a champion of this many contests. In fact, she has won three and silver medals for showing just how much faster she could swim than other ambitious swimmers.

She may be seen any day at Bath Beach, performing strange aquatic feats with her sisters Ethel and Florence, who are also perfectly at the water.

Elaine learned to swim when she was only old, and she can now float and swim for hours with perfect ease. One of her daily feats is the Captain's Pier, twenty feet to the water.



quoise of the sky blends into the deeper blue of the sea in a faint, slimy mist. Out toward the southwest lies Catalina, which at this point is twenty-two miles distant, the gray-blue peaks of the little island standing out softly against the sky. Turning in the direction of San Pedro Harbor, and following the curving shore line, white in the distance, the cottages of Terminal Island, Long Beach and Alamitos can be plainly seen, nestling confidingly along the bluff. In the middle distance you catch a glimpse of the San Pedro breakwater, reaching out to Deadman's Island as if to soften its dreary desolation and to link it to the shore. To the west is the long, broken shore line, with its sharp, rocky points projecting into the sea, while to the east Sentinel Rock stands 30 feet high and 20 feet from the cliff. This rock, so named from its lonely detachment from the mainland, bears a faint resemblance to the Sphinx, and adds a charming touch to the picture. The point in front of the lighthouse is carpeted thickly with the glistening ice plant, whose blood-red leaves blend together in one solid mass of flame color, adding just the requisite touch of vivid color to the scene to make it perfect.

An occasional white-breasted sea-gull flies majestically

June 30, 1901.]

BOER PRISONERS. THEIR TREATMENT BY THE BRITISH. AMERICANS AMONG THEM.

By a Special Contributor.

AT DIYATALAWA, in interior Ceylon, 150 miles from the great seaport city of Colombo, I found 4300 Boer prisoners. Six hundred more arrived at Colombo while I was there, and were sent over the government railway to join the others.

I found among these prisoners of war about three hundred American citizens, principally from the West and South, but representing several States.

When one is so far away from home, it does the heart good to meet an American. You are not particular about what State he is from; it is enough that he is an American, and you immediately begin talking about the good things of the United States, and comparing them with the unfavorable conditions you have found in other countries. But for those held as prisoners of war in an alien land, how must it seem to meet an American? These three hundred Americans who are British captives, held as Boer prisoners in far-off Ceylon, half-way around the world, were in a particularly good mood for talking of America, of home, of "God's country." It was pathetic to hear them, though they were men of stout hearts. They had gone to the far-off Transvaal to join the people of that little republic in what they thought a just war on the part of the Boers and unjust on the part of the English. Some of them had left wives and children behind, scarcely provided for in some instances, to join in the hazards of war with the hardy Dutch colonials beyond the equator.

Who will ever know how many Americans, who joined their fortunes with the Boers, have been killed in battle?

I said to some of these American-Boer prisoners at Diyatalawa: "You are fortunate, indeed, to be prisoners, for you are alive and have some hope of sometime joining your dear ones in the country you love above all others." In their misfortune they expressed most earnestly their devotion to the United States, but one or two ventured to say they were disappointed that their country did not help the Boers out.

"But when shall we ever get home?" impatiently asked one.

The British citizens of Ceylon claim that these Americans joined the Boer army from a love of adventure, more than anything else, as they would go tiger hunting, and that their concern for the Boer cause was secondary.

The Boer prisoners are a vigorous but untidy-looking lot. The British require them to take frequent baths. They left South Africa with clothes they had worn for months through the fierce campaign, and the British had a problem on their hands in fitting them out with absolutely necessary clothing. The steamship voyage from South Africa to Ceylon is about fifteen days, and the prisoners suffered greatly en route for clothing, which could not be provided until Ceylon was reached.

The Boer prisoners' camp covers quite a large area in the mountains, with good, natural drainage. The location is about thirty-five hundred feet above sea level, and the climate is one of the most perfect in the world. The camp is inclosed by a series of high barbed-wire fences, separated from each other by several feet. The British garrison, containing about one thousand soldiers, overlooks the entire camp. The food for the prisoners is sent to them over a wire cable. Their food is plain, but substantial. The men receive far better treatment than they expected. They are given ebony, satin, rose, sapan, iron, jack and other beautiful woods indigenous to Ceylon, and bountiful there, from which they make fancy penholders and ornamental wooden articles of various kinds, which they are allowed to send to stores to sell to the residents and travelers. The Boers get the benefit of the proceeds from these sales. But this is done to keep their time and minds occupied more than anything else, thereby making discipline easier.

While I was there, one prisoner tried to escape through the fences. He paid no heed to the sentry's challenge to halt, made three times, so he was shot. He died from the effects of his wounds in a few days. The sentry was arrested and given a trial by court-martial, at which several witnesses from among the prisoners were called. The verdict was that the sentry had shot the man in the discharge of his duty.

The British officials are doing everything in their power to be magnanimous and just with the prisoners. The Boer officers of higher rank are given their freedom and are not confined at the camp at all. Some of them live at the best and most expensive hotels. It is necessary for them to report to the British officers twice a week. There are three very prominent Boer generals held as prisoners in Ceylon, namely, Gens. Olivier, Plessis and Roux. The latter was one of the leading preachers of the Dutch Reformed Church in the Transvaal, and is very religious. He is permitted to hold services, and often preaches fervent sermons in the Dutch language to his fellow-prisoners at the camp. He speaks English very well, and has preached several times at other places. I heard him make an address before the Y.M.C.A. at Colombo on a Sunday afternoon. Announcements had been made in the local press, and the hall was crowded to overflowing. No doubt many of the English people expected he might make mention of the war, but he studiously avoided that subject. He exhorted his hearers to a better and higher life, and reminded them of the shortness of our stay on this earth. He spoke of the selfishness of men and of nations. There was no bitterness in his words; it was a most earnest appeal of a deeply-religious man to his hearers.

Gen. Plessis spends his time with his wife, the two riding their bicycles around the most fascinating of all

towns in the tropics, Kandy, the great resort and show place of Ceylon, nearly one hundred miles nearer Colombo than the prison camp. Here Buddha's tooth is on exhibition, as well as the footprints of Adam of old. Mt. Adams, the highest peak of Ceylon, is in plain view.

The British citizens of Ceylon complain that the government is giving the Boer officers better treatment than they deserve, for they feel that many friends from England have been killed in the war—for which they, moreover, blame the Boers. But the British government is wise in giving these prisoners the best of treatment when it is fortunate enough to capture them. Great Britain is feeding nearly five thousand prisoners of war in Ceylon and about as many more on the Island of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean, one-third of the way from the west coast of South Africa to South America. But Great Britain has found it cheaper to feed and clothe them than to fight them.

J. MARTIN MILLER.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH. WILL BE CELEBRATED HALF WAY AROUND THE GLOBE.

By a Special Contributor.

STRANGE people, in remote and widely separated places will witness the celebration of Independence Day, on the First Fourth of July of the twentieth century. The message which rang out from the old Liberty Bell above the little red brick hall in Philadelphia 125 years ago, has traveled swift and far in these last three years, until now it has extended half way around the world.

It will be repeated and indorsed, at this anniversary, by Americans living on American soil which is eternally bound in the Arctic ice. It will be read to Americans whose home is 500 miles south of the equator. While the rockets and Roman candles are closing the day in Maine, the morning sun will be lighting the folds of the Stars and Stripes in the western confines of the republic. On the shores of the China Sea the cannon of our navy will fire the salute to the Union, and little brown Americans will doubtless hear the roar with terror, fleeing to the woods of Palawan.

Black, brown, red, yellow and white are the skins of the people of the United States. They live as far north as human beings may exist, and they live naked under the equator's fierce suns. Wherever the flag has gone the national holiday will be celebrated in some fashion, and the work will begin of instructing our new subjects in its meaning.

As nearly as can be predicted, the most remote celebration of the Fourth on American soil will be at Palawan. This is the most western station in the Philippine Archipelago, at which it is expected at the Navy Department that a ship will be found on that day. It is safe to say that the natives of Palawan have no clear idea of the origin or import of the American feast, and the bellowing of the saluting cannon will doubtless be the first notice to the majority of the people of the island that they are due for a little celebrating.

Most Northerly Celebration.

The most northerly celebration will unquestionably be at Point Barrow, Alaska, where Commander Harry Knox will have arrived with the Concord. This is 72 deg. north latitude, and only about a thousand miles from the pole. The government maintains a signal station there, and at rare intervals sends one of its staunchest sea-going tugs to pay its brief visit. The country is snow and ice bound, and it is with difficulty that life can be maintained. On the Fourth of July the sun will be circling a short distance above the horizon; but the crew of the Concord will not be troubled with the heat. The man who hoists the flag will be wrapped to the eyes in heavy furs, and if the cabin boy decides to set off any firecrackers he will have to wear warm mittens. The special dinner served out to the men in honor of the day will consist largely of hot soups and canned vegetables, and will be consumed in the company of red-hot stoves.

While this is taking place there will be another celebration—still on American soil—of a very different character. In the island of Tutuila, in the Samoan group, there will be a repetition of the celebration held April 17, when the American flag was formally raised there. Tutuila is 15 deg. south of the equator, and is the southernmost American possession. Capt. B. F. Tilly, who is Governor, believes in teaching the natives to reverence American customs and institutions. In addition to dressing ship and firing twenty-one guns from the American man-of-war in the harbor of Pago Pago, Capt. Tilly will give shore leave to his men and invite the Samoans to join in the games, feasts and general jubilation. There will be boat races, bobbing for apples in tubs of water, catching the greased pig, hurdle and running races, swimming and general athletics.

The most eastern celebration will be in the island of Porto Rico. The Fourth will dawn here just twelve hours ahead of the day in the island of Luzon. The twentieth parallel of latitude, which passes through Porto Rico, runs just one degree north of the island of Luzon; and the distance between the two points is 180 deg., or half the circumference of the earth. In many towns of Porto Rico there are former residents of the United States, and the day will not pass unnoticed even in the remote sections. From the palace of the Governor-General in San Juan will float the Stars and Stripes, and wherever there is a postoffice or a public schoolhouse, the colors will be displayed and the natives will be apprised by fireworks and shooting that the day is one to be remembered.

At Manila.

In the city of Manila the Fourth has twice been celebrated. Naval officers who were with Dewey's fleet re-

member well the first celebration. It came two months after the famous victory, at that critical time when the ships of Germany, England and the other European powers were crowding one another in the bay, and when it seemed even to the coolest Americans that a clash with Germany was inevitable. That night the English men-of-war dressed ship with thousands of electric lights, and, drawing away from the other vessels, took their place close to the American fleet. The other nations had not paid any particular attention to the notice which it is the custom to send to other ships in a harbor informing them that the day is a national holiday; and the special attention of the British was accepted as an assurance that if trouble came they would be with us. Since that evening, therefore, the American officers and men who were present, and who realized the full meaning of the incident, have cherished a warmer feeling for "our British cousins."

The celebration of Independence day in Manila a year ago was marked by meetings in the local theaters and halls, patriotic speeches in English, Spanish and the Tagalog language, band concerts, bunting and other festivities. It is planned this year to train a chorus of native children to sing the "Star Spangled Banner," "The Red, White and Blue," and other national songs. The Declaration of Independence will be read in the schools in different tongues, and on the Luneta the salute to the Union will be fired.

An idea of the preparation for celebrating in other ways may be had from the following extract printed in the Manila Times a year ago. It shows a willing spirit, but suggests a weakness in the use of English.

"This popular hotel is handsomely and tastefully decorated, lanterns, flags and grinning (native term) being much in evidence. A profuse dinner has been prepared and no expense spared to make the day a thorough success in every way, and visitors will be sure of finding a furlant (?) meal in the coolest dining-room in town. The two boys at the bar are fully prepared to do justice to all visitors. They have prepared a new punch, which is warranted to send a man home sober after an untold number of glasses. As for M'King, if he has fully borne out our prophecy that he would be a success in every way and all who have tested his ability and courtesy are pretty sure, if circumstances permit, to turn up during the day and drink to its glories."

At Cebu and Guam.

The Princeton will be stationed at the island of Cebu on July 4, and its cannon will remind the natives that they are citizens of a free republic. The War Department expects to have one of the "tin-clads" not far from the courts of the Sultan of Sulu, and the officers will inform His Majesty that the day is a holiday for all Americans, and that they would appreciate the favor if he would fly the flag on his palace and harem.

In the distant and lonesome island of Guam, there will be plenty of celebration. Following the example of Capt. Leary, his successor, Capt. Seaton Schroeder, will issue a few ringing manifestoes. The natives will be told that the day marks the birth of the nation of which they are now a part, and that it is their duty and privilege to set off firecrackers, shot pistols, burn pinwheels and have as good a time as possible, all the while remembering why they do it, and being careful not to burn their fingers. The natives will be supplied with translations of the Declaration of Independence, and will be urged to participate in games and festivities.

In Cuba there are 6000 American soldiers who will do a little celebrating, even though the Cubans do not regard the day as an occasion for unmitigated joyousness. Pine Island, south of Cuba, is not conceded to the Cubans, and may be regarded as part of the United States. There is a military reservation there where the day will be appropriately noted. In the Hawaiian Islands the day will be celebrated much as it is in the United States. In addition to the naval stations, there are plenty of former residents of the States who have gone to the islands to live. Also there are plenty of crackers in the Chinese shops, not to mention pinwheels, "nigger-chasers," sky rockets and torpedoes.

The loneliest spot in the Uncle Sam's broadening domains is Wake Island. It sticks up in the Pacific about half way between Hawaii and the Philippine Archipelago. It has not even the company of other islands. The United States acquired it, and made it a naval station; and here in the middle of the Pacific, the Union will be saluted and the flag will fly, 2000 miles from the nearest of its starred and striped fellows.

H. GILSON GARDNER.

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SOUTHERNERS AND BOOKER WASHINGTON.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] Booker Washington is largely responsible for the increased respect paid to his race, and I refer again with pleasure to the universal confidence and admiration that is expressed everywhere for that man. I heard the other day of an Atlanta lady of Southern birth and Southern prejudices who had a Northern philanthropist as a guest at her dinner table. He referred at times allude to "Mr. Washington." She tried to hold her temper, but finally broke out and exclaimed: "If you don't stop calling that nigger 'mister' I don't know what I will do."

"What shall I call him?" inquired the innocent Northerner.

"We all call him 'Prof.' Washington," she replied.

And that reminds me of another story of an old-fashioned Southern gentleman at Tuskegee, who, referring to the same subject, said:

"We have too much self-respect to call a nigger 'mister,' and we have too much respect for him to call him Booker Washington without a prefix, hence we call him 'Professor.'"

CHAS.

A person whose first name was Chas.,
Being asked why he's sad, simply says,
And gibbers acent

What he claims to have spent
In politics. Earls and tas!

—[Detroit Journal.]

Stories of the Firing Line + + Animal Stories.

How Aguinaldo Was Taken.

GENERAL U.S.'S thirty-second birthday was the twenty-second and he had purposely prolonged the accompanying festivities until the arrival of the eagerly looked for reinforcements. The President of Casiguran was there, and so was the Casiguran band. When about five miles from Palanan the advance was met by ten of Aguinaldo's own guards, who came to receive the party left with the prisoners in order that all the reinforcements might enter the town and take part in the festivities. These guards were delayed long enough in congratulation and palaver to enable a messenger to be sent to warn the rear party to hide, which they promptly did. The march was now hastened and the advance under Silano and Segovia entered the town in the middle of the afternoon. Aguinaldo's bodyguard of about forty men and the band were drawn up in front of his house to receive them with all honor. They marched along the front and were halted, the guard presenting arms. Hilario and Segovia entered the house.

While Hilario received the congratulations of Aguinaldo on his successful enterprise, Segovia returned and shouted, "The time of the Macabees has come. Fire!" The latter opened fire. Only a few of the guns had cartridges, but enough took effect to stampede the bodyguard of inhabitants of the town. Although the fire continued spasmodically for fifteen minutes, few were killed. The bandmaster was hit six times, but still lives. Col. Illa, Aguinaldo's chief of staff, jumped out of a window and was pushed to the river by Segovia. He was shot through the body and hand. His wounds are now healed. Another colonel was presumably killed while crossing the river. Dr. Santiago Barcelona was taken prisoner without being wounded, and some others who were with Aguinaldo when the firing began made their escape.

Hilario threw his arms about Aguinaldo and told him he was a prisoner to the Americans. He thought when the firing began that it was a joke and ordered them to stop. Some of the Macabees' bullets went into Aguinaldo's house, compelling him and Hilario to lie down. The arrival of Gen. Funston and his officers restored quiet. They remained in Palanan two days, while food was collected, and on March 25, the march was begun for the bay of Palanan, distant about five miles.—[Kansas City Star.]

Song That Reached the Heart.

FOSTER'S "Old Folks at Home" is the most popular song in existence. It has been translated into all the languages of Europe and also into some of Asia and the Isles of the sea. The lines are poetic only in the sense of suggestion; they are so simple and artless that it would seem that any school child could pen them and improve upon them, but they express the sentiment of every homesick man or woman that ever lived. Compared with "The Old Folks at Home," Kipling's "Mandalay," which has been said by some high authorities to be the acme of homesick expression, is a disgusting emulsion of beer and sensuality.

There is an oft-told story of a regiment of troops, with pay overdue four months, that was overtaken by the paymaster just as it reached a camp near a great city in which everything was "wide open." Many of the men, with their pockets full of money, "broke guard" and returned to camp in a condition prejudicial to good order and military discipline. The guards themselves became untrustworthy, good men though they had been on the march and in battle; the sober men of the regiment strove unsuccessfully to restrain the uncontrollable, the colonel gravitated between slaughter and suicide, when suddenly the leader of the band asked permission to try his hand on the distributing element. Grouping his musicians in the center of the camp he started "The Old Folks at Home," and played unceasingly for half an hour, when the officer of the guard reported that the camp was entirely quiet, even the most uproarious drunkards having sent them selves to sleep.—[John Habberton in Literary Era.]

Chinese Children Drill.

ONE of the most laughable sights he beheld in Peking, says a returned soldier, was the efforts of the little fellows to imitate the foreign soldiers. Every day the American, English, German and other troops would come out in martial order to perform their regular drill upon the streets, or detachments would be sent to various parts of the city for garrison duty. Every nationality had its peculiar form of drill, and all this gave to the scene a wonderful variety. Then when the big soldiers were all out of the way, here would come another show, just as novel and much more laughable—a whole battalion of Chinese boys, dressed in their loose sacks, wide flowing trousers and queer shoes that the yellow man wears. The youthful regiment comes down the street, the chief officer marching ahead, and every lad that follows bearing a broomstick over his shoulder. Now they march with all the pomp and importance of a German squad; now they are imitating the light step of the American or Japanese, and now the heavy foot of the Czar's men. No onlooker, be he Chinese or foreigner, could refrain from laughing at their ludicrous antics. And such splendid imitators are the Chinese as a race that even the small boys show every peculiar turn made by the foreigners. Day after day this broomstick regiment turned out to drill and to enjoy the sport.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Ignored the Red Cross.

IN DAGUPAN we are near the spot where the battle of San Jacinto was fought, and where Maj. Logan lost his life. An officer who took part in the battle, and who was an eyewitness of his death, tells the following:

"The insurgents whom they encountered up here had

not as yet fought with us. They were full of hope and courage, and were not as experienced runners as their brethren further south. They made one of the sturdiest stands of the campaign, and did some real fighting. It had been noted before that the insurgents were skilled in the recognition of officers, and a number of their sharpshooters were posted in cocoanut trees for the purpose of picking these off. Attracted first by the chevrons of a sergeant, the sharpshooter shot him down. Maj. Logan was standing near, and when he saw the man fall, mortally wounded he ran to him and caught him in his arms. The sharpshooter saw even better game, and the shot which he sent killed Maj. Logan instantly. An old hospital steward hastened up, and, in spite of the red cross on his arm, the Filipino sent a third deadly bullet, and the steward fell dead beside the sergeant and the major.

"It had not been realized at first whence these shots came, but at this juncture the sharpshooter was seen in his tree, and he instantly fell pierced by fifty bullets. Then the fight was carried on with fierceness which has probably characterized few of our engagements over here, though none have been lacking in determination and courage. Our men were beside themselves, and all that they wanted was revenge. They got it. For the next half hour in the frenzy under which they labored no quarter was given, and not only were all the sharpshooters brought down out of their cocoanut trees, riddled, but death was dealt right and left in the insurgent ranks."

The officer who related this is a first lieutenant in the Thirty-third, and was in Maj. Logan's battalion. He was of opinion that there were certain men in the insurgent army who accepted such positions as those sharpshooters occupied with the realization that it meant death and actuated by fanaticism, just as men of other organizations have done. But on expressing this opinion to some natives, they told him that the men who were willing to take these risks were given triple pay, and a certain percentage for every officer that they managed to bring down.—[Manila Correspondence New York Tribune.]

Kept His Word.

THE following anecdote is sent to the London Mail by an officer serving in the Transvaal, where it has gone the rounds of the camps. It naturally lacks official confirmation, but, happily, this does not affect its merits as a story: "They tell a story of Botha and Kitchener's meeting about terms of peace last week. At the end Botha said: 'Well, I must be going.' Kitchener replied: 'No hurry; you haven't got to catch a train.' But that's just what I have got to do," said Botha. After two days afterward a train was held up and looted on the Delagoa line, not very far from the place of meeting."—[New York Tribune.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Long-suffering Dog.

A READER of the Times contributes the following story: My brother once, finding a little chicken about two weeks old, with a broken leg, undertook to perform a surgical operation. He split a quill toothpick in two, used it as a splint for the damaged member, and then kept the sufferer in his room, to see how his experiment would work. In a day or two the little creature was running all over the house, and its only care was to find at bed-time a better substitute for the down shelter to which it was accustomed than the cotton-lined box we provided. It soon noticed our cocker spaniel, stretched out in front of the parlor fire, and cautiously approaching, cuddled up to him. The onlookers recommended the restless dog to keep quiet, and soon the infant, pursuing its investigations, slipped under one of the long silken ears, which were the pride of the family—and of the cocker. This was too much, and "Coaly" jumped up with a growl, but after some coaxing lay down again; and the chicken immediately snuggled back in that tempting refuge. "Coaly," with one eye on us and an indignantly contemptuous expression, lay still while this spoiled darling kept up its exasperating "cheep! cheep!" merging into the three-toned twitter which means "I want to go to sleep" right in his very ear. He occasionally manifested his injured feelings by an upturned corner of the lip, with a gleam of white teeth, but actually endured this outrage of his self-respect, for several weeks, until the invalid, completely restored, was returned to the bosom of its original family.

Mice Adopted by a Cat.

KATE, the little striped cat that has been a pet at the Tenth street Union Station for the past year, for a week now has been tenderly caring for an adopted family consisting of three mice. The little cat was picked up on the street about a year ago by Night Watchman Timmons. Since then she has been the common property of everyone at the station. She is unusually small for a mature cat.

About two weeks ago Kate had her first family of kittens and she was very proud of them. While she was out foraging a stray dog happened in and when Kate got back she found only the lifeless remains of her little family left. She gave many signs of her grief for about a week.

Then some of the workmen at the station who are tearing up the floor uncovered a nest of mice. The old mouse was killed and Kate was called to make a rich meal off the three mice that were left. She answered

the call of the men, smelled the tiny mice, rolled them tenderly about in their nest. Then, a time, she lifted them and carried them to the baggage room. The adopted ones were in Kate's basket in the baggage room, where they remained ever since.

The cat seems to take as much pride in the fact that she did in her kittens and spends most of her time nursing and licking them.—[Louisville Correspondence New York Sun.]

A Grateful Elephant.

N IN INDIA elephants are as plentiful as ever. A certain elephant used to pass through the market of Ajaccio. A kind-hearted woman had a stall used to give him a handful of grain. The elephant got into a great rage and ran through the market, scattering the crowd in all directions. Alarmed like the rest, the woman took her child and fled. The elephant came up to her baby, stopped in his tracks, lifted the infant gently with his trunk and laid it on a stall in front of a house in the market.—[Denver Post.]

Two State House Rivals.

THE two Trenton State house pets "Tommy" and "Ginger" are not on the best of terms. It is not safe for them to pass each other in the corridor.

"Ginger" is an unprepossessing black dog, of moderate size, with a tail so long that it reaches the couches of Supt. Bonnell's room, and is a constant amusement chasing rats in the cellar of the State House.

"Tommy" is the original pet, and he came to the State House in the days of Leon Abbott's last administration. He was a frisky kitten, with a dozen patrons, for nearly all the State officials, Governor down, were disposed to give him attention.

It is recorded of him that he ran with official documents one day, while carrying the Executive's desk, and his tail slipped in the ink well and left a trail of black ink. The tape should actually have gone. "Tommy" is large and selfish, having been over-indulged in a life of ease. He is independent and "knows" familiar terms only with a few of the State officials, and disposed to use his claws quickly when a stranger takes liberties.

He was monarch for a long time, until the arrival of State Librarian Henry C. Burroughs, who brought "Ginger" with him. "Ginger" is a considerable good common sense, being more like a most tramp dog. He was originally the messenger of the telegraph office, and accompanied the boys on their runs.

While the present State librarian was editor of the State Gazette, "Ginger," who carried telegraph copy, formed a fortunate alliance. During the winter nights he would frequently run or two on the boys, so as to stay near the heating radiator and chase the chills out of him. He grew familiar and would follow the editor's route to the midnight lunch, and finally he shoo'd the messengers away and quietly intruded himself in the editor's office, partly reformed his habits, but he refused his midnight lunch route.

When Mr. Buchanan was made the State Librarian, "Ginger" followed him to the librarian's office on top of the Statehouse. He picked out a soft rug as his particular resting place. He grew to be refused to walk up three flights of stairs. He invariably takes the elevator, and the terrible noise in the corridor if the "lift man" goes up.

"Ginger" tried to make himself of importance over the Statehouse, but "Tommy" Abbott, in his ways, and occasionally clipped him on the back of the ear. "Ginger" is willing that the rear of the Statehouse, if he can, be the opposite of the bachelor's pig pen.

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GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Sea Serpent Bill.

"SPEAKING of cousin," said the old salt, "I think the most profane man I ever heard in my life was a man called Sea Serpent Bill that I sailed with once in the old bark Madagascar, from San Francisco to Hongkong and then around here to New York."

"My! but he was something terrible, and when he first came aboard he scared one or two green hands we had that had never been to sea before so that they wanted to run away, but they got used to him after a while and before we'd passed the longitude of Honolulu we put Sea Serpent Bill's swearing to use in various ways."

"You've heard of men swearing a blue streak? Well, Bill swore a flaming red streak that lightened up the forecastle so that you could see to read by it. More'n once I've seen some man that was reading along by the dim light of the single oil lantern hanging from the deck beams, when he come to some fine print that he couldn't read very well, step on Sea Serpent Bill's toe and start Bill cursin'; and he'd be pretty sure to keep it up till that man had got through the fine print."

"It was a common thing for us to light our pipes at one of Bill's curse words; and coming home in the cold latitudes around the Horn, Bill used to keep the forecastle nice and warm as could be just by swearing about fifteen minutes at night, and ten or fifteen minutes in the morning. Bill shipped here on a vessel loaded with oil, and has never been heard of since, and the vessel is likewise missing."

"I should say, from what you tell us," said a crusty old tar in the corner, "that Sea Serpent Bill might have been more considerable of a cuss; and now I wonder if you could tell us who on the old bark Madagascar was considered the champion liar?"—[New York Sun.]

The Exact Situation.

OF ALL the good stories ever told about the late Dr. Stubbs, bishop of Oxford, probably the following, which really is authentic, is the best: Prior to 1888 he was bishop of Chester, and when the see of Oxford became vacant it was offered to him, the fact of the offer being made public some days before he signified his intention of accepting translation. A local reporter was sent up to Deeside to make inquiries as to the Bishop's decision. "His lordship is engaged," was the footman's reply to a request for the bishop. "Might I see Mrs. Stubbs?" "Mrs. Stubbs is engaged." And, finally, the reporter was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Stubbs, and delivered himself of his inquiry. "Well, you see, it's this way," said the bishop's daughter; "pa's upstairs praying for guidance, but mamma has begun to pack, so I suppose we are going."—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

The Wrong Foot.

IT WAS in a Pullman sleeper, and just across from the bachelor's berth was a handsome little woman and her three-year-old boy. Early in the morning the two were laughing and playing together, and the good-natured bachelor smiled to himself as he arose to dress. Suddenly a little foot peeped out from the curtains of the opposite berth, and, with a twinkle in his eye, the bachelor grabbed the plump toe and began: "This little pig went to market, this little"— "That is my foot, sir," said the indignant voice of a woman. The silence which followed could be heard above the roar of the train.—[Chicago News.]

Arboreal Physiology.

JANE one day visited one of the upper grades at school, where the teacher was reviewing a class in physiology. Many times she reviewed them on the channels of the blood, the class responding in unison, "Arteries, capillaries, and veins." Jane's memory seldom plays her false, so her account of this might be taken as an object lesson in faulty enunciation. "My blood vessels are R-trees, caterpillars and worms," she announced glibly at home. "I s'pose it's the trees that makes me grow."—[New York Sun.]

Audience Short a Prince.

THE following story is being told at the Stockholm Cafes: The telephone in the stage manager's office at one of the variety theaters was ringing and an inquiry was made if the scene box was vacant that evening.

"How should I know?" brusquely answered the stage manager. "Inquire at the box office."

"What is the number?" inquired the speaker. "Look in the book, you idiot! I am not a telephone directory," was the answer of the exasperated manager.

"Excuse me for troubling you," came the voice over the wire. "This is Prince Carl who is speaking," and the telephone rang off.

The poor manager gave a gasp and almost fainted away. No Prince Carl attended the performance that evening.—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

A Pity Illustrated.

CLERGYMAN tells this story in the Homiletic Review: "I was stationed in the town of P— during my early ministry, and was profoundly impressed from what I saw that I ought to preach against the rebellion against God's law. I selected for a text John 1, 2: 'I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.'

"I had formally introduced the subject and repeated the text that the audience might see the connection between it and the first proposition, when my little two-

year-old boy slipped out of his mother's arms and, taking his stand directly in front of the pulpit, gave such a scream of defiance as to startle the entire audience. It is needless to say that this, following immediately the quotation of the text, destroyed the solemnity of the sermon, so far as the audience was concerned."

Faster Than He Looked.

A PPEARANCES don't count in a horse so far as speed is concerned," remarked Mr. Straus, "and I'll tell you a little experience of mine that proves it. A few days ago, I drove Robert J. through the park on the road to the Speedway. The check rein was loose and the pacer was plodding along in a sleepy sort of fashion with his head down. Nearing the One Hundred and Tenth-street exit from the park, I came abreast of a gentleman driving a handsome-looking bay pacer hooked to a sixty-pound speeding wagon. He was a stranger to me, but we exchanged greetings and jogged along side by side. Finally I asked him what he thought of the 'old skate' I was driving.

"Does he belong to you?" asked the stranger.

"I evaded his question by mumbling something about our trying the horse out for a friend who thought of buying him, as he had been told the horse was very fast."

"Well," said he, "I do not want to insult you, but I don't think that wreck could cover a mile in 17 minutes, and I wouldn't give you \$50 for harness, horse and all."

"I think he can do better, and is worth more than that," I said.

"Chatting in this fashion, we jogged along, he telling me how badly my friend would get stuck if he bought the animal. Finally he said: 'Why, this pacer of mine has only got a mark of about 2:24, and I'll bet any amount you can't stay with me for an eighth of a mile.' At last it was settled that when we struck the Speedway we should have a little go just to settle the controversy.

"You can imagine the outcome. As soon as Robert J. struck the dirt road, up went his head and ears. My acquaintance gave the nod to go, and I held Robert J. in so as to let him get a good start. When he had a couple of hundred yards' lead, he turned to look back at me with broad grin on his face. Then I turned Robert J. loose. In an instant he was not only on even terms with my horse friend's pacer, but had passed him like a shot from a gun.

"A more astonished man you never saw. I learned later that he had pulled up his horse at the curb and inquired of a newspaper man the name, mark and breeding of the animal that had dropped him so quickly. When he learned, he simply thanked his informant, turned about and jogged home. I haven't run across him on the road since, and I don't suppose he is anxious to meet me, for I had apparently swallowed his horse wisdom without a murmur."—[New York Times.]

Too Great a Risk.

"I'M GOING to give up the business," said the life insurance agent with a sigh. "I don't care whether they meant it for a joke or not. It's a hard life and people have no business trying to be funny at my expense."

"I have always prided myself upon my ability to land a man when once I succeeded in getting his attention. But I had a new experience the other day. I was working hard to convince a party that it was his duty to take out some of our insurance upon his life for the protection of his family, and I saw that I had him wavering, when I had to pause for breath, and he broke in with:

"By the way, how much do you carry on your life?"

"While I, taken unaware by the abruptness of the question, was stammering a reply, he escaped. The incident set me to thinking. I had induced hundreds of men to insure their lives for the benefit of their families, and yet I had never thought far enough to carry any insurance upon my own life. It didn't look consistent now that I came to consider the question, and I resolved to remedy it at once. To think is to act with me, and I sat down and filled out an application at once for a good round sum."

"I got the application back today marked 'Refused—occupation too dangerous!' The next paper they get from me will be my resignation!"—[Detroit Free Press.]

A Clever Retort.

THERE is no public man in Europe who has a more difficult part to play than M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the French Premier, and he has aroused many bitter political enmities, which, in France, tend to degenerate into personal enmities. The Premier is quite aware of the intensity of feeling that prevails against him in some quarters, and he often reveals a grim humor in referring to it.

One of his inveterate enemies is a gentleman closely related to him by marriage, who directs a paper noted for its hostilities to the present government generally and to the president of the Council particularly. M. X—, not to name him more precisely, boasted recently that he would spend a fortune to prevent M. Waldeck-Rousseau ever becoming president.

"Spend a fortune!" retorted the Premier, when this was repeated to him. "He may throw away his money if he likes, but he ought to know that I can never be president while he is known to be my relative."—[London M.A.P.]

Half a Million for a Trip.

"I SEE that James R. Keene, who is not only a power in Wall street but a fortunate man on the turf as well, advises women not to dabble with the market," said an old Chicago board-of-trade man. "Well, I suppose he will make one exception to his rule, excellent though it is, for the fact that James R. turned up on the right side of the famous Comstock deal was due to a woman. A gambler by the name of Baldwin went West in those brisk mining days when sturdy men who were

used to hard work 'struck it rich,' or wore their lives away trying to.

"Fortune did not come Baldwin's way and he died, leaving his wife in San Francisco poorly provided for. She was an expert seamstress and as such was engaged by Mrs. Mackay, wife of the leading member of the 'Big Four,' who were then prospecting with indifferent success in the Comstock mine at Carson City. These miners frequently met and talked over matters at the Mackay home. They were all plain people whose discussions were held in open session, quite regardless of the presence or absence of Mrs. Mackay or her seamstress.

"Mrs. Baldwin, however, was familiar with mining and stock terms and when the 'Big Four' struck the lode and saw great wealth in store for them she was able to follow intelligently all their plans for making the ~~most~~ of the mine on the market. More than that she intended to profit by the information. She still had a number of diamonds her husband had given her, and so, going into the business section of the city in search of a broker, wandered into the office of James R. Keene, then a Californian.

"'Mr. Keene,' she explained, 'I want to put an important matter in your hands. I am a poor woman and a widow, but my husband at one time had money, and from him I learned something about the stock market, I have saved some diamonds he gave me and now I want you to take them, realize on them and invest every cent in Comstock.'

"'Why Comstock?' asked Keene, somewhat surprised at the unhesitating way this woman staked her only possessions. She explained and the shrewd financier listened with glistening eye.

"'Now, Mrs. Baldwin,' he said when she finished, 'I'll tell you what we'll do. You keep your diamonds. Set your own value on them and I shall invest that amount for you and protect it, should there be disturbance in the market. You watch the reports and when you see fit let me know and I shall sell. Every cent shall be yours, for the information you have given me is worth much more than your diamonds and any commission I could charge.'

"Mrs. Baldwin watched the market as she made dresses for Mrs. Mackay, dreaming as she did of a competency that would enable her to return to her old home and live in comfort. Comstock rose and rose. In fact, it became the wonder of the day. Finally Mrs. Baldwin estimated that the value of her diamonds would be \$10,000 or \$15,000, so she went to Mr. Keene to close the deal.

"James R. greeted her effusively and told his book-keeper to cast up the account and make out the check. Now that the deal was over she grew nervous as Mr. Keene and his assistant busied themselves with the figures.

"How much is it?" she asked, timidly but earnestly as Keene was signing the draft.

"The financier continued his writing. 'Six hundred and forty thousand,' he replied with good-natured carelessness. Then he turned to hand her the check, but Mrs. Baldwin had to be lifted from the floor and restored to consciousness before she could take it.

"Of course Keene won heavily on the deal and soon after went to New York, where he dropped a good portion of his earnings trying to corner wheat in Chicago, but even at that was still ahead."—[Chicago Tribune.]

An Unassuming Duke.

A EVERYBODY knows the carelessness of the Duke of Norfolk about dress and his unassuming ways are very marked and have caused him to be the victim of many curious mistakes, relates a writer. My friend had a house near Arundel, and when she and her family were removing to London the Duke contemplated buying the place as a house for a member of his family. One morning Mrs. —— was in her bedroom shortly after breakfast, when a servant came up to tell her that a messenger had called from the Castle.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Oh! he's in the hall, ma'am."

Knowing the Duke's habits of activity in the country she felt some misgivings, and hurried downstairs to find the Earl-Marshall of England sitting quite patiently on a hall chair with his hat in his hands. She overwhelmed him with apologies, of course, but the Duke was most amused, and laughingly said that he delighted in an appearance which protected him from attentions which would make his life burdensome.—[London M.A.P.]

Not Such a Fool as He Looked.

SOME of the inmates of a Yorkshire asylum were engaged in sawing wood, and an attendant thought that one old fellow, who appeared to be working as hard as anybody, had not much to show for his labor.

Approaching him, the attendant soon discovered the cause of this. The old man had turned his saw upside down, with the teeth in the air, and was working away with the back of the tool.

"Here, I say, J—," remarked the attendant, "what are you doing? You'll never cut the wood in that fashion. Turn the saw over!"

The old man paused and stared contemptuously at the attendant.

"Did ta ever try a saw this way?" he asked.

"Well, no," replied the attendant. "Of course I haven't."

"Then had thy noise, mon," was the instant rejoinder. "I've tried both ways, I hev, and"—impressively—"this is t' easiest."—[Spare Moments.]

FIRST PUBLIC PIANIST.

[Invention:] Of all the myriads who play the piano, how many know that "Tom Bowling" Didbin was the first man who played the instrument in public? That was in 1767, and the feat was performed at the first night of "The Beggar's Opera." Even the piano was not regarded as a solo instrument, for that privilege was still reserved for the harpsichord.

THOUGHTFUL MISS BABCOCK.

BY MRS. CHARLES STEWART DAGGETT,
Author of "Mariposa," "The Broad Aisle,"
"X-Ray Developments," etc.

BOOM! Boom! Boom! Miss Babcock opened her light blue eyes and remembered instantly the date in question. It was the Fourth of July, also her own forty-seventh patriotic opportunity.

Miss Babcock never fell down on either passing dates or trifling facts. In a local branch of the Foreign Missionary Society she acted as statistical umpire.

Faithful attention to slender particulars had endowed Miss Babcock with a phenomenal memory; between round, reproachful eyes she appeared to secrete an information bureau founded upon trifling subjects and extinct occurrences.

Each morning with the first gentle blinking of her eyes she remembered every care in life. Her obligations to her family and to the community at large rose likewise with the sun. The good soul had been born to feel not only the pricks and stings of her own conscience, but of all the uncertain moral organs of a widely-differing neighborhood.

Upon this particular Fourth of July Miss Babcock awoke very early. She had slept poorly, for the preliminary noises of the approaching holiday had colored her dreams red, white and blue. She was glad to get up at once, never having felt the desire for an ensoled dose. Her brown hose still ailed upon the top round of a chair, close to the window; with the habit of years she shook them out, then examined a corn on the little toe of her right foot. When the daily inspection was finished she drew on her stockings. Every wrinkle fled before a precise judgment which also lacked thick, sensible shoes and gauged the mild resistance of sad colored stays. When at length Miss Babcock stood fully petticoated, she splashed her anxious face with reassuring water.

In the mirror above the washstand she saw each morning the one great vanity of her life. Two little curl papers! Sole evidences of artifice in an otherwise natural ensemble marred her sober reflection like impish tags of Satan. For years the bold intention to deceive with unnatural ringlets had bothered Miss Babcock's tender conscience not a little. On her brow were blasted combined furrows of shame and pride. She had long acknowledged her foolish vanity upon bended knees; had determined again and again to perform a pleasing sacrifice, only to rise, turn out the gas and stealthily roll up two thin strands of hay-colored hair. Sometimes when she felt the cherished curl papers in the dark they seemed like sprouting horns, yet scruples could not conquer her longing for tortured tresses.

This morning Miss Babcock arranged her locks with unusual pleasure. The Fourth of July appeared to grant her patriotic indulgence. Several times did the good lady wave the hair brush in sympathetic response to booming canon. It seemed quite proper to celebrate with successful curls. She was extremely literal in her modes of enjoyment, and she unconsciously began to repeat the Declaration of Independence. She had learned it at school in her youth, and as the stirring measures rolled from the memory bureau, she recalled the advice of an academy trustee who had enjoined it upon all the youth of America to recite or read the Declaration at sunrise on July 4.

At once Miss Babcock thought of her half-brother and sister, both at present totally unconscious of a great patriotic opportunity. She went hastily to Jimmy's chamber door and knocked. Her mental bureau had failed to register the weariness of the young man who worked like a slave in a river warehouse. When no voice bade Miss Babcock enter, she tipped gently into the room and laid her hand upon her sleeping brother's shoulder.

"Dear Jimmy," she whispered, close to his ear, "Dear Jimmy, will you not wake up and join me in repeating the Declaration of Independence? This is the Fourth of July! You have perhaps forgotten the important fact. Please get up in time for breakfast for I have promised Daisy a full holiday."

The young man half opened his heavy eyelids. "Rats! It's you, is it? It's a pity you couldn't let a fellow sleep a bit. I guess I work a sight harder than your lazy nigger cook."

James turned over and buried his head in the pillow. "But, Jimmy dear," the sister persisted, "it's the Fourth of July—such a very important day for all young people. I remember once when I was a very little girl—"

"Look here, sis," the boy threatened, "if you don't clear out I'll curse till your curls turn green. This is a holiday and I calculate to sleep as long as it suits me. Varnose! or else here goes a d—."

"Brother! brother!" Miss Babcock cried in alarm. Jim's threat had been partially carried out on former occasions, and with instinctive dread the spinster left the bedside.

In the next room slept Elsa, her young half-sister. The ejected lady went in at once without waiting to knock. Early rising was an actual amusement to Miss Babcock; her desire to stir up a sluggish household amounted to a mild passion. The window shades in Elsa's room were pulled half down and without ceremony the intruder flung them up. The rush of sunlight made no impression on the young sleeper, and Miss Babcock spoke.

"Elsa," she commanded, "get up and enjoy this beautiful morning."

The girl still paid no heed and her sister shook her gently. "Don't you remember that today is the Fourth of July? We are to have an early breakfast as I have promised Daisy a holiday. She wants to attend the exercises at the grove. You know how very important it is that young colored people should understand the full

meaning of American freedom. We who have so much must not be selfish. I hope you will help Daisy with the breakfast dishes, and feel willing to assist me in getting a simple dinner for father and brother Jimmy."

Elsa opened round astonished blue eyes. Youthful rage curled her ripe lips. "Daisy may wash her own dishes, and as for me spending the morning in the kitchen, you will please excuse me; I have other plans for the day," she answered saucily.

Half bare arms stretched above the defiant little head, as Miss Elsa yawned in the elder woman's face. "You seem just to live to spoil my pleasure," she declared, sitting up in bed. "Last night you slammed the shutters so loud, that Rob Bruce went home at half-past nine; now this morning you plot at daybreak to ruin my holiday. I warn you! I won't stand your meddling any longer. I am eighteen and perfectly able to think for myself."

Elsa got out of bed and stood sullenly before the open window. The elder sister half extended her hand with a fond thought of reconciliation, but the angry girl dodged the caress.

"Let me alone!" she cried, "it makes me sick to have you touch me."

Willful Elsa resented fiercely her sister's well-meant advice. Try as she would, Miss Babcock could not influence the motherless girl to her own way of thinking. This morning as the spinster went sorrowfully from her sister's room, Elsa dashed unceremoniously forward and slammed the door. The valedictory salute was not a surprise, but Miss Babcock's lips quivered, while a tear shone at the corner of her pale eye.

When she passed on through the upper hall her father's head flashed questioningly forth, as his irascible voice demanded the cause of confusion. "Will you never cease your everlasting prouting?" he asked.

Poor Miss Babcock went below stairs with a strange sense of defeat. In the kitchen all was yet dark and silent; a moment later the "black Daisy" strolled in. It is but reasonable to relate that breakfast was late, whereas the prematurely aroused household materialized in full time to grumble. Before the kettle filled the requirements for good coffee Miss Babcock's family had developed holiday appetites. The master, a confirmed dyspeptic who studied to tone up his stomach the moment after rising, found abundant cause for irritability, until even his elder daughter for once regretted a conscientious course of action.

Thus far the patriotic call of the morning had been a decided failure. However, when beaming, emancipated Daisy sailed through the front gate arrayed in starched white duck and red ribbons the spinster heaved a vindicating sigh. After all she had done well to remember the rights of the down-trodden. She felt the benediction of Booker Washington as she turned from the window to answer the telephone.

The instrument had just been put into the house. Miss Babcock yet associated its peremptory call with her doorknob. "Visitors, perhaps the minister:" was the first impression from the memory bureau. The old maid instinctively threw aside her gingham apron, and patted her yellow crinklets; then she took down the receiver with a smile.

She was doomed to disappointment for a full boyish voice asked for her sister Elsa, as that expectant miss rushed forward. "It's for me," the girl cried. "It's Rob Bruce; he's coming up with a buggy to take me driving."

She half pushed the intruder away; catching up the receiver with the right of ownership she cooed sweetly. "Yes, Rob, I'm here. What is it?"

Miss Babcock went slowly to the kitchen and washed the breakfast dishes. By ten o'clock she had finished other household duties and had still an hour to rest before commencing dinner. Then the good creature remembered that she had promised to send a basket of goodies to old Mrs. Maguire, the bed-ridden mother of a young foundryman now at home on a strike, but apparently willing that his delicate wife should work twice as many hours as he demanded for himself.

Poor old Granny Maguire must not be disappointed in her holiday treat, and the thoughtful woman hurried away to the store-room. Here was her undisputed kingdom. When she had time she loved to count the jars of fruits and jellies upon the neatly covered shelves. In one dark corner stood a number of enticing bottles of currant wine, but this was a secret even to Elsa. In reality Miss Babcock was a rank Prohibitionist; her little "blind pig" was alone for the sick and aged. She always kept the key to the door in her pocket, and even James had never succeeded in purloining a single sip of the delicious nectar.

The custom of making currant wine had been her mother's, and although at times the spinster's conscience condemned the beverage, she had never yet been able to look upon over-loaded currant bushes without the desire to confine the ripe, red, wasting juices.

This morning she took down a last year's bottle, placing it at the bottom of the basket, she tucked it quickly about with dissembling stores of cakes and tarts. As she sailed forth on her errand of mercy, Elsa and Rob Bruce left the grape arbor.

A flush of youthful excitement dyed the young girl's cheeks, and the elder sister half sighed as she turned into the street. After all something had been left out of her own life. She could not tell exactly what, although she was quite sure she had never wanted to go buggy riding with a young man.

Today a strange feeling of loneliness took hold of her, and for some reason the memory bureau was not working successfully. The old maid could not dwell upon one single exciting or romantic circumstance of her girlhood. She had once walked home from prayer-meeting with a young man, but the next day she heard that he gambled, and of course after that she avoided every advance.

Never before had it occurred to Miss Babcock to feel defrauded of her share in life's portion of romance. Today the pink roses on Elsa's chip hat filled her with sudden envy. She had worn drab and brown through so many seasons that she could not well imagine herself decked out in living color. Her little crinklets

were the one vanity of her career. Back in the "week of prayer" they appeared half dressed, she half determined to give them up, but she still wore the curl.

The son of Granny Maguire lived but far away, and as Miss Babcock approached the grocery store she encountered the little boy and his two little boys. The father had fire-crackers for his sons, and the old Miss Babcock in glowing words how the family to the "Grove," with the exception of who couldn't get out of bed.

"Yes," Maguire explained, "my wife gives speeches and even if a man can't see her next meal it's as well to make a noisy crowd as to mope at home."

Miss Babcock smiled approvingly. "I will soon be over," she ventured.

"God only knows," the man answered, "you give in, but my word is out with the kids don't seem to count with the men. I had just gotten over a sprain, but of this I cock never dreamed."

"I am really very sorry for you," she said, at hand she beheld the emancipated virgin morning; bespattered with mud and dirt beyond recognition the black Daisy stood. The girl's white garments were wrecked as a storm, while the beautiful new hat hung in shreds. Her once-crowning glory, a red rose represented only a bunch of dimpled Miss Babcock's reproachful eyes drew her.

"Daisy," she demanded, "how did you condition?"

"Boy called me nigger," the accused girl not goin' to stan' dat on de Fourth of July."

"I am amazed," the horrified Miss Babcock. "Go straight home," she added with sternness. As Miss Babcock spoke, Maguire with the basket. "Please carry mother," she said. "I am sorry that I the little offering myself, but you will son for not coming?" She left the man her wrecked hand-maiden.

For an instant the striker watched the dejected recessional, then, with a guitar, a covered basket; at the bottom he spilt currant wine. Down the street his wife dashed in the summer glare. She was to turn with the little boys. The baby at marriage like a canopy flower protected in her tiny hand a flag waved the father.

Maguire saw the domestic picture did promises to his wife flooded his mind; within the bottle seemed to control him. His eye glowed cunningly as he slipped beneath his coat, and stuffed the firecracker pocket. "Do you run home to mother?" he said to his eldest son, who understood considerable, and now gazed his father's bulging coat front. "Do you Mikie and take mother and baby out?" Maguire continued with soft persuasions. You all by the grand stand. Say lots rooms of the Union on a bit of business, go on to the grove in good time for the speeches. Father'll join you later."

"Can't we's carry the shotin' crackin' suggested. He peeped into his parents' won't fire 'em off 'till you come," he groaned.

Maguire's uncertain intentions dazed and he suddenly felt a self-righteousness well with his sons. He wished to play a dutiful father, yet selfishly desired to crackers. He fully expected to rejoin his wife his naturally boyish temperament to a general good time at the celebration.

In lieu of the determination to please he went back to the grocery store and bought a bag of candy. "Father'll keep the pocket," he explained, as the mollified wife away with his basket and sweets. "Tell worry," he called after them with guilty.

The little chaps went forward casting misgivings of trustful childhood. On the part of their mother they read their first primer of life. What did it all mean? gush into mother's eyes as she trudged through dust and glare? Would father the grove? Would the firecrackers go off in his pocket? Such questions stirred the minds men trudging like valiant knights close their sister's chariot.

But youth is youth. Soon the music had dispelled all feelings of suspicion of little men waited at the foot of the grand arrival of Patrick Maguire. Like "The Hill" they might have still been not gone home with the dusty, tired crowd.

Meantime the idle foundryman held his the rooms of the Union. Good Miss Babcock's currant wine had inspired his tongue which then lubricated his throat for any whisky. As the day wore away, painless ceased to interest, the soft side of a heavy requirement. It was long past midnight when he remembered his young American firecrackers in his coat pocket. When he got up and went out into the starlight.

For a moment he looked into the sky of shame. Millions of eyes rebuked his desire to atone for something came to his will. He had disappointed his lady; all had waited for the promised firecrackers of his wife filled him with foolish fear of his sleeping children hurried through the now silent streets.

When he reached his house his courage and he sat down on the steps to justify his reprehensible conduct. The inquisitorial condemned him afresh and he got up and took

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Each winter prepared inclemency up. Satan as he was but there idly foundry had just left the children told the family were of wife wants to see just where to make a noise when "I hope the vered. "I for the boy, and the union." of this fact she said. The vision of the disorganized stood before her in a red silk wanted ribs. You did you get out censed blushing of July." mistress prided with almost no spoke, she found carry this in that I cannot will explain the man and she sat in her seat from her father home distinctly. It and; yet she had his pills slipped in her cracken with her who was begin glances when you run him out to the dion. "Friend he's gone with business. Helped for the me achers?" His parent's point the promised and demanded his longing to play the role to control in his year went looked in case himself he purchased the cracken. Lifted boy to "Tell mother my cost confused by in the classic past and lost in his? Why he handled the old father and kers be not in minds to close to the

key. When he entered the silence in some way exasperated him. He was no longer in the mood for a cool reception, and with a sudden return of spirits he went into the little parlor and lit the lamp; the wick blazed up, but he did not notice the fact. The idea of post-celebration had entered his befuddled head. With one heroic effort he ignited the bunch of shooting crackers, then flung them wildly to the ceiling. They fell slanting and struck the fresh Nottingham curtains of the window. With dawning apprehension, Maguire lunged forward; the lamp went with him.

Thoughtful Miss Babcock stood before the mirrored washstand. She bathed her tear-stained eyes and there were no crinkles above her careworn forehead. The sacrifice had at last been made through deep humiliation. Now, with choking sobs, the little lady sat down for the first time in her life with an unfinished toilet. She would never comb her hair again, and today the dark corner of the storeroom should be thoroughly purged of currant wine. The judgments of the Lord had fallen upon her; in her well meaning she had been confounded.

Miss Babcock lifted her sad, bewildered face, then let it fall upon extended hands. She felt very weak; she could not understand the trembling in her spine. Even in the early heat she shivered. A thin shawl hung over a chair back; she reached for it and put it on.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she groaned aloud. Could it be possible that through her own innocent instrumentality she had caused a horrible death and burned down a house? Tears streamed through her fingers. Was it true that the bones of poor old Granny Maguire lay blackened at the undertakers? Really true that the striking foundryman was open to reform, with the desperate problem of a homeless family still unsolved.

Poor little half-dressed Miss Babcock asked herself the ugly questions again and again. It was vain to deny her unintentional part in the disasters of the previous day—and yet she had meant so well. For once in her life Miss Babcock was late to breakfast; for once she missed pouring her father's coffee. When she finally went downstairs she saw through a hot, miserable flesh, Elsa usurping the seat of honor. The girl had unconsciously taken on the charm of womanhood; she loved and in return was beloved. Rob Bruce had already taught her to handle coffee cups, and the family seemed instantly charmed with her correct dispensing of cream and sugar. The old maid gulped down a sob as she passed through to the kitchen.

THE ROSA BONHEUR MONUMENT.

[Paris Correspondence London Globe:] The inauguration of the monument to Rosa Bonheur, which has not been, like most monuments, raised by subscription, but erected by a private individual, took place yesterday at Fontainebleau. The monument in question is a colossal reproduction in bronze of a statue of an ox made by Rosa Bonheur, and it stands on a stone pedestal, the sides of which are decorated with bas-reliefs in bronze by Hippolyte Peyrol. The most important shows the artist dressed as a man, with working blouse and trousers, and wearing all her decorations. The others are reproductions by Isadora Bonheur of the principal works of his sister: the ploughing scene which was such a success at the Salon of 1849; the famous Horse Fair, and the hardly less well-known King of the Forest. The latter picture, the engravings of which are particularly well known in England, is in the possession of the gentleman who is erecting the monument, M. Gambart, the Spanish Consul at Nice. Visitors to Nice who have connections with French society will remember both M. Gambart and his house. The latter is one of the sights at Nice, the former a devoted lover of art and the most cordial of hosts. The house, which stands in the midst of one of those luxuriant gardens which are a specialty of the Riviera, is of white marble. It is built in the Greek style, and bears in gold letters the celebrated line of Keats, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Inside is a collection of masterpieces of modern painting. M. Gambart, whose health did not permit him to be present at the inauguration, was for fifty years a friend of Rosa Bonheur, and was one of the first to help her with his encouragement. The Bonheur family, who might be expected to feel some irritation toward their late relative, who left all her money to a complete stranger, were present to see the monument unveiled.

THE TITLE OF THE ENGLISH SOVEREIGN.

[London Chronicle:] The title of our sovereign has undergone a good many changes in the course of ages. Even during the Heptarchy "Rex gentis Anglorum" existed, though the style King of England was first used by Egbert, in 828. The first person plural, "now shared by editors, was adopted by John at the end of the twelfth century. "Defender of the Faith," still used, was conferred upon Henry VIII by Pope Leo X. The same gracious monarch altered the title "Lord" of Ireland into King. "Great Britain" was only adopted by Anne at the union of England and Scotland.

A further change was made by George III, when at the union of Great Britain and Ireland the royal title was appointed to run thus: "Georgius Teritus, Dei Gratia, Britanniarum Rex, Fidelis Defensor." Then for the first time, just a hundred years ago, the addition "King of France," which English sovereigns had borne for centuries was omitted. "Hanover" was in like manner dropped in the Queen's style when she came to the throne. The latest change came on May 1, 1876, when "Empress of India" was added.

WAD.

[Detroit Journal:] "With us," explained the Scot, "wad means would!"

I did not fail to observe that here was the opportunity to amadvertiser keenly, not to say wittily, upon the great and growing power of wealth in my own country.

"With us," I rejoined, therefore, "wad means might!" We paraded at this, but I set detectives to shadow him, and they reported to me that three and a half hours later he smiled faintly.

TWELVE BOOK-KEEPERS. KEEP TRACK OF OVER SEVEN HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS.

By a Special Contributor.

UNCLE SAM will spend about \$730,000,000 between July 1 and June 30 of next year. All of that immense sum is accounted for and ultimate record made of it by one set of book-keepers, twelve in number, in the Treasury Department at Washington. By these twelve men, Uncle Sam's daily cash account is kept straight, and every morning a balance is struck, showing how much cash the government took in the day before, from its various sources of revenue, and how much was spent by the several departments, and giving the total of the remaining cash in hand. Accompanying this daily balance sheet is a statement made up in another division showing the character of the money on hand, gold, silver and bank notes. It is an interesting place, this counting-room of Uncle Sam, where the state of the finances is exhibited. A dozen or so big ledgers and an immense daybook, known in business houses as a "blotter," contain the records. Their pages exhibit every day exactly the amount of business the government is doing and whether Uncle Sam's household expenses exceed his income or not. It must be understood, of course, that these accounts are a final summary of the business transacted and that a thousand-and-one other books are required for the detailed record in other departments.

Big figures are dealt in here. The book-keepers make an entry of \$250,000 as unconcernedly as a merchant would enter a ton of coal, or a grocer the sale of a pound of tea to a credit customer. The balances are jotted down in pencil and the book-keeper will report that "the Navy Department has only \$60,000,000 left today" in an off-hand way, as if that were a small item. Absolute accuracy is required, of course, and if one of these employés should make an error in addition or subtraction he would feel disgraced.

Here is a sample of the daily balance sheet, which is printed every morning and laid open to public inspection. This one was for May 2:

"Receipts this day."

Customs	\$ 819,222.24
Internal revenue	877,113.10
Miscellaneous	105,027.59
 Total receipts	\$1,801,362.93
 Expenditures.	

Civil and misc.	\$ 795,000.00
War	280,000.00
Navy	100,000.00
Pensions	500,000.00
 Total expenditures	\$1,775,000.00
Excess of receipts	\$26,362.93

In other columns of the same sheet are the receipts and expenditures for the month and for the fiscal year up to date, as well as a comparative statement for the same period in the preceding year.

On another page of the exhibit is a statement prepared by the treasurer's office showing the cash in the treasury. The cash in the general fund was \$239,356,708.59. Against this were liabilities such as outstanding drafts, disbursing officers' balances, etc., amounting to \$83,326,415.01, leaving an available cash balance of \$156,030,293.58.

There at a glance is a statement of Uncle Sam's daily business and running cash account. Fortunately, it is a pretty good statement and shows a prosperous condition. Besides the available cash balance, what you might term the pin-money of the government, the statement also shows that the treasury contains a little matter of \$150,000,000 in gold coin and bullion, reserve fund, and a trifle of \$771,592,989 in gold and silver, held for the redemption of the paper money current throughout the country, making every piece of greenback as good as gold. Your Uncle Samuel is not contemplating "going broke" just yet.

This section of the Treasury Department, known as the warrant division, is a very important branch of the government service. It is the brake on the expenditures. Not a dollar of the taxpayers' money can be spent until one of these twelve book-keepers looks into his ledger to ascertain that the account has not been overdrawn. Then, and not until then, the chief of the division, certifies the existence of a balance to the credit of the particular account.

When Congress makes an appropriation for the War Department, say of \$100,000,000, a ledger account is opened with the department, and the account is credited with that sum. Congress gives to each of the bureaus a stipulated amount, and the accounts are so credited in the ledger. When the Secretary of War desires to draw money to pay the officers and men, he sends to the treasury a requisition for \$100,000, on account of the pay and allowance of the army. The book-keeper looks at the requisition, which is in the form of a check, and turns to his ledger account to see if there is \$100,000 left. If so, he charges the sum to the account, and a warrant is signed on the treasurer of the United States, who turns the money over to the Secretary of War, who thereafter makes a proper accounting to the designated officials who admit and control the expenditures. It is therefore impossible for any department of the government to get more money out of the treasury than Congress has provided for it, as the watchful book-keepers know to a penny how the account stands every hour.

The work of the book-keepers is not only important but very arduous. The requisitions come piling in sometimes at a tremendous rate, and each one has to be scanned, the ledger consulted and careful subtraction made. The hours of labor are not long, from 9 a.m.

until 4 p.m., with half an hour for lunch. The two principal book-keepers receive \$2100 a year and ten get \$2000 a year. They are all experienced, capable men and most of them have served long in the department. The chief of the division gets \$3500 a year, and is a busy man. He has to initial every requisition and warrant, for the Secretary would not sign a warrant without the red ink initials showing that the paper had passed the careful scrutiny of the veteran chief of the division.

The division performs other functions besides keeping Uncle Sam's daily cash account. At the beginning of every Congress, a statement is made, showing the probable needs of the several departments for the coming year and indicating the estimated receipts of the government. This is sent to Congress, so that the lawmakers can tell readily how much money they will probably have to appropriate, and how much is demanded for the next fiscal year.

A TREE THAT BEARS PAPER BAGS. AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT WITH A HARDY CHINESE ORANGE TREE.

By a Special Contributor.

A large crop of paper bags is the unique yield of a little tree which stands in the grounds of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, not far from the big red buildings where Secretary Wilson has his office. There are about fifty of these bags, each expanded like little balloons, and with the neck tied firmly, as close inspection discloses, about one of terminal twigs. The effect is rather grotesque. The tree is the particular charge of Prof. Herbert J. Webber, who with his assistant is responsible for its bagging. It is a species of orange tree, the variety having been brought to the United States from China about ten years ago, with the idea of using it for hedges. It is evergreen, grows about thirty feet high, and has sharp thorns. The fruit is small and runty, and quite unfit for food. But the fact that it flourishes as far north as Maryland, Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri, gives it a great value to the scientists who are experimenting with a view of securing a more hardy breed of oranges. And this is the explanation of the crop of paper bags. The blossoms of the tree have just been crossed with the St. Michaels and Sanguina oranges, which are the standard variety of sweet Florida fruit. Prof. Webber is trying to secure a hybrid which will retain the edible qualities of the sweet Florida orange, and at the same time preserve the hardness of the Chinese mother tree. One plant with these characteristics would be worth more than a bonanza gold mine. It would serve as the parent stock for thousands of plants which would be grown throughout the Gulf States, revolutionizing the agricultural industries there, and yielding millions of dollars to the growers.

Experiments with this end in view began several years ago. At the present time the department has about three hundred hybrid seedlings. It is expected that some of these will bear their first fruit this fall, though the majority of them will not bear much before next year.

The 200 hybrid seedlings which Prof. Webber has secured represent a deal of patient labor. To cross varieties which are closely related is a comparatively simple matter; but the Chinese orange and the Florida variety have been so long separated, and have been subjected to such different environments, that they have almost forgotten that they belong to the same genus, and they do not take kindly to each other. Consequently not more than one blossom out of a hundred fertilized with the foreign pollen bears fruit; and then not more than seven out of fifteen seeds in that fruit will germinate and produce a plant.

The paper bags are used to protect the flower which has been fertilized with the pollen of the sweet orange. The first step in the operation of cross-fertilization is the removal of the pollen-bearing or male element from the blossom. This is done with small scissors and pincers. The petals are also removed, leaving the stigma exposed. This is all done before the blossoms are fully opened; for by that time there is danger that bees or other insects might have carried the pollen from some open blossom and deposited it on the stigma. When the male organs have been completely removed pollen is gathered from the blossoms of the trees in the government greenhouses and shaken lightly upon the prepared flower. Then the bag is tied tightly in place to make sure that no pollen from the same tree becomes mingled with that already used. After the fruit has had time to begin forming the bags are removed and the twig is marked with a tag giving the name of the other parent.

As soon as the seedlings bud they are sent to different parts of the country, to be grafted on plants which have already been started. Thus it is soon discovered whether the plant is sufficiently hardy, and the only remaining question is as to the quality of the fruit.

MATERIALISM.

I have no soul, they find,
And brain's the whole of mind.

The body thinks and feels—
A thing of links and whee's.

A mill, it grinds as grists
Whate'er it finds or lists.

No miller there, but mill—
Machinery rare—with will!

What handy folk' they've planned
Grist mills that work unmanned!

J. S. WALLACE, Chaplain, U.S.N.

China, in spite of its seeming contrition, does not neglect any chance for an underhanded slap. A large consignment of Fourth of July goods has reached New York from Shanghai.—[Washington Star.]

The Old Missions of Southern California



San Luis Rey.

Capistrano

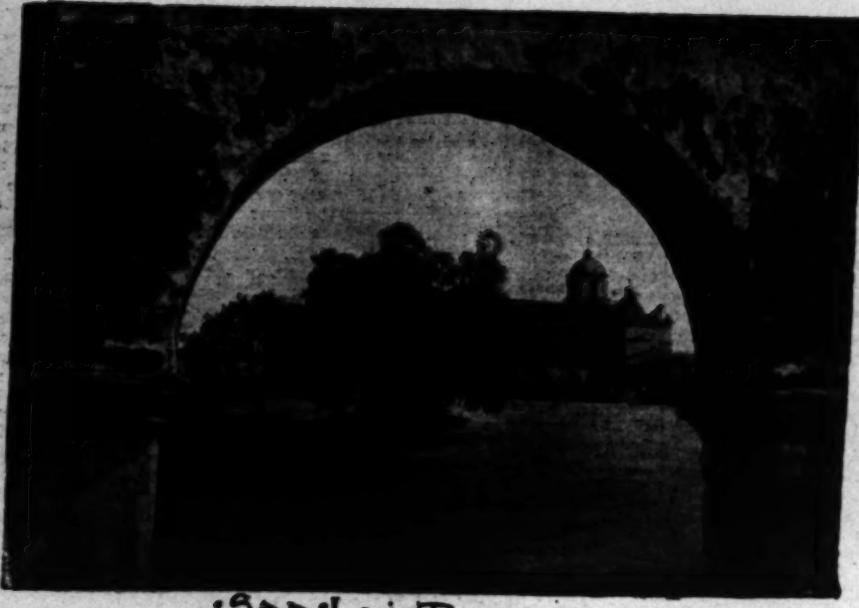
Santa
Barbara

San Luis Rey.



a
Picturesque Relics of a Departed Civilization.

San Fernando



San Luis Rey



A FOURTH AT LITTLE HORN.

By a Special Contributor.

DAY was breaking in the valley of the Little Horn. Far up a westward glen two horsemen rode side by side. Their heavy spurs jingled accompaniment to the steady jog, jog, jog of the tough ponies following the trail which led to the Little Horn reservation. Sturdy, robust, good-natured fellows and considered two of the best cow-punchers on the big King Crescent ranch, were Scott Shepard and Jim Watson. At 3 o'clock this morning of the Fourth of July, they had left the ranch for the Little Horn reservation, intending to celebrate the Fourth at the annual feast and sun-dance of a tribe of Crow Indians. This sun-dance is one of the exciting features of Indian life in the Northwest and was formerly consecrated to the worship of the sun. To the degenerate Indians of today, however, it is of hardly any significance, simply an amusement to vary the monotony of their every-day life. The settlers and cowboys have found the celebration amusing and, to increase their own pleasure, have introduced certain features, such as faro and monte, usually ending the festivities with a white man's dance in the evening.

When Shepard and Watson rode into the reservation, preparations for the day were commencing. Whites and Indians from all parts of the neighboring country were riding in on ponies and mules, or in heavy, cumbersome lumber wagons. The couple from King Crescent dismounted at the general store, as the gang from the Big Diamond ranch loped in from a southern trail. Near them, his horse on the run, rode trusty "Shorty" Ladd, whose reputation as a bronco-buster was known the country round. Farther down the road was Budd McGuire and his family, seven in all, crowded into a jolty, single-seated cart. There, too, was Louie Jim, who hailed from the Lower Fork, and was registered as a civil Indian. Louie Jim rode beside a clumsy farm wagon, in the bottom of which sat a shy, soft-eyed Indian girl, whose graceful bearing merited more than passing notice. Her pretty face lighted with an impatient pleasure as she peered from beneath her black-fringed shawl from time to time, watching Louie Jim admiringly when he dashed from her side, spurring his pony on to jump ditch or brush pile that he might show his skill in horsemanship. Louie Jim, as he rode, flashed eyes that spoke love to her, and thought of the time when he would make Clear Eyes his wife. That time would soon come, he reasoned. For many months he had prospered; even the agent at the reservation praised his thrift, and the money he would win at the day's sports would speed the happy pair. Louie Jim had already selected the spot for their home. It was by a clear, cool spring, close to some willows, and near to good pasture, where his cattle might graze. By this quiet spring he had first dared to pour love words into the willing ears of the winning Indian maiden, that afternoon when he had come silently upon her leaning over the clear water, shyly humming sweet love-chants to her own smiling face, reflected on the smooth surface. From that day Louie Jim had loved with all his soul.

On this Fourth of July a merry, reckless crowd had gathered about the general store. Presently all started for the race track, a cleared strip of level road some distance away. Shepard and Watson were loping toward the grounds when Louie Jim rode by. The latter glanced carelessly back over his shoulder until his eyes happened to rest on Shepard. For an instant a dark, fiendish look of intense hatred transformed the swarthy, shining face, then Louie Jim reined his horse and loped moodily back to Clear Eyes's side.

The excitement attendant upon betting and racing had begun. Any Indian might enter his pony. Several animals and riders were lined up waiting for the start. The betting ran high, for good horseflesh was entered. Yonder stood a little calico, sound as a rock, head up, nostrils quivering, limbs tense. He had run before. Next with a pigmy of an Indian "up" was a lithe sorrel. Restive he stood; his first race. By his side fretted a nervous buckskin mare, in fine form, the picture of trimness. Then came a trembling, mettlesome black, and beside him a plump gray. These, with others, stood ready. The betting went on. Money, blankets, knives, saddles, horses and trinkets were staked. A half hour passed, then crack went the rifle; the signal for the start. The horses were off. Down the rude course they clattered, leaving a dusty cloud. The crowd cheered loudly. Clear Eyes and the other Indian girls clapped their hands, their low, guttural laughter intermingling with the shouts of the men. Another race was run and another. So on and on it went for a couple of hours.

When that sport was finished, many adjourned to a neighboring cottonwood grove in the midst of which a space had been cleared. He o' the dance, the event of the day, was to take place. A hundred warriors, stripped of all clothing, stood near the inclosure. Bedecked with feathers, beads, bells and gaudy paints, they hopped into the circular space. A steady, monotonous tum-tum was thumped on skin war-drums, while aged Indians droned weird cadences. These noises were increased by wild yells from a younger set. The warriors danced with fierce eagerness. Round, round, round they ran in endless circle, each dancer striving to excel in endurance. For one, two, three hours under the parching sun they moved. As soon as one was overcome—and it was not uncommon for the participants to die from exposure in the burning July heat—his place was taken by another. Thus the dance continued.

Some distance from this scene a feast was in progress. Savory rounds of meat hung suspended from improvised cranes above fires. In small rock ovens over hot coals, black bread baked, and at the edge of the fire were large jars filled with coffee. Visiting this feast during the afternoon, Shepard made a "swap" with a cowboy from the Big Diamond ranch, trading a buck-

skin lariat for a knife, a shining weapon with a long, sharp blade. His own hung pointless in a case near the revolver at his belt; he had broken the point a day or so before at King Crescent. His belt being already filled, Shepard carelessly slipped his new possession into an empty sheath that swung loosely at his friend Watson's hip. After the two men had tired of seeing the savages gormandize, they left the feast and spent the early evening hours watching the faro, monte and shell games and chatting with the ranchmen.

Nine o'clock was now at hand. Near the corner of a rude booth, in which a rough floor had been built, a fiddler in buckskin sat beside a young half-breed, who held a guitar. Soon a lively jig was struck up. Groups of men about the little fires near by stopped their card playing and began to gather about the platform. Presently a small Irishman from the Buckstone region attempted a clog, while the delighted spectators looked on in wide-eyed admiration. Then, as the fiddler scraped a see-saw polka, Shepard dragged "Shorty" Ladd to the middle of the floor and, placing his arm around the doughty fellow's waist, together they took several turns over the splintered planks. The rough boards creaking and rattling, the heavy revolvers clapping against the leathered hips, together with the screechy music, furnished a novel accompaniment for dancing. When they had finished, another couple took a turn or two. But this was not allowed to go on, for the ladies were coming. Ah! the ladies. Wrapped in their protecting shawls, Clear Eyes and other sleek Indian maidens and vain half-breed girls, mounted the platform, shyly taking seats about the edge of the booth. The music started a shrill waltz. The self-appointed floor manager shouted in hearty voice: "S'lect yer partners boys; don't waste the fiddlin'."

A moment of awkward hesitancy, then each man whispered a word or more. The girl it may be replied blushed, as she reeled away in time to the music with sought the girl of his choice and, bending toward her, not, but slowly arose, her bronze face hiding the warm her burly cowboy partner. The expectant crowd felt the thrill. Pulse of dancers seemed transferred to spectators and caused restive feet to beat measured time. The quick music, the cool, exhilarating evening air, the constant cooing laughter of the girls, the boisterous crowd shouting, "Swing her full like, don't be scared; put yer arm clear round," and other similar banter, were all conducive to a reckless joy. Thus the dance went on.

Meanwhile how had Louie Jim used his time. Early that morning his ill-luck had begun. He had bet heavily on the calico in the first race. He knew the pony well and was sure he would win, and so he would if that little fool of a rider had applied the quiet at the right time. Louie Jim had lost his own pony and had heard the clinking of his money, as it had passed into the hands of another. This he had borne silently as became an Indian. But he was nettled, and to add to his further chagrin, Clear Eyes, to whom he had previously boasted of his knowledge of the pony, had twitted him about his judgment of ponies and he had taken offense. Then when he happened to lose on the next race, she had playfully taunted him the more. The result was a lovers' quarrel, and he quitted the racing sport unhappy.

After gorging himself at the feast, he went to the monte table, where the same ill-luck followed. As the evening approached, his good humor departed. Leaving the table, he wandered aimlessly until he came near to a white man who was sliding colored shells about on a box in a dexterous, delusive manner. Louie Jim half-halted and the man with a wily twinkle called him. The young Indian drew nearer and showed interest as the man explained. He watched the pellet as it was placed under the shell and watched the rapid passings of the operator as his hands moved deftly over the table. The thing looked simple enough. Louie Jim could tell every time under which shell the pellet lay. Here at last he thought was a chance to win back some of his money. Then the white man treated him to some cheap, strong whisky, and Louie Jim decided to try his luck. His last dollar was broken, but a deal was soon made. He staked his revolver with his few remaining silver coins, so sure was he of winning. The white man made the slide and waited. The Indian pointed to the larger shell. Yes, he had reasoned correctly; a bright yellow coin was his. He snatched it eagerly; now his luck had indeed turned. The man next threw down a larger piece of money. Louie Jim might have that, too, if he would put up the newly won coin with his pistol. He tried again. A smaller shell had it this time; he had seen the pellet placed there and it could never have been moved from its place, for he had watched closely. The operator ceased his motions and looked up askance. Louie Jim indicated his choice. The shell was lifted. White-faced cheat! But the tricky gambler, seeing that there was nothing more to be won from his victim, quickly swept in his winnings and busied himself looking over the revolver. The Indian was furious and the liquor fed his anger. He turned in the direction of the dance booth.

When the dance had commenced, Watson, caring only to watch the fun, had settled himself comfortably against a corner post of the booth and, later, tiring of the proceedings, had sauntered over to Dailey's store. Shepard, on the other hand, had been one of the most lively of the dancers, and had just finished a rollicking polka, when the "Whirl-Around," a popular six-couple dance was announced. The music started a rapid, choppy movement and three couples took their places on the floor; another, then another. One more couple was needed to complete the set. The music sounded louder and faster. Shepard saw Clear Eyes. Remembering her as a girl, graceful, agile and just fitted for the "Whirl," he hastened over to her side. The next moment they were cavorting about the floor with the rest.

At this time, sullen Louie Jim slouched from the shell game to the edge of the booth. Quickly he discovered his Clear Eyes. There she was, whirling around in a white man's arms and plainly she was happy. All the events of the day surged through his mind. His anger rose to white heat. What could Clear Eyes see in the white man's dance, anyway, he wondered. How quickly she had learned the steps. Only last year she had tried for the first time and with that same cow-puncher,

Yes, he remembered well now; he had been in the morning. Louie Jim's brain was burned, his temples throbbed. He had seen the paleface dancer last year for his money would do it now. He reached for his revolver, he reminded how he had lost it. Then he turned toward Shepard and Clear Eyes. In the flickering shadow of a cottonwood stealthily drew his knife. The liquor had made a trifl and for a moment he stood there. At that time Clear Eyes, in the course of the dance, suddenly between her lover, Louie Jim, and an instant and Shepard saw the gleaming knife over the girl's round shoulder, aimed at his heart. In a twinkling he threw the knife, grappled the descending wrist, forcing it just as it grazed his breast. Then the two were more equal. Shepard's strength had a chance to follow, by an adroit movement, drew his own knife. A strong, swift drive of the hand felled bleeding to the floor.

The incident was over almost before the men had happened. The music had stopped, confusion. Some Indians drew suddenly around Shepard. If there was to be a row, stand together. Then some bethought to look at the fallen Indian. A knot of red around him, examining the cut. An old Indian taking the pulse and muttering unintelligibly, partially raised the limp figure. Then Louie Jim gled feebly, gasped and slowly opened his eyes. The cowboy mumbled: "He ain't much blood, ain't hurt much, nuther. Knife must get a bone; more's the pity."

Next they dragged the wounded one from the groups separated and the fiddling began again. Shepard, after looking in vain, started to see if the latter's pony was in Dailey's corral. Finding both animals, he went to the store and, coming upon Watson and the Big Diamond foreman under the latticed front porch, he related what had happened; the heavy fall on the head had doubtless Indian.

When he had finished his story, Watson said, "Strange that new knife of yours didn't cut the drive you say you gave it. That's keen; let's see it."

Shepard pulled the knife from the sheath. A slick of coagulated blood was on the blade and was pointless.

"Not this one," said Watson, looking at the one you swapped for."

Then like a flash, Shepard understood, looking around toward the case at Watson's feet. The bright knife of his day's "sway" was light.

"The devil," uttered Watson. "How'd the And Shepard explained.

"Well," replied the other. "If that didn't proper place, that Indian girl would have one lover now. But come man, this was past midnight and we must clinch up and reach King Crescent in time for chores."

ARTHUR MACDONALD

THE FAITH OF THE CHILD AND THE MAN

I.

Little one, my little one,
When first you walked alone,
With eager trust you kept your hand,
Held out to grasp my own—
Toward me was bent each step you took,
And by your anxious, pleading look,
Your faith was sweetly shown.

II.

Little one, my little one,
Since you are larger grown,
Forgetting to depend on me,
You run about alone—
Yet when your little troubles rise
Ah, you return with tearful eyes,
And my protection own.

III.

Little one, my little one,
In weakness I am prone
To crave His guidance, to depend
Upon His love alone—
But when my step grows firm I let
My faith lie sleeping and forget
All glory save my own.

IV.

Little one, my little one,
Your childish ways have shown
That I am weak, that I am still
A child, though larger grown;
In weal I boldly cope with men,
In woe I turn to him again,
Afraid to walk alone.

[S. E. Kiser in Chicago Review]

PORTRAITS OF THE KING AT WEMBLEY

[London Chronicle:] Mr. Fildes, R. A., has a sitting almost immediately from the portrait he is to paint. About thirty of the replicas likely to be required for the government houses of the colonies that Mr. Fildes himself can paint these are erroneous. The work would not only be quite maddening in its monotony. Mr. Fildes, however, superintended the production of the final "passing" them. The position of Mr. Fildes is one that is apparently a safe one, for much pressure in favor of this candidate has made itself felt at court.

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Catalina Island, California, to have been the first to manufacture them, and their quality is of high rank.

At two p.m. slight clearing. Writing or

THE MAGIC ISLAND.

A FEW LEAVES FROM THE HISTORY OF SANTA CATALINA.

By a Special Contributor.

A WAY back in the sixteenth century, when Spain was at her zenith, and was one of the leading powers, her ships were penetrating to the uttermost parts of the earth, and her flag was being raised by adventurous explorers wherever land could be found. In the fall of 1542, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo came this way and discovered Santa Catalina. It was claimed for Spain, as had been a large part of the continent of North America previously. Cabrillo named the island San Salvador, after one of his ships. The explorers spent several months cruising about in this vicinity, and in the meantime Cabrillo was taken ill, and died on one of the islands.

At this time the island was thickly populated by Indians, who were described by the historian of the expedition as a fine-looking race, very friendly, and of a higher order than those of the mainland. There were native villages at the mouth of nearly every cañon, and when the ships came to anchor in what is now almost certainly Avalon Bay, the natives rushed out shouting and dancing, and some of them put off in a large canoe, and, throwing down their bows and arrows, as an earnest of their peaceable intentions, by signs invited the Spaniards to land.

Sixty years later the island is again heard of, this time through the expedition conducted by Sebastian Vizcaino, who, about the first of December, 1602, came to anchor, in all probability, in the harbor of Avalon. Vizcaino, however, ignored the name of San Salvador, which Cabrillo had bestowed upon the island, and called it Santa Catalina. The historian of Vizcaino's expedition was Father Torquemada, and, according to his account, this expedition was also well received by the natives. He also says the people of the island were fine looking, and were dressed in well-cured skins, and had large dwellings and rancherias. The men were expert fishermen, and they were possessed of large canoes which held twenty men. The historian also describes a temple, a large circular place, gayly decorated with feathers, in the center of which was an idol, bearing upon its sides representations of the sun and moon. To this idol the natives sacrificed birds, but the ravens were held as sacred, and were so tame that they would snatch fish from the hands of the women, who, from superstitious fear, dared not retaliate on them.

But little is heard of Santa Catalina after Vizcaino's visit, until after the American occupation, although it is known that for more than a hundred years after that time the island was inhabited. The general supposition is that the Franciscan fathers of the mainland missions were responsible for the desertion of Santa

Catalina by the large population found here in 1602. The mission fathers were great proselytizers, and it seems to have been their object to gather together at their missions the entire population of the country.

Santa Catalina presents a rare field for study to the archeologist and ethnologist. Who and what were the early inhabitants and from whence did they come is an absorbing question. Previous to the time of Cabrillo they were comparable to the savages of the stone age. They seem not to have known the use of any metal. Their implements were all of stone, bone, wood or shell, and in these relics is found proof of the statements made by the historians of the early days, that they were of a superior order, as the skill shown in the manufacture and modeling of their weapons, pipes, futes, mortars, abalone-shell jewelry, and fish-hooks, and their attempts at mosaics, show them to have been of high rank among savages.

At two points on the island the Indians have left a slight clew, perhaps, to their identity, in the form of writing or hieroglyphs. At Empire, where was per-

"Magic Isle," with the idea of making it the resort of the Pacific Coast; with what measure of success the public are the judges. They are not telling just what they paid, but the sum is said to have been in the neighborhood of \$150,000.

The goats on Santa Catalina, says Capt. Frank Whitley, according to the best information, were placed here about one hundred and fifty years ago, by Capt. Dene-man, of the ship *Latonia*, a whaling vessel, owned in London, Eng., a male and female being liberated here on the occasion of a visit to the island.

Sheep were first placed on the island, according to the same authority, in 1855, when five parties brought on small flocks. There were three brothers named Johnson who took possession of the east end, with a flock of twenty; Michael White located at White's Landing with thirty; Thomas Whitley, father of Capt. Frank Whitley, selected the isthmus as his headquarters, having 200 head, and John Behn, father-in-law of Henry W. Stoll of Los Angeles, with 400 head, took possession of the west end.

Sheep were held at boom prices in those days, Behn having bought the herd of a flock driven through from Missouri, and paying \$9 a head for his 400 sheep. Behn was the first white man to die on the island. His grave is at Johnson's Landing.

There are now estimated to be 20,000 sheep on the island and 5000 goats.

S. J. MATHEWS.

THE SULTAN'S WORKSHOPS,

WHERE HIS COSTLY PRESENTS FOR FOREIGN PRINCES ARE MADE.

[London Globe:] During my last visit to Constantinople I had the opportunity of making a close study of the Sultan's workshops. They are situated on the right bank of the entrance to the Yildiz Kiosk, and consist of a mechanical workshop with a foundry, joiner's shop, wood carving and carpentry shops, and designing and modelling room, which give employment to from fifty to sixty workmen. The work turned out in these workshops is exclusively for the Imperial Palace, and in them are made the costly presents which the Sultan is so fond of sending to foreign princes. It is said that "the Ruler of the Faithful" often lends a hand in some special piece of work, but that is not quite true; the most that the Sultan does is to improve a design which has been made according to suggestions, and laid before him by the director of the workshops. The latter is no less a person than the general of a division, and he presents a very imposing figure with his face full of energy and his long white beard. With a kindly smile from his blue eyes his excellency received me with great courtesy and personally conducted me in my walk through the workshops. His thoroughly friendly reception, his blue eyes, and especially his absolutely perfect French accent made me doubt his nationality in spite of his Turkish name; however, I ventured to pay him a discreet compliment upon his perfect French, and the Pacha confessed to me with a smile that he was not a Turk but a Belgian. He told me that he had been a captain in the Belgian army, and that shortly before the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war he had left the Belgian service and entered that of Turkey. He made rapid advance in his new home, distinguished himself in several battles, and finally was appointed a general of division and director of the Sultan's workshops. Highly esteemed by the Sultan on account of his services to Turkey, the Pacha is looked on askance by his former countrymen, for they cannot forgive him for having embraced the Mahometan faith with all the fervor of a convert.

I could scarcely restrain my surprise when my guide drew attention to the various workmen engaged in the imperial workshops, for they turned out to be, in many cases, higher officers of the Turkish army on active service. Here was a colonel of infantry energetically planing a window frame for one of the rooms in the harem. At a little distance was a riding master busily occupied with a piece of raw iron on a turning bench, while in the smithy a commander of a detachment was working away and turning out iron stakes for use in the park. The other workmen are, for the most part, soldiers. The Turkish workman is uncommonly clever, and is especially conspicuous by the astonishing readiness which he displays in imitating strange work. Thus, I was shown an imitation of a German orchestra, and the original could scarcely be distinguished from the copy. In the goldsmith's art the Turks are extremely adroit, and most of the Turkish orders are made in the Sultan's workshops. The objects destined to be sent to foreign potentates are generally cabinet work. Such pieces of furniture, which are often the work of many years, are inlaid most artistically with ivory, mother-of-pearl, ebony and precious metals, and they are thus of great value. In addition to these workshops the Sultan possesses a porcelain manufactory, which is managed by a French expert, and turns out very sterling examples of the potter's art.

"BOBS" AGAINST UMPIT.

[London Express:] A first installment of reform is promised at the War Office of Lord Roberts.

The new commander-in-chief will insist on the more general use of uniform by officers. The example will be set by himself and the members of the headquarters staff in Pall Mall.

Hitherto it has been the custom for all the great military officials to carry on their business in plain clothes.

How or when the practice originated cannot be positively stated. It certainly existed in the days of the Duke of Wellington, who never wore uniform except on State occasions.

The Duke of Cambridge made no change, and Lord Wolseley, who was anxious to do so, met with many obstacles. From the first, however, he insisted that all officers attending his levees should wear full uniform.

Now Lord Roberts means to carry this principle further, and will direct all officers who appear at the War Office, whether on duty to see him or formally report themselves, shall be in the proper uniform of their rank and regiment.

AVALON SPORTS.

Catalina by the large population found here in 1602. The mission fathers were great proselytizers, and it seems to have been their object to gather together at their missions the entire population of the country.

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In 1891, the Banning company acquired title to the

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

To Improve Two Pasadena Rooms.

MRS. G., PASADENA, has a parlor and dining-room which she wishes to improve. The parlor paper is green, she has Irish point curtains for windows, an oak table and oak and mahogany rockers, a rope stool, and one oil painting with a gold frame. She wishes to buy a Brussels rug and Morris chair, and would like suggestions for other furniture. She has terra cotta paper on her dining-room walls and does not know what color to use in rug and couch cover. One large arm chair upholstered in Oriental-looking stuff and two smaller chairs in the same general design would take the commonplace look out of this parlor. As you have both oak and mahogany already I would buy the new pieces in mahogany finish, as the oak never looks as rich as dark wood in a parlor. I mean, of course, to except the oak of Belgian or Austrian finish. The divans of rattan are usually so stiff and uninviting in appearance that even the addition of handsome pillows fails to correct this. I believe I would not recommend one here. Your Morris chair should be covered with some rich, softly-toned stuff, preferably green. I cannot understand why this comfortable, and rather artistic style of chair, should nearly always be sent out from the factories handicapped with the most awful and impossible upholstery. However, it is always possible to obtain them uncovered and you can select your own stuff. Would not a Brussels rug of green and white with plain green border look well in here? In your

through flowered paper of a soft plain pink on the walls and ceiling down to the picture mold. Get paper handsomely flowered with pink roses on a white ground. These should not be more than medium large, as your room is only 12x12. Buy two chairs in pretty graceful shape, dark-wood finish, with seats upholstered in old-rose brocade, and a footstool covered with same. I am not begging you to extravagance in this, for I have just seen the most beautiful old-pink brocade, 50 inches wide, for \$2.50. Two small chair seats would be a very small item of this material. This is at one of our leading furniture stores. Bind a square of this brocade with gold galloon and use on a small table, then set a tall crystal or cut-glass vase holding long-stemmed La France roses on this table, and your pink scheme will be complete. Let the tiling of your fireplace be ivory white, by all means. Unless you use the palest yellow, which is almost white, it would not work in well with your flowered walls. Heavy curtains of a cold shade of green in velour (double-faced, \$1.75 a yard, 50 inches wide) in the doorway leading to the dining-room. This rather neutral shade of green will go well with your pink walls, and dark green in the dining-room. An effective way to arrange Delft plates is in a row on open shelves of the cupboard. This can be safely done by tacking a little strip of wood in front of them. A slender bamboo rod also serves well here.

Tiling for Fireplace.

I wish very much that I could persuade my readers to select the tiling for their fireplaces according to certain rules. While rules covering the entire ground cannot, of course, be given, there are certain facts which cannot, artistically speaking, be ignored. I will make a few suggestions which will, I think, be helpful to those who are building and are perhaps bewildered by the possibilities, for good or bad effects which have not yet taken form in their houses. When a bad possibility has

the effect I fear would be rather gloomy, when black will brighten and give style to the whole.

M. A., Los Angeles, writes: "Your answer to Los Angeles, in The Times of the 8th inst., with much pleasure and your ideas and suited exactly. We did not quite understand, in regard to the curtains for the square bay in sitting-room. Did you mean to use the curtains of raw silk between the window and the curtains of d'april or as a drape above? There was another point about which we wished to ask you but forgot in the first letter. In the dining-room there is a closet, opposite the grate is the double doorway leading to the sitting-room. The china closet has drawers below and the glass doors above. The work around this closet is in redwood like the rest of the room, of course, and, unfortunately, the doors has been stained red. Would you kindly give some suggestions regarding it?"

I wish you to hang your curtains of yellow over those of point d'esprit, letting them be enough with the net ones or hang in straight rows to decide look best. This arrangement brings the window over the shade, and the yellow silk within the room. In your china closet difficulty affix two little brass rods at the top and bottom and flute thin silk on them so as to obscure the glass entirely.

Another Yellow Bed-room.

F. H. S., Santa Ana, writes: "My room is there are two windows, one an ordinary window, the other is six feet from the floor and is four feet high. This is a bedroom and the only thing I have been plain white matting and a white bed. I have a plain curtain with a border and scallop. Would this be one of the windows? The color I prefer for the room is yellow, because it adjoins my parlor and it is low and golden brown. I have two tapestry and two sofa pillows to match. The ground of these is low; would they look well in this room? What of a dresser would you use? If you will give me ideas and suggestions as to curtains, bedspreads and other things that would add to this room they will be gladly received."

I saw recently in a Los Angeles furniture store muslin curtains ruffled; just inside the ruffle, under down the fronts, and across the bottom a band of yellow roses. I was much struck with these curtains and thought how beautiful they would be with yellow silk sash curtains under them, in a yellow room. I give you this idea and hope you will like it. I am very partial to those low, quaint little bureaus which have one drawer and a swinging door. A white one, with white chair to sit in when dressing, adds much to the pretty effect of a room. A white chiffonier is, of course, a necessity in dressing stands, as they have neither shelves or drawers. Your rugs and cushions would be most comfortable here. On your high window you need only use a low silk. I think you could make a beautiful muslin spread for your white bed, by buying the curtains with yellow border and making them a spread with border on three sides.

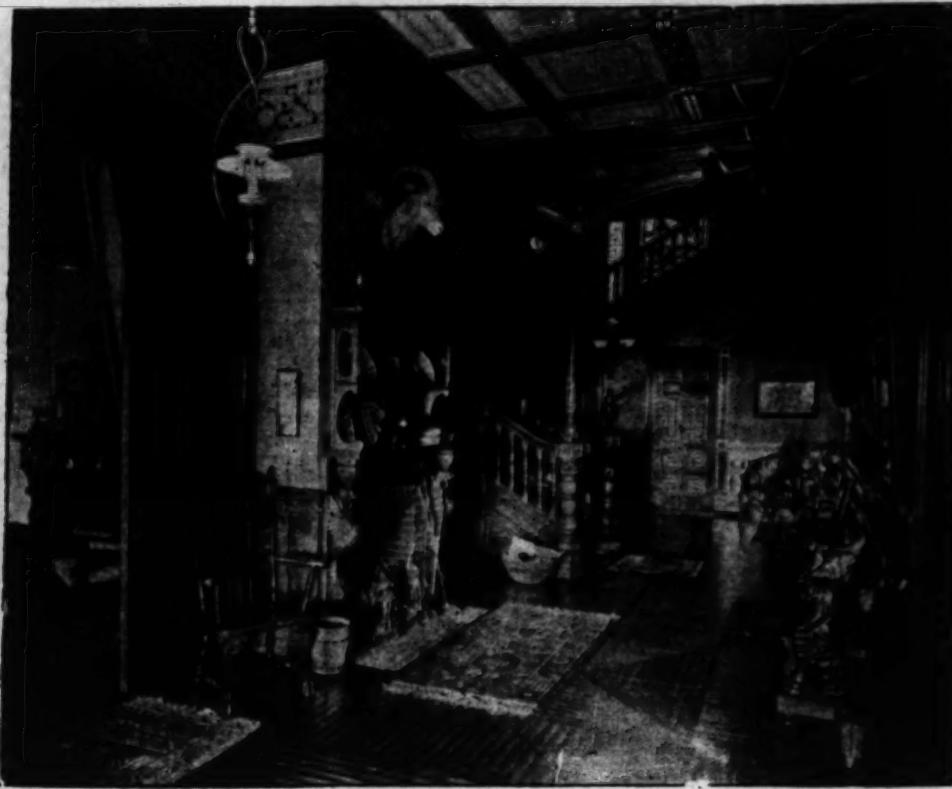
One Hundred Dollars to Spend.

M. L., El Cajon, San Diego county, says: "I much appreciate your valuable assistance in furnishing of a living-room of fair size, two windows, two doors. I have \$100 to spend. I wish to have it as homelike and comfortable as possible. Will you please give me a general idea to go by? I would like predominating color to be red, with colors mingled. What colors would be best for ceiling, woodwork, rugs and window curtains? Tell me what articles of furniture to get for the room and what kind of wood. I thought of covering floor with matting and putting up a shelf, like a mantel. How shall I do it? Also, what color shall I use in dining-room and hall to harmonize this room, as they both lead off of it?"

A rich shade of crimson paper on your walls, caffé-au-lait ceiling, and black woodwork, with hardware, will give you a setting which will reward making you a stunning room. Use white on the floor and small rugs (two, perhaps) of Brussels. Ingrain paper, which is not very expensive, can be found in a rich red. Velvet papers in red are also beautiful, but very high in price, so require much richer furnishing than you can afford here. Crimson burlap, hung in straight rows, windows, with cream-colored muslin or lace, will make cheap, yet artistic-looking windows. Cover your shelf smoothly with this burlap, and box-plaited ruffle, four or five inches deep, at the front and ends. Tack this on with large brass pins or old silver, putting a nail-head between two plaita. A wicker rocking-chair, with white-flowered cotton cushion, some simple dark wood, also cushioned and valanced, flowered cotton, and two plain chairs of dark wood, will add to the comfort and beauty. A couch, covered with the red stuff, and cushioned mingled, of the pink flowered, will add to the comfort and beauty. The hall would look well in golden tan, your dining room in a cold green or pastel blue, French gray, or any shade but violet.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will be pleased, all proper and clearly stated queries addressed to her, from whatever source or locality, and writer be a resident of California or not; and where she may have been clearly understood on any particular point, privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to frequent, to be deferred for a week or more.

Just one year from the date of taking the census, its first completed volume appears. The vastness of the work this is commendable. The census report of 1890 was "a-bornin'."—[New York World.]



HALL IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.

terra cotta dining-room use rug of dark blue and dark-blue cover on the couch, or, a Bagdad curtain would look well thrown over the couch.

Green Walls for a Hall.

M. P. C., Los Angeles, writes: "Your articles I have read with great interest, they are so full of helpful hints to those who have slender and those who have full purses. My parlors are in tans and browns, the hall a narrow one and not very long. I have thought of tinting deep green, rather deeper than a medium shade. I have the silk for door-glass and transom, of green with reddish flowers; there is a white matting on the floor with a bright Brussels hall runner in greenish tan with red flowers. A small, and very bright bedroom opens from the hall and has the same Brussels carpet in here. The set is in the yellowish cherry, the water set is blue; also a few other smaller things. I would like to tint these walls light-blue but do not know how it will work with the green hall. Please tell me what I shall do."

I think your hall will look well with green walls, but I would have the ceiling down to the picture mold a deep cream or pale, creamy yellow; that is, if there is danger of its being too dark, if all is done in green. The light-blue in bedroom will open up well from the green.

Papering a Back Parlor.

Mrs. C. L. O., Los Angeles, writes to ask advice about papering her back parlor. It lies between a front parlor hung with paper in light, cool green, and a dining-room in dark green ingrained. The carpeting in both parlors is handsome dark-green moquette, with pink flower. She inclines to old-rose paper in the back parlor.

I would use the old pink scheme, introducing it

once crystallized and embedded itself in one's house in the form of inharmonious color in the tiling which surrounds a fireplace, the ugly spot becomes an eyesore. This can always be avoided by using the small tiling in plain ivory white when a delicate and clean effect is desired. In a bedroom which has pink, green, yellow or pale blue walls with white paint the cream tiling always adds to the freshness and beauty of the room, while large, heavy-looking tiles in strong colors (sometimes even mottled or variegated to add to their horrors) would utterly spoil the room. In a dining-room with Delft blue coloring, pink blue, or blue and white Delft tiles carry out the suggestion effectively, and for a room with green walls and Flemish-oak woodwork these tiles in clear delicious greens can be made to look as if jade were embedded in the rich, dark framework of the Flemish-oak mantel. This is a jewel of a fireplace! Small cream-colored brick, unglazed, work up well in a room of light finish and are handsome enough to use with white enamel paint, if so desired. One of the richest mantels I have ever seen was finished with terra cotta tiles in dark, soft, red, six inches square. Each tile was apparently fastened in at each corner with a large wrought-iron nail head. The mantel was ebony finish and the fire iron, framing of fireplace, etc., of wrought-iron. A beautiful adjunct to this mantel was a pair of wrought-iron candle sticks which branched out from the wall on either side of the mirror on the chimney breast. The walls of this room were papered with ingrained paper in a soft shade of yellow tan.

Black Paint.

M. C., Glendora. When I advise painting the wood-work of a room black, I mean the doors as well as base-board, picture mold, window-framing, etc. But do not forget that I always recommend the use of handsome brass hinges and knobs for brightening this treatment. With green wall you can use paint in a darker green, but

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Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

By Took Ten Thousand Volts.

WALTER BUDDS, 9 years old, had a current from an electric cable carrying 10,000 volts of electricity pass through his body yesterday morning. That he was not killed was considered miraculous, but the physicians at the Hartford Hospital, where the boy is now suffering from the effects of the shock say that he will recover.

Young Budds started out with Johnnie Farrell and Willie Cosgrove, young chums of his, to see the circus parade. They went up to Main street near the Tunnel and after waiting for some time without the parade's coming in sight, they got uneasy. On Albany avenue, just above the Main street junction, the Hartford Electric Light Company has a terminal tub through which the cab's that bring the electric current in from the Farmington River pass into the underground system of the company. One of the boys suggested that they climb upon the roof of the terminal tub to see if the parade was coming down Albany avenue. They made a run for the tub. A ladder stood in the rear of the tub, and the tub is built several feet above the surface of the ground. Young Budds was in advance of the others. He was the first to mount the ladder and as he climbed up the rounds he turned to the other boys and said that he could get to the top first. The parade was not in sight and that he might have a better view of the surroundings he reached from the top of the tub to one of the cables with the heavy voltage for the purpose of pulling himself on to the pole which carried the cables down through the tub.

In taking hold of the cable he instantly connected himself with the electric current. His feet were jerked from beneath him, his body became rigid and blue flames shot out from the cables underneath the boy's hands. Young Farrell, who was next to where the Budds boy stood grabbed his young friend, but the electric current was of such high tension that he was thrown down on the roof. There were several hundred people in the locality at the time. They saw the boy hanging from the cable and seemed to be unable to move. Policeman Vail, with others, was on the opposite corner. Mr. Vail's attention was called to the boy. He ran to the place and saw that he was suspended from the cable and that his feet were hanging over the edge of the tub. He picked up the ladder and with it broke the boy's contact with the cable and the boy fell on the roof of the tub. Several had gathered on the sidewalk about the tub. Mr. Vail climbed the ladder and handed the rigid body to those on the sidewalk. Everything indicated that the boy was dead.

One man who was in the crowd took off his overcoat and laid it on the sidewalk to protect the boy from dampness and several ran for a doctor. Dr. Tyler, who was in the locality in a uniform of the First Company, Governor's Foot Guard, with which he turned out in the afternoon, responded quickly and began to work upon the lad. He resorted to artificial respiration and after he had worked upon Walter about twenty minutes there was a slight evidence of breathing and the lad's mouth finally opened as the movement of the muscles was continued. What appeared to the crowd to have been a dead boy was brought back to life, and then the little fellow was taken to the Hartford Hospital in an unconscious condition. He was very weak on being received at the institution, but during the afternoon he gained more strength and had a long sleep. Both his hands were badly burned and the index finger of his left hand was burned off.—[Hartford Courant.]

Century-old Eggs from Li Hung Chang.

MOY KEE, the Chinese restaurateur and chop suey dispenser on East Washington street, received a royal gift yesterday in the shape of 100 eggs that had reached the remarkable age of 100 years. They were still good; in fact, according to the Chinese view, better than they were the day they were laid. They had been cured by some process known only to cooks in China, who cater to the mandarins and the higher classes exclusively.

The eggs came to Moy Kee from no less a personage than Li Hung Chang, and the inclosed card, a bit of queer paper half a foot long, expressed to Moy Kee the compliments of the Chinese Statesman and wished the son of the Flower empire a long and happy sojourn through life.

The eggs were never cooked; they are still in the shell, the thin covering unbroken. Some hundred years ago they were laid away by some ancestor, who for this and other sundry acts of thoughtfulness, has a green grave and a worshipful posterity. They are food for the mandarins; therefore Li Hung Chang's preference for the dainties.

But they are equally good for anyone else. As Moy Kee argues, the age has given a flavor to the eggs that they could have attained in no other way. The eggs were doled out one by one to Moy Kee's friends until Mrs. Moy Kee put a stop to the indiscriminate liberality.—[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

He Does Fine Embroidery.

JONN KLUSER, an aged patient at the city hospital, has earned his livelihood for the last twenty years by doing fine embroidery work. He has been in the hospital for three weeks, and in this interval he has buried himself in designing and working out several elaborate embroideries. The corps of nurses, many of whom are skilled with embroidery, say that no woman could exceed his deftness with the colored silks.

Kluser is seventy-one years old and a native of Switzerland. His parents were poor and he grew up a laborer. But by great economy and self-abnegation he

saved money enough to begin his studies at a college in Geneva, Switzerland. While a student his thoughts turned to religion and he determined to become a priest. He entered a theological college, and after four years' work, was ready to be ordained.

At this stage in his career he was, he says, wrongly accused of having violated the rules which bind aspirants to the priesthood. He denied the charge, but the archbishop of his diocese refused to ordain him. He left his native land, came to the United States, and has since never communicated with friends or relatives in the Old Country.

While engrossed in his theological studies he became interested in the history of the monks of the Middle Ages, many of whom became painters, embroiderers of church vestments, or the illuminators of books. In imitation of these monks Kluser took up embroidery.

Immediately after leaving Europe, Kluser secured a position as instructor and for five years lived comfortably.

But the longing to do work in service of the church returned, and he moved from New York, where he was living in 1880, to Waukesha, Wis., where he obtained a position in the household of a priest and embroidered church vestments and church decorations. He moved thence to a town in Indiana, and thence, three years ago to St. Louis.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Living Under a Bush.

THE English census takers have made a remarkable discovery in Epping forest, where an old man has been living under a bush for nearly forty years, and has now for the first time been reckoned among the population of England.

A census taker said he could find somebody of whose existence England had never heard. On the strength of this invitation people accompanied him to the borders of the forest, where a wreath of smoke issuing from a holly bush gave the first indication of this modern Robin Hood's whereabouts. Under the bush was found a wizened old man, gnarled and crabbled as the bush itself.

A layer of leaves a foot deep formed the bed on which this wild man of the woods reposed. A few sticks placed upright formed the shell of his habitation, and the leaves of the holly bush served for the walls of his cave. The inhabitant was a taciturn old Irishman, whom even the offer of a whisky flask failed to thaw.—[Toronto Mail and Express.]

An Ingenious Camera for Birds.

AT A LECTURE on methods in bird photography, Frank M. Chapman, assistant curator of the birds and mammals in the American Museum of Natural History, exhibited a most ingenious apparatus invented by two of his associates and himself. An artificial forked limb is connected with the camera in such a way that when a bird lights on the limb he instantly makes the exposure by pressure. In fact, the first exposure was made too quickly. This fault has been remedied by a system of weights, concealed in the limb, which gives the effect known to football as a "delayed pass," and to photography, perhaps, as a "deferred exposure." The only picture yet taken by the device is that of a bluebird with food in her mouth momentarily stopping on her way to her young. To the uninitiated the picture seems wonderfully good, but Dr. Chapman promises even better results.—[New York Correspondence Chicago Chronicle.]

A Kissing Fête.

THE ancient town of Hungerford, in England, is the scene of a curious fête each year on the first Tuesday after Easter. Under a primeval and time-honored arrangement the authorities exact a toll from every male and female inhabitant within certain boundaries—the masculine tax being two cents per head and the feminine levy—a kiss! Two burly beadle carrying massive wands of office proceed from house to house levying these quaint taxes, and it is generally recognized that on the day in question any youth may with impunity embrace any maiden whom he encounters. The result is that a veritable carnival of osculation takes place yearly in Hungerford, and the business attracts various visitors to the quaint little town, many of whom participate, though not entitled to do so, in the delights of the day.

In the various Hungarian villages kissing fêtes are held from time to time, but a time limit is set for the bestowal of these amatory offerings, it being understood that promiscuous kissing is only to be indulged in between the hours of noon and 6 p.m. Lovers naturally flock in great crowds to these peculiar gatherings, being able, of course, to imprint salutes upon the lips of their fiancées to their hearts' content.

At a large fête held in Russia some years ago an edict went forth that kissing might be indulged in providing every youth who contemplated such practices wore a green feather in his cap. This was to be done to enable any girl who might not welcome strange embraces to take to flight on the approach of the would-be kissers. The fete attracted nearly 20,000 people, and was a huge success.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Pictures That Anticipate History.

THE cleaning of the frescoes at Westminster has called attention to the fact that in the picture of the Pilgrim Fathers the good ship Mayflower is flying the union flag that first came into existence in 1800. This anachronism is not uncommon in naval pictures. In the collection of oil paintings of sea fights at the Royal United Service Institution there are many pictures of battles fought before 1800 in which the British ships fly

the union flag of today. The explanation of this anticipation of history is that some years ago, when the older pictures were cleaned and restored, the restorer "corrected" the flags by painting in St. Patrick's red cross over the white St. Andrew's cross of Scotland. The only picture which escaped this bringing up to date is that of the sinking of the Royal George, in which one sees the correct flag of the time flying.—[London Chronicle.]

Chased Down Stairs by a Safe.

HARRY MOORE ran a race with a big iron safe down a flight of stairs at Marietta, and he won the race. That is the reason he is alive, and well, barring a few bruises, today.

Moore lives in Williamstown, across from Marietta, but works for the Marietta Transfer Company. Yesterday he was at work with a gang of men drawing a heavy iron safe up a flight of stairs. Two horses were drawing the ropes that moved the big safe up the tracks, and Moore was below it, on the stairs, guiding it. Suddenly one of the ropes snapped and broke in two.

With remarkable presence of mind, he plunged down the stairs, pursued by the great bulk of iron that would have crushed him to death had it overtaken him.

He made the harrowing decent ahead of it, and got away alive. It struck against him and crowded him down, but, fortunately, he was not caught under it, but was buffeted by it out into the street. He received no broken bones, but was hurt slightly on the hip and leg.

He became deathly sick after his miraculous escape, and was taken to a hospital. The safe damaged the stairs and side walls considerably in its descent.—[Parkersburg (W. Va.) Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.]

Alabama's Four-legged Baby.

PHYSICIANS in Alabama are taking much interest in the case of the four-legged child to whom Mary Maddox, a negro, gave birth at Opelika on May 24. The baby is a well-developed male child.

One pair of legs are in the ordinary position, and the arms, are well formed. The extra pair of legs are near the arms, and while quite well formed, are small. The feet on the extra legs are regularly formed, with toes and toenails, but have the appearance of belonging to a sickly child. The child is robust and healthy, with all the faculties of an ordinary child.

The child has been examined by leading physicians of the State and pronounced healthy in everything except the extra pair of limbs. He has good use of his regular limbs, but seems unable to control the others. The physicians, after a careful examination, said that if the child lives, which seems altogether probable at this time, he will eventually get control of them, as there are about the same muscles and ligaments in them that are found in a cub bear the same age.

Thousands of people have gone to Opelika to view the freak, of whom the parents seem to be very fond.

Several theories are advanced to account for this monstrosity. One of them is that the mother was frightened by a great black bear during the street fair in Opelika last fall. Dr. Williamson, strong believer in the Darwinian theory declares that the case is simply a retrogression of mankind—a step backward—and that the child demonstrates that the human race came from the monkey family.

The features of the child are regular. They are those of the typical African, with the large mouth, flat nose and kinky hair.

Already the father of the child, John Maddox, is arranging to place him on exhibition, believing that he has the greatest human curiosity ever produced. He is awaiting the highest bidder, and as soon as the child and mother are strong enough they will take to the road.—[Montgomery Correspondence New York Sun.]

Tied Up the Road.

POOR lone widow Mary Kelly defied the Pennsylvania Railroad company, stopped the United States mails and tied up the Cleveland & Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania road by sitting on the track yesterday.

In excavating for an additional siding the railroad caved off some of Mrs. Kelly's back yard. All her efforts to get satisfaction from officials failed. Angry and determined, she sat down on the ballast between the rails of the main track and waited for trouble.

The first train along was a freight. The engineer stopped and tried to persuade her to move, although he was afraid to use any violence. Behind the freight was the flyer, and that had to stop, too. A railroad detective arrested Mrs. Kelly, who is 55 years old, and took her to police court, where Judge Kennedy, who used to be a blacksmith, said he was not going to fight the railroad company's battles, and let her go.—[Cleveland Correspondence Chicago American.]

An Accommodating Clock.

DO YOU remember the old-time song about grandfather's clock that "stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died," asked a man employed in the clock department of a Chestnut-street jewelry store. "Well, there's a family living on South Fifteenth street that has a rather mysterious clock. It used to be on the sitting-room mantel, but some time ago it was moved downstairs to the parlor. It had never kept good time, and when changed to its new quarters it refused to go at all. For three months it has been purely ornamental, but one evening last week, while the master of the house was seated in the parlor, he was surprised to hear the clock strike 9. He pulled out his watch, and found that it was 9 o'clock to the fraction of a minute. He got up and wound the clock, and it has been keeping good time ever since. Strange, isn't it, that when it did make up its mind to start it should have started exactly at the right time?"—[Philadelphia Record.]

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

FICTION.

A Story of St. Louis.

FOR some months the novel-reading public has awaited with interest the publication of "The Crisis," as a literary event. The first great edition of the book, it is said, was sold within a week. Mr. Churchill's story of the Revolution took a leading place among the recent romances, and the readers of "Richard Carvel" will be pleased to find a grand-daughter of Richard Carvel and Dorothy Manners in the beautiful and imperious Virginia, daughter of Col. Comyn Carvel. This only daughter, who was loyal to the South, was still able to see the nobility of the leaders of the Union cause, and her scorn and rebellion were subdued by her faith in the young Bostonian, Stephen Brice, who went from that city to St. Louis to study law with Judge Whipple. The man is a hero, who spent his last dollar at a slave auction to save a quadroon girl from an ignoble life, and he rises to noble heights whenever occasion calls, in sharp contrast to Eliphilet Potter, the villain, on whom the curtain is rung up in the first act. The latter "worked like the industrious mole underground, contrived by execrable methods to enrich himself from the misfortunes of his fellow-men." In Col. Carvel is a type of the gentleman of the old school, who thought that slavery was a "divine institution." One of the strong pictures in the story is the friendship between Col. Carvel and his old political enemy, Judge Whipple. The types of southern men include Col. Carvel, Clarence Colfax and Mr. Brinsmade. Young Colfax was "swift to ride, and quick to fight," and Gen. Sherman was made to say of this type, "These young bloods are the backbone of the rebellion." Mr. Brinsmade's sympathies were with the South, but he was convinced of the justness of the cause of the Unionists. There are numerous subordinates, soldiers, servitors, etc. Moreover, there is the important historic background, for the time was that of the outbreak of the Civil War. Lincoln, Grant, Sherman and Douglas move in the swift drama, which throughout is one of warm Union sentiment and expression. These figures lend their own air of reality and interest, and give a marked quality to this notable creation. The love element is strongly delineated. Virginia is loved by Stephen Brice, by her cousin Colfax, and persecuted with the attentions of Eliphilet Potter. The climax of the story is reached when Stephen wins Virginia from other rivals.

The historical background is not profusely lighted, if one remembers that the time is the most conspicuous in the national history. The author has chosen some noble representative types of the North and South, and the idealism of locality has been shown on a broad canvas. Lincoln is the principal figure. He is presented in various attitudes of moral power, and last as "A Man of Sorrows." As the greatness of his life and the tragedy of his death have made him one of the pivotal heroes of history, one might wish that the artist had more idealized the picture than to remember his "coarse speech and person unkempt." That Mr. Churchill has presented true pictures of the great leaders of the North and South, its men and women, and the rank and file of the conflicting elements with semi-historical vividness can but fairly be claimed. While some of the important events may not in every respect be considered as more than historical traditions they are told with spirit. A representation of these various types so profoundly faithful, without caricature, and with so small a proportion of commonplace, evinces penetrative insight and versatile art.

[*The Crisis*. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

A Literary Struggle.

A young newspaper man of talent who makes ladders of his disappointments is the theme of this American story. The seemingly inconsequential incidents of returned manuscripts furnish for a long time the dark shadows in the drama of the hero's life. But for the light in the eyes of Muriel, "the woman who trusted," and had faith, the troubles would have reached a more crucial significance. The young man was also beset by the attentions of an elderly designing woman, anxious to share her fortune and future with the young genius, and only the well-balanced influence of Muriel prevented the not uncommon consummation of an ill-assorted marriage. The elimination from these complexities having been effected, the reader is dismissed in the last chapter with the convincing assumption of the future success and happiness of the literary husband and the heroine of the title rôle. Mr. Harben, it will be remembered, is announced for a new novel in the Harper series of this month.

[*The Woman Who Trusted*. By Will N. Harben. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.]

A Tale of Long Island.

This story, which is one of dramatic experiences, gives the heroine an uphill journey. The characterizations include Sarah Jarvis, whom the gentle rector's wife took to her home. There the young girl's life developed in an atmosphere of refined surroundings. When Capt. Jarvis took his daughter away to his own environment the girl was forced to meet rough and half-savage men. Capt. Jarvis never understood his daughter, and the girl prayed not to hate her father.

The winter passed, the spring came, "with the yellow creeper like perpetual sunlight on the dunes, when white violets were in the marshes, and blue ones in the woods." A boon companion of Capt. Jarvis held a mortgage on his home. The man had always been a spendthrift. Then it began to be whispered that Devine

Strong had been selected as Sarah's husband. The father regarded marriage from the economic side as an obligatory and material covenant. The struggle of the girl in her tortuous hesitation, her repugnance, and a fugitive quality of her father's disposition which dominated her sometimes with a dash of almost superhuman power, are a part of the story. The real hero is Ben, who had a worshipful, true heart, and whose partisanship for the girl reached back into his boyhood. His love guided him through labyrinthine networks in the heroine's service. The characteristic ability which led him to be on the ground in the hours of the girl's greatest need is a feature of the novel. For a long time, without apparent territorial foothold for his faith, he proved his allegiance. He followed Sarah to prison, and he found the clews to her innocence. Although rough and unlettered, he recognized the vast difference between material force and spiritual freedom.

There are pages of inconsequential dialogue, but the story, while too lengthy, shows analysis of motive and inventive skill.

[*The Story of Sarah*. By M. Louise Foreslund (M. Louise Fester). Brentano's, Union Square, New York.]

In the Times of the Regency.

The author of this romance has chosen the theme from that period when questions of honor were settled at the point of the sword. The incongruous and exaggerated characteristics of these tragedies would in this day, many of them, be denominated of melo-dramatic.

The heroine of the title rôle was the light of Poins House, and the joy of the heart of her old uncle. Her lover, Sir Sydney Neville, considered the maid blameless for the errors of her father, which had left her without an inheritance. In addition to all this Kate's father had taken the life of Sir Sydney's father in a duel, and his forgiveness reached over this obstacle. The brave lover was also able to overcome the villain De Broissac and put his schemes to rout, and win the allegiance of the maid and comfort the last hours of the noble old uncle.

The tale is one of adventures, in which the personae



HAROLD MACGRATH.

go whirling along over perilous roads, where duelists meet and clash swords, and the way out of the dilemma is one of heroic exploits. Notwithstanding the period of extreme exaggeration and absurdity from the perturbed elements, the author has contrived a spirited story.

[*The Curious Courtship of Kate Poins*. By Louis Evan Shipman. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

An American Story.

Portia Van Ostade was a Chicago girl of the modern independent type, on whom had come the care of an invalid mother and an aged grandfather. The family had lost their possessions in the Chicago fire. A relative of North Carolina had left them an old mansion and a few hundred dollars in that State, and there Portia, who was self-reliant and had come to a region frequented by tourists, opened a boarding-house. She employed numerous servants, heard many sad chronicles, and was led to consider the many-sided perplexities of the race problem.

The experience which came to her gave her the interpretation, according to her own lights, of "neither bond or free, black or white," and the development of the theme will elicit conflicting views. The story is one with a purpose, has some spirited and tragic descriptions, and is said to be the work of one writing under an assumed name.

[*When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads; A Story of the Seventies*. By Payne Erskine. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.]

A Gulf Coast Idyl.

The scene of this story is laid in Bay St. Louis, on the Gulf Coast of Mississippi. The book gives a series of pictures of the idyllic life of the coast, and its im-

pressions on a northern hero who with a number of other admirers was captured by the typhoon on the Gulf Coast.

The author in this tale has not reached the level of "Alice of Old Vincennes," but has written a readable story.

[*Sweetheart Manette*. By Maurice Thomas. Lippincott, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

Under the Veil.

It is said of Joseph Sharts, the soldier author of this book, that while he was still at Harvard, before the outbreak of the war, he tried to give his services to Gomes, and ally himself with the Cuban rebels. He was not permitted, however, to witness the destruction of the Maine, to join the Cuban rebels. His record through the sharp struggle is said to have been a gallant one. The story of Ezra Caine is that of an only son in a lonely house, who was told by his gentle mother the secret of his father's death. The gloom of the silent rooms and the isolation of the lad's boyhood are the long minor strains of this story. The mournful degeneracy of mind goes on until he reaches the moment when he has only the ray of mother love. His mother died the lamp of the boy's reason. The story is a vivid illustration of one of many ways of sorrow, and will evoke pity in the abyss of woe.

[*Ezra Caine*. By Joseph Sharts. Herbert & Co., Elbridge Court, Chicago.]

Another Dark Picture.

This story is that of a Polish Jew who was incarcerated in an insane asylum under false names. The chronicles are vouched for, but the work is in too sensational a style, and the illustrations are harrowing to be introduced into the province of literature.

[*Fighting Against Fate*. By Moses Davis. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.]

Social Contrasts.

The relation of two young men is described in this story. One of them was a man of dissolute habits, his confessions are not edifying, although he is reformed through the influence of a friend. The other is said to be a Virginian, who was for several years in the newspaper work and connected with the Hull House, Chicago.

[*Two Men and Some Women*. By Walter Raymond. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.]

Illusions.

Elizabeth, a girl of 17, who had been the ward of a widowed invalid mother, went among her relatives. There she met her fate in love. The letters reveal undesirable descriptions of social life, though written with a facile pen.

[*The Visits of Elizabeth*. By Oliver Optic. Lane, New York. For sale by Stoll & Thaw, Los Angeles.]

IN THE FIELD OF LETTERS.

Reply Letters.

This collection of letters claims to be the answers to "An English Woman's Love Letters" which are written in the same hyper-rapturous manner. The cause of the final separation in many of the letters are asserted to be popular in England.

[*An Englishman's Love Letters*. Being the Answers to An Englishwoman's Love Letters. F. Lovell Book Company, No. 83 Chambers Street, New York.]

Other Letters.

The editor of these letters asserts that they are written by a man to a woman, both of whom are dead. There are 115 of the letters. Any one of them have been sufficient for an ordinary lifetime.

[*His Letters; The Passion of Love*. By John Don. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Parker.]

More Letters.

The romance of a young life, its dreams and perplexities, many pages of sentiment, and a remarkable ending, are told in this series of letters. The girl finally goes as a nurse to Cuba, and dies there. The persons are southern. The girl is said to be an ardent club woman.

[*A Romance of Meditation*. By Elaine L. Abbott. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, 50 cents.]

Still More Letters.

"Love and Politics," by Nelle Bevano. Price, \$1.50. Known. A series of hysterical, pernicious letters chronicling a suicide.

HAROLD MACGRATH.

A New Orleans exchange says that "Mr. MacGrath's good old Celtic name is not altogether unknown to the reader of fiction. Newspaper readers in the larger cities have had the pleasure of following him through the medium of his serial stories. This is only the second book he has published, first, in spite of its solid merit, did not

among the 'best sellers.' Mr. MacGrath bears to us somewhat the relation of a newcomer."

A review of Mr. MacGrath's novel, "The Puppet Crown," appeared in this magazine recently.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Advice for Conduct.

This book can be commended for its earnest quality in regard to home and school duties. The author has written on many familiar themes, "Friendship," "Church," "Books," "Words," "Conscience," "Duty" and "Work." The essays might be profitably read aloud among associations of young people for their character-forming influence. The author, the Rev. Dr. Fradenburgh, has, in addition to his pastoral duties, written a number of books on historical and religious themes.

[*Life's Springtime, or Life—Its Aim and Method.* By J. N. Fradenburgh, D.D., LL.D. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.]

Building Sacrifices and Ceremonials.

The foundation rites beginning with traces of human sacrifice furnish the subject for the initial chapter of this book. Only a generation before Shakespeare wrote Henry VI, the blood of a Christian captive was literally given to "lime the stones together." The changes in custom from barbarous superstition, a chapter on "Circular Movements and Symbols," "Sacred Colors," and "Landmarks and Boundaries" are a part of this contribution to the study of beliefs, customs, and legends connected with buildings, localities and landmarks. The book is one of unusual interest, and should be preserved in the libraries of students for reference. The author has given an erudite list of publications referred to in this work, and the index adds value to this unique book whose every page will have value to the antiquarian investigator.

[*Foundation Rites With Some Kindred Ceremonies.* By Lewis Dayton Burdick. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

Popular Amusements.

The terse idiom of off-hand dictation has been consistently retained in this account of circus life, and the stocking and management of a menagerie. The notes were taken from the dictation of C. W. Coup at odd moments in his tent or car. The enthusiasm of this man for his calling, and the prominence in the profession, adds an interest to the history of the old-time wagon show. The perilous business of securing animals for the menagerie, the adventures of the professional animal hunter, the panics among the animals, the education and training given them, are a part of the chronicle. The book is a curious insight into the fakes and fashions of popular entertainment. The student will find an interesting insight in domains of natural science in the accounts of processes of animal education.

[*Sawdust and Spangles.* By W. C. Coup. Herbert G. Stone & Co., Eldridge Court, Chicago.]

The Swing of the Pendulum.

The author of this book has collected an account of the seeming chance factors which have influenced success, and quotes Emerson as saying, "Opportunity is America." The book is illustrated with numerous portraits of men who in military life achieved success by "Chances in War," the office-seekers who were the toys of circumstance, and the chances that have come to lawyers and men of various professions. The writer shows how many of the most successful authors have been the possessors of many rejected manuscripts, and tells of the uncertain gauge of critical estimate when Milton and Shakespeare received small pay. Col. McClure's relation with journalism is said to have been due to a two-line item in a morning paper, which read that "Col. McClure was thinking of starting a newspaper." The book has an entertaining quality in the presentation of the records of numerous opportunities which were determining factors in human destiny. The author in his preface has given a brief study of the seeming vagaries of chance, the so-called happenings in the actualities of life. "A glass of water on one occasion, an individual act of heroism on another changed the history of the world. A maid purloined Aspasia's jewels, and a quarrel over the culprit led to the Peloponnesian war." The author quotes the Arabian proverb, "Pitch a lucky man into the Nile and he will come out with a fish in his mouth." The book is the work of a critical observer, who knows the amazing importance which may attach to seeming trifles.

[*If: Turning Points in the Careers of Notable People.* By James W. Breen, Pittsburgh, Pa.]

The Prophecies.

The series of ten essays which compose this book are intended to prove that the modern Turk is a descendant of the ancient Esau, and the British are the descendants of the ancient Jacob. The birthright which Esau sold to Jacob was foretold in the eastern question of the present time. The book shows the author to be an erudite student who is an English writer now residing in Canada. Previous to the year 1883, he resided in London, where he was connected with the book firm of W. H. Smith & Son.

[*The Doomed Turk. The End of the Eastern Question.* By E. Middleton. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$0.50.]

ETHICS.

The Words of the Wise.

The publication of a new book of proverbs can but call attention to an interesting theme. Aristotle is said to have made the first collection of proverbs. Trench, in his sketches, reminds us that many of our Lord's teachings appeared in this form, and many of His words as faithful sayings have in this shape lived

on the lips of men. Trench has finely written of the antiquity of the proverbs in everyday use, some of which are older than St. Jerome, the Latin father of the fourth century. The author quotes the ancient proverb, "Many meet the gods, but few salute them." Trench adds "How often do the gods meet men in the shape of a sorrow which might be a purifying one, of a joy which might elevate their hearts, in a sickness or a recovery, in a disappointment or a success, but how few salute them or recognize their august presence in joy or sorrow."

From the fact that proverbs, emblems and parables throw so true a light on old customs, history and ethnology, they have claimed the attention of world-wide scholarship. Although the proverbs of this anonymous author are arranged according to subjects treated, he has given the list of authorities quoted, which include national and individual names.

It has been said that a student of proverbs can almost distinguish a Chinese proverb by a certain quiet and keen long-headedness, and a somewhat cynical and worldly view of human nature, but a piercing insight into it; and that Chinese proverbs "turn more upon the foibles of humanity than upon their excellencies." Unlike these proverbs, those of Andalusia illustrate a kindly and benevolent spirit, "Who is not complaisant is not well born," "Do good, and do not look to whom," are examples.

A typical Persian proverb is that "A stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way." This is a consoling saying for those who have unrecognized capacity, which will eventually be found acceptable.

In Bohn's "Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs," with English translations, are given fine examples of foreign proverbs. Christy has written of "The Proverbs, Maxims and Phrases of All Ages," and the subject has enlisted numerous other pens, but this recent book comes in the form of everyday wisdom. The anonymous compiler has omitted proverbs which were considered only half truths, and by the method of classification and the list of authorities quoted has compiled a valuable popular work.

[*A Hand Book of Proverbs.* New Amsterdam Book Company, No. 156 Fifth avenue, New York. Price, 75 cents.]

NEW MAGAZINES.

The Scientific American (June 15) contains an interesting sketch by M. Proctor on "The Expected Return of Eusek's Comet," due about the middle of September, 1901. The paper urges the government to purchase and preserve the wonderful redwoods of California.

Health Culture, New York, is a magazine devoted to practical hygiene, and is publishing a series of papers on "Sleep and Dream Life," by Cyrus Edson, M.D.; "Hygiene of the Home" is a contribution by Mrs. M. K. Buck.

The Outing number of the American Queen for July has a series of brief stories, directions for the toilet, and domestic science, and artistic designs for needle work.

The Dial for June 16 is a typical number, with its reviews of books, notes on recent literature, and articles of general interest on educational and ethical subjects.

The Saturday Evening Post (June 15) contains "The Platonic Love Letters of Charles Dickens," Emile Berliner's "Ideas Worth Millions" and "The Friendship of Foster," by Arthur Hobson Quinn. "Men and Women of the Hour" is a notable illustrated page of this paper.

The celebration of the King Alfred millennial prompts an illuminating estimate of the great work of the Saxon King in the July Atlantic, by Louis Dyer. Albert C. Phelps writes on New Orleans. "Cardinal Virtues" is a discussion of practical ethics by President William D. Hyde of Bowdoin. Some notable out-of-door poems are the contributions of John Burroughs, Duncan Campbell Scott, Meredith Nicholson, L. S. Porter, Richard Burton, Arthur Ketchum and others.

Harper's Magazine for July is a delightful midsummer number. Mary E. Wilkins, in "The Portion of Labor," has brought Ellen to the time of her college valedictory. Gilbert Parker, in "The Right of Way," tells in a vivid way of "the Passion Play in the Chaudiere Valley." A sketch which will enlist a wide interest is that by John Freyes, LL.D., on "The Buddhist Discovery of America." The author is professor of oriental languages and literature, University of California. The theory is that this discovery was made a thousand years before Columbus, and the ancient monuments of Mexico are in the illustrations, and comparisons are made with Buddhist temples. Charles Mulford Robinson writes of "Municipal Art in Paris." The number, with its clever sketches and charming verse, reaches in every department the standard of literary quality.

Scribner's Magazine for July is a number of fine literary excellence. The initial number, "A Tour in Sicily," is the contribution of Rufus B. Richardson. G. P. Putnam gives an interesting sketch of "The Delta Country of Alaska." W. C. Brownell writes of "Matthew Arnold," in a sketch of value. John La Farge tells of "Tahiti," in his "Passages from a Diary in the Pacific," which is illustrated by the author. Ernest Seton Thompson, Francis Parkman and numerous other popular names are on the list of a table of contents of delightful interest.

Success for July contains Henry Loomis Nelson's "Story of the Republic," "Recent History-Making Incidents," "Highways That Lead to Happiness," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and is illustrated with portraits of "The new members of the United States Senate."

The midsummer number of the Strand Magazine has an interesting article, "Have You An Old Print Worth a Fortune?" with illustrations. "Japanese Botany" is an enlightening sketch of this number. "Some Old Riddle Books" has a curious charm, as it is illustrated. Sir George Newnes writes of "The Silent Angels of Auglet."

McClure's Magazine for July has a cover design by Charles R. Knight. Ida M. Tarbell writes "The Story of the Declaration of Independence." Walter Wellman has a sketch on "Long Distance Balloon Racing." Frank H.

Spearman tells "The Striker's Story." Clara Morris tells of "Recollections of E. L. Davenport." William Davenport Hulbert writes "The Loon," which is illustrated by W. M. Hardy.

The July number of the Century is a summer fiction number, and the names of Mary E. Wilkins, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Irving Bacheller, Seumas MacManus, Josephine Dodge and many others are in the list. Louis Dyer writes of "The Millennium of King Alfred at Winchester," with a full-page reproduction of Thorncroft's statue. The sketch contains a hitherto unpublished vignette of Alfred from a manuscript of Matthew of Paris. The magazine, with its varied and delightful table of contents is one of special charm.

Ainslee's Magazine for July contains an illustrated sketch by Anna Northend Benjamin on "Women in the Far East." "College Men and Others" is a contribution by John Gilmer Speed. "Railroads" is the subject of a sketch by Carl Hovey. Harvey Sutherland gives the methods of "A Work-a-Day Balloonist." A number of bright stories and poems make the issue an entertaining one.

An account of reenactments of scenes in "New Russia," by J. A. Hourwick, is one of the features of the July number of Frank Leslie's Magazine. The history of the Kentucky Trappists and their vow of silence, and Mr. Merwin's "The Road to Fontenac" are notable numbers of this issue.

Collier's Weekly (June 22) tells of "Our Business Outlook With Cuba," by Senator John M. Thurston of Nebraska. Frederic F. Culver writes of "A New Yorker in Porto Rico." Dr. Alvah H. Doty of New York tells "How a Quarantine Station is Conducted."

Current History for June contains a sketch on Lord Salisbury, by William Clark, which is an opponent's estimate of the man and his work. "Russo-Japanese Relations," "The Cuban and Chinese Question," "Pan-American Exposition" and "The British Budget" are portions of a number of the instructive articles which distinguish the number.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

An interesting literary discovery is reported from Oxford, where a number of hitherto unknown poems of King James I have been found in the Bodleian library. They are stated to be undoubtedly genuine and bear the royal autograph.

McClure, Phillips & Co. will publish next autumn an illustrated reprint of "Christopher in His Sporting Jacket," by John Wilson (Christopher North,) author of "Notes Ambroisian."

The news that Henrik Ibsen has sustained a second shock of paralysis and that his life work is probably ended, will be heard with wide interest and regret.

"The Tribulations of a Princess," the second book by the anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," was recently published by Harper & Bros.

The most famous historians of modern time have contributed to G. P. Putnam's Sons' series, "The Story of the Nations."

The announcement is made that Lord Rosebery is at work on another Napoleon study. His new monograph on the career and character of the Emperor is expected to be published in 1902. He is said to have obtained valuable material during his recent sojourn in Italy.

Frederic Mistral, Poet and Leader in Provence," by Charles Alfred Downer, and "A Search for an Infidel," by Jenkins Lloyd Jones, are among recent publications of the MacMillan Company, New York.

Charles F. Lummis left recently for Chicago, where he will be engaged for some time editing and annotating Mrs. E. E. Ayer's translation of "Benavides's Memorial," an interesting contribution to early western history. An edition de luxe, soon to be published, will be illustrated with many photographs, taken in New Mexico and Arizona.

Lovers of the woods will be interested in the announcement of W. H. Boardman's "Nature in the Woods," which is said to offer campfire studies. McClure & Phillips have also issued Selma Lagerlöf's "Tales from a Swedish Homestead," and Frank T. Bullen's "A Sack of Shaking." "The Cruise of the Petrel," by T. Jenkins Hains, is also said to be a clever story of the sea.

The Outlook for July will begin the publication of a serial story by Ralph Connor. It is called "The Man from Glengarry," and will be published in book form by Fleming H. Revell, October 1.

Maxie Gorky, the Russian novelist, is to be reprinted by books from three different publishing houses. Messrs. Scribner will publish his latest novel, "Forma Gordizel," translated by Miss Isabel Hapgood; Little, Brown & Co. announce a novel by him, while McClure, Phillips & Co. will publish a volume of his short stories.

Dr. John H. Latane has been awarded the John Marshall prize for 1891 at Johns Hopkins University for his work on the "Diplomatic Relations of the United States and Spanish America."

Eden Phillips has completed his collection of Devonshire stories, to be published August 17 in America and Great Britain by F. A. Stokes Company, under the title "The Striking Hours."

A memorial to the memory of the late Prof. Henry A. Rowland is to be prepared by members of the faculty of the Johns Hopkins University.

Augusta Foote Arnold is the author of "The Sea Beach at Ebb Tide," published by the Century Company. Such a work, as a guide to the sea and the lower animal life found between tide marks, should have a special charm for dwellers along the Pacific seacoast.

James Ford Rhodes, who is to receive from the Russian Academy of Sciences the Loubet prize for the best United States history published during the last ten years, is an Ohioan by birth, a graduate of the University of Chicago, and a brother-in-law of Senator Hanna.

George Barrie & Son of Philadelphia are making a specialty of the publication of Dumas's novels, which include translations of the Crimes, which are pictures of the dark ages. These historical writings are said to introduce nearly eight hundred personages, places and authorities mentioned.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.

Santa Monica Forestry Station.

A N INTERESTING place, which is less known to residents of this section than it should be, is the State forestry station, in Santa Monica Cañon. Here may be seen growing about one hundred and fifty varieties of eucalyptus, and many other interesting plants. The ground of the station embraces twenty acres of rolling and hill land, giving a great variety of climate and soil, most of the land being free from frost. The station is under the charge of William Shutt, who was formerly at the agricultural station, near Pomona. The location of the forester's cottage, on a mesa overlooking the cañon, with its cottonwoods, and the Pacific Ocean in the distance, is exceedingly picturesque.

Mr. Shutt has been conducting experiments as to the adaptability of various forest trees to different conditions. He has come across some which he thinks would be well suited for use on the slopes of the Sierra Madre Range, which have been swept by fire. Now that we are taking up the question of preserving the forests of the mountains in this section, which have such a great influence on our water supply, this forestry question assumes great importance. There is only one other station in the State, located at Chico, in Butte county. The appropriation allowed by the State University for keeping up this station has been small, so that it has not been possible to accomplish so much as might be wished.

Visitors are always welcome at the station, and the forester is ready at all times to impart information to students and others. The station is about fifteen minutes' walk from the Southern Pacific line, at the mouth of the cañon, and about twice that distance from the end of the electric road, on Ocean avenue.

Beet Toper and Loader.

FRED ARNOLD writes to The Times from San Bernardino that he has invented and submitted plans to patent attorneys in New York of a machine for topping and loading beets. He claims that these machines would earn a good profit by doing the work at 20 per cent. less than is now paid. He says the machines could be made in Los Angeles. The costliest part of the machinery would be a six-horse-power gasoline engine, which runs the belts, and twelve sets of knives.

Mr. Arnold desires to interest capital for the purpose of manufacturing these machines, and putting them on the market. His address is No. 530 C street, San Bernardino.

Lower California Copper.

A LMOST every steamer going to or from Lower California has on board one or more passengers interested in the mining industries on the peninsula. The San Diego Tribune says, in a recent number:

"Gen. Humphrey was among the arrivals from that country this morning, and says that so far as the copper industry is concerned that it is now beyond the prospect stage, and several good mines are now working. Morris McCarty is another mining man recently returned from Lower California and in talking of the resources of that country said: 'The public have been deceived so many times on the gold propositions in the peninsula that they are rightly suspicious. Now, while there are a number of good ledges there, that country does not appeal to me as a gold proposition at all. I think it has greater copper prospects than it has of the precious metals.'

"Up in British Columbia and Spokane they appreciate this, and people from there are the heaviest operators in copper in the peninsula. Down here the public do not seem to know there is any copper here."

"Copper mountain, as we call it in English, is the biggest individual showing there, and it is bigger than the whole United Verde put together. It is about 300 miles south of Ensenada, in entirely virgin territory, and development work in the section has just commenced. The outcrop of this property is 1700 feet long, and there is a pay-streak in the middle, 20 per cent. copper, 40 feet wide. The whole vein, 10 feet wide, will run 6 to 8 per cent. At one point there is a pay-shoot, 400 feet wide of 5 to 6-per-cent. copper. There is, strange to say, no lead in this Lower California copper. A little silver and gold only are found with it. Most of the stuff is carbonate ore."

"The next largest property is the Esmeralda, and it is about a mile long, though not so wide. The ledge is from 10 to 200 feet in width; not so regular as the other, but the ore is higher grade, and they have sunk a few holes into the ore body. The owners have a hundred of those Mexican 2.47-acre claims that they got from the Lower California Development Company."

"One concern down there is busily at work, and it seems to be in earnest. That is Daggett, Gross and Fidelle Vicencio. This firm has developed this Esmeralda property. The ore is copper glance, and there is a 45-foot shaft in it. The ore body is 76 feet wide at that point, and the showing is one of the best."

Developing Northern Mexico.

THE El Paso Herald recently published the following, in regard to important development enterprises that are now under way in Northern Mexico:

"The Stilwell combinations in Mexico have grown to

proportions undreamed of by the original promoter until very recently, and certainly never thought of by the general public.

"Three mammoth companies have been organized with enormous cash capital by the noted promoter, Stilwell, that promises not only to make his railroad a success, but to develop Mexico to an extent not hoped for by the most sanguine prospectors of the republic.

"While the railroad proposition was the foremost thought of the chief promoter, he learned that it could not stand unaided and to make it a success he took in other matters that bid fair to make his combination one of the greatest in the country.

"After the organization of the railroad company, Mr. Stilwell organized the United States and Mexico Trust Company, with a large capital, chartered in the United States and Mexico. This company was organized that the bonds of the railroad could be floated with greater ease. He then looked into the future and discovered a plan that would not only make the building of his road a certainty, but would make it a success after the construction was complete.

"On his present visit to Mexico the promoter organized in Chihuahua a few days ago the Chihuahua and Sinaloa Development Company, with capital of \$7,000,000, and with sufficient cash to proceed to work at once. The purpose of this company is to develop the country along the railroad from the Rio Grande to the Pacific Coast. In the concession granted the railroad, several million acres of fine timber lands were included. The company just organized has for its purpose the development of the oil lands in the Rio Grande Valley, 40,000 acres of which have fallen into the hands of the company. It will also develop the lumber interests of the Sierra Madre and the coal fields of the Pacific Coast in the State of Sinaloa.

"The capital of the company was raised principally by Mexican capitalists, who realized at once that in this proposition Northern Mexico had an opportunity never before presented. The wealthiest men in Chihuahua, Culiacan, and the City of Mexico are interested with the directors and builders of the Orient Railroad. The company proposes to begin at once developing the timber interests of the mountains and as soon as a track can be laid from Chihuahua to the oil lands wells will be sunk in search of oil. The coal on the Pacific Coast is already being prospected and developed to some extent. The company will also take up mines of different kinds and do a general development and town building business.

"The other company organized by Mr. Stilwell is the United States and Mexico Construction Company, which will build the road. This company is now well organized and has the contracts for building the road in Texas and Mexico.

"Arthur E. Stilwell has been made president of all the companies and has the management of everything connected with them. When his plans were presented to President Diaz, the Governors of the States the road traverses, and the principal capitalists, they took to the scheme at once and offered every encouragement possible and far more than Mr. Stilwell had hoped to get. They subscribed for a great amount of the stock besides the concessions granted which made it easy for the promoter to place the rest of the stock with American investors and get all the support needed.

"Vice-President Sylvester, who was in El Paso Saturday night, has also been interested in the development of the country and has taken a number of Texas cattlemen over the route, where they have bought ranches. They are also interested somewhat in the development companies and all the various interests of Northern Mexico will operate together to make the railroad and development companies a success.

"These facts have come from the promoters themselves with an explanation of the details that makes it sound plausible. The financial forces of Northern Mexico are pitched with the Stilwell companies to make it a success, and those next to the operations contend that Northern Mexico will develop faster in the next two years than in all the history of the country before. The region traversed by the Orient road has never been in touch with the business world and it is said that the best country in Mexico lies along the route. The mining country in the Sierra Madre has never been developed and it is the opinion now that some wonderful work will be seen on the Pacific Slope during the coming year."

The Value of the Cactus.

THE City of Mexico Herald thus discourses on the commercial value of the cactus, which grows so plentifully throughout the desert regions of the Southwest:

"In Southwestern America, in Arizona, Nevada and Southern California in particular, there is a wide stretch of arid, sandy desert land consisting of plain and foot-hill which, according to the saying popular in the West, 'will raise nothing but sand and cactus.' Formerly this arid district was much larger than now, but irrigation has taken away the terrors of some portions of it, and the reclaimed districts have been made to blossom like the rose. But great stretches of the original desert, hundreds of square miles in extent, still remain, on which nothing will grow but the various kinds of cactus."

"For so many years has the word cactus conveyed to the minds of Americans the idea of something utterly worthless, that it is only now, after decades of familiarity, the residents of Southwestern America are beginning to realize that in the cactus they have a potential source of immense wealth. Almost daily are new uses being found for the products of the cactus, and the possibility of cultivating the plant is being seriously considered. Although the different kinds of cactus are found in fair abundance all over the great desert, nowhere do they grow in luxuriance. When propagated, however, by cuttings or seed, they grow readily, and the raising of a large crop of cactus would be quite feasible if earnestly undertaken."

"There are in the Southwest more than 500 different

cacti, but the principal are the giant Opuntia tuna, or cochineal cactus; the yucca, cactus, and the maguey, or agave. They are esque in appearance, being of almost any shape. The giant cactus has some branches that are upright and some that droop. The barrel consists of a thick stem covered with thorns or spines. The yucca looks like a stunted oak, with bunches at the end of the branches, while the maguey is of a series of great, fat, spiny blades issuing from a central bulb.

"The commercial value of the giant cactus is adaptability to us as paper-making material, criminal herbage, a. Americans have been the insatiable maws of the paper machines which of trees from all parts of the country and the nation of several States is threatened. The giant cacti supply a way out of the difficulty of suitable paper-making material, since their many cases admirably suited to the purpose, would be much lower than that of any other.

"The principal peculiarity of the yucca is the character of its 'wood,' which possesses no wood, but consists of an intricate and compactly-interwoven wood fibers. An inventive Yankee has discovered the yucca wood can be molded into any shape he desires, and he is utilizing his discovery in the manufacture of surgeon splints and other articles. The yucca are also peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of an indestructible variety of paper in the printing of bonds.

"When in bloom, the cacti bear beautiful and some of them edible fruits. The giant cactus produces a delicious fruit, from the center of which the Indians have for centuries made of great excellence. That of the cochineal or Opuntia tuna, is possessed of certain medicinal properties used to allay fever and as a remedy for the valuable pigment is manufactured.

"From it also a valuable pigment is manufactured. The cochineal cactus is so called because on it are the valuable cochineal insects. The insect is known as the prickly pear, or Indian fig, and is esteemed in Southern Europe, the Canary Islands and Northern Africa."

A Flourishing Arizona Town.

CLIFTON, in Eastern Arizona, is one of the most populous towns in the Territory. The Phoenixian says:

"F. L. Blumer returned yesterday morning from business trip to Clifton, and says a visit to the Eastern Arizona city is a sort of eye-opener to him who has never seen a prosperous mining camp, and matter to many who have. He was one of the men who went in on the first passenger train on the new broad-gauge railroad. It was a hard and long journey, and took all day, for the reason that the thing was new and the train was run very slow. On arriving they found a lively town, dressed in array, and ready to give a hearty welcome to the train service.

"He says the only trouble with Clifton is that the land is all too valuable to build houses on or to anchor them safely. The whole guano is whittled out between mountains of ore, and five big companies are engaged in working it, preparing to do so. There are yet other big ones that only await development by their owners, to be reached in due course of time. A Colorado man who went in on the same train with Mr. Blumer, the purpose of reporting on a property, told him there was enough ore in sight to keep the town going for the next 500 years, which is probably as any present resident of the Territory will be largely interested.

"Mr. Blumer says he never saw a place where the employees of a big company were more satisfied with their work and their treatment by their employers. Clifton, and they are a happy and prosperous people. While the big companies own the land, there are a number of mercantile establishments conducted by men not connected with the companies, all seem to be doing a good business. The town is crowded, wages are good, and prices in general rather high. The railroad is constructed on the site of the old narrow-gauge road, new rails being laid side by side. As for the business in this railroad, he says there were 500 cars on the line at Lordsburg, loaded with freight, and awaiting portation to Clifton and adjacent points."

"Just now there seems to be a little real-estate boom. Someone who owned a few acres of level ground far from the town, has platted it out and made a good deal of it, and lots are selling rapidly at \$1000. From the appearance of things he thinks the town will be gone soon, and that values will advance rapidly."

Los Alamitos Beet Crop.

CONCERNING to the Santa Ana Bulletin, report of the Los Alamitos are to the effect that the beet crop will be larger than was expected a few weeks ago. The recent cool foggy weather, together with the this week, has proved very beneficial, and the prospects are encouraging for a fair yield.

"The irrigation wells are being drilled for the factory purposes, on the Los Alamitos and Cerritos ranch. All there will be an artesian depth of from 300 to 500 feet."

Clay.

LARGE quantities of clay are being shipped from Perris Valley to the Colton cement works. Four-horse teams haul an aggregate of over 1000 per day.

June 24

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CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for *The Times*.

Is Rheumatism Infectious?

ACCORDING to the present trend of medical ideas, we shall soon be forced to believe that a most every known malady is infectious—that is, if we believe all the doctors tell us. The latest theory along this line is that rheumatic fever is an infectious disease. Such a standard publication as the *Philadelphia Medical Journal* is inclined to adopt this view.

As infectious maladies are all attributed to bacteria, a search has of course been begun for the "bugs" which cause rheumatism, and English investigators, according to a report in the *Lancet*, think they have discovered them.

It should be noted that these researches do not apply to what is known as muscular rheumatism, the nature and cause of which are much of a mystery to the medical world.

Adulterated Seasonings and Sauces.

A PORTION of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station report, previously referred to in this department, is devoted to the subject of adulterations in seasonings and sauces.

Of forty-five samples of pepper sold in bulk packages examined, twenty-seven were found to be pure, while others were more or less adulterated with a great variety of substances, including ground olive stones, ground mustard hulls, buckwheat hulls, charred coconut shells, various wheat products and fruit stones or nut shells.

Of thirty-four samples of ground cloves, seventeen were found to be pure, the others being adulterated with clove stems, coconut shells, wheat, charcoal, wood and other substances.

Of twenty-three samples of allspice, twelve were found to be pure, the others containing clove stems, coconut nut shells, wheat products and other adulterants.

Of thirty-four samples of cinnamon sold in bulk, twenty-eight were found to consist of cassia bark. The report states that true cinnamon is practically out of the market, as a spice, cassia being substituted for it. Many other adulterants used in ground cinnamon are cereal products, sawdust, various kinds of bark, nutshells and exhausted cassia.

Of forty-one brands of tomato catsup examined, only six were found free from benzoic and salicylic acid, most of them being adulterated with the latter. The bright red color seen in many tomato catsups is produced by cochineal, carmine, eosine acid, magenta and various other coal tar dyes.

Among miscellaneous food products examined by the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station were sausages, salt codfish and oysters. In twenty-seven of the forty-two samples of sausages examined borax was found. All the samples of salt codfish examined, eleven in number, were found to contain borax. Of the oysters sixty-two samples were found to be free from borax, and thirteen contained it in varying quantities.

Bacteria in Salads.

A MEDICAL publication prints the following in regard to the living organisms that were found by a physician in salad vegetables. If they are half as bad as their names appear, they must indeed be deadly:

"Dr. Ceresole bought specimens of lettuce, endive, radish and celery in the market at Fadra, such as would be used for eating after a rough washing. He then washed them in sterilized water and examined the sediment. A simple microscopic survey revealed a fauna of fifty-two species, comprising amoebae, anguillulae, and the eggs of taenia, oxyuris or ridges and ankylostoma. Bacteriologic investigation added a rich flora of varied microbes, including micrococci, staphylococci streptococci, sarcinae and a wealth of bacilli."

In view of all these disclosures, we may well ask: "What are we to eat, anyhow?" Perhaps it would be better for us to just shut our eyes and open our mouths, and let nature take its course, bacteria, bugs and all. At least, however, we should demand that men be prevented from adding to our food artificial dangers in the shape of adulterations, in addition to the natural organic bodies which Providence seems to have spread about so liberally. Perhaps, after all, they are not anything like so deadly as we sometimes suppose. Indeed, it must be so, or otherwise very few of us would be alive today, for we are told that in every breath we inhale there are thousands or millions of these microscopic creatures.

Injurious Drinks.

A LIQUOR man has been talking to a New York Sun reporter on the subject of certain drinks, from a hygienic standpoint.

"The call for carbonated drinks of all kinds has fallen off," said one of the greatest bartenders in this town the other day. "A year ago at this time we were using three times as many limes as we are now, and double the quantity of seltzers and carbonated waters. The decline in the popularity of the rickey has been steady and sure. The reason for it is not hard to find. The doctors were against it from the start."

"They said that the man who put such a large quantity of acid into his stomach as the rickey drinker did would have all kinds of trouble on account of it. The men who drank the rickeys found out the truth of this prophecy in time, and there are a lot of men who wish that they had never heard of the rickey. Their stomachs were eaten out by the lime juice, and they are suffering from the effects of their drinking now."

"All of these men have stopped drinking rickeys, and

many of their friends have followed their example and advice. This accounts for part of the falling off in the consumption of this particular drink, and then, of course, the rickey got to be an old story and the men wanted something new. Lots of men used to drink the rickey because they thought it was the proper drink. They quit because some one else did."

"The doctors were against the highball, too. They said that it did a man harm to swallow so much gas, and that he would be better off if he would take drinks that had no gas in them. Lots of men have told me that they found themselves uncomfortable after two or three highballs, and they wondered why it was. They had too much gas in them. That was the whole trouble. The father of the highball was the English whisky and soda, but the men in this country made the mistake of drinking too many of them and drinking them too fast."

"The Englishman will spend a lot of time in consumption of one Scotch and soda, and while he is at it the American will drink a half dozen highballs, one on top of the other. The Englishman knows how the drink should be taken, and it does him no harm. The American wants to get his drink and get it out of the way, and so he hurries through it. He gets all the bad effects and none of the finer effects, and so he doesn't get so much enjoyment out of his liquor as the Briton."

"It is all right to drink the cocktail that one takes before dinner at one swallow, but the highball, if one is to drink it at all, should be sipped. A man should take at least fifteen minutes to drink a highball made in one of the ordinary glasses. But most men do not know how to drink, anyway."

The Hot-air Cure.

THE London Chronicle refers as follows to a treatment for the curing of stiff and deformed joints, which doubtless possesses much merit. Some time ago a Los Angeles practitioner imported an appliance for the administration of this remedy, a brief description of which was given in this department:

"In all cases the Tallerman treatment is applied under the direction of medical men and of a nursing staff, but it is an open secret that Mr. Tallerman (whose headquarters are at No. 50 Welbeck street, London, W.) has had an uphill fight for the recognition of his system. I have been going through the reports on the work of the free institutes, and have also perused a series of hospital reports of cases treated at home and abroad, and I have no hesitation in saying that there is no other mode of treatment known to science which can effect the cure of stiff and deformed joints in the fashion accomplished by the Tallerman system. It is a very simple affair, so simple that, as usual, one is given to wonder that medicine did not think of it ages ago. Mr. Tallerman incises the affected limb or joints in a special case or copper chamber. Hot air is then laid on, as it were, by means of gas or oil, so that a temperature of from 250 to 300 deg. or more can be generated without any discomfort. The effect of the application of this hot, dry air is literally marvelous. Joints which were practically immovable become useful, and patients, from being cripples, have the use of their limbs restored to them. It is not claimed that the Tallerman treatment will cure every case. Some are beyond its aid, but, from what I have seen of its effects, I have no hesitation in saying that it should be made widely known, and especially among the poor, to whom the loss of a useful limb is a calamity of no mean order. Nothing, to my mind, has been more disgraceful than the tacit boycotting of Mr. Tallerman's treatment in certain medical quarters. Against this, of course, he has the satisfaction of seeing his treatment applied in certain of our big hospitals, but I have thought that if Mr. Tallerman had been animated with the desire to make money he could by this time have acquired a considerable fortune had he regarded his own pocket more decidedly than the relief of the sick poor."

One Cause of Melancholy.

IN THE Medical Record, Dr. M. Allen Starr has a suggestive article on "The Toxic Origin of Neuroasthenia and Melancholia." An exchange says:

"In some cases it is true, as he shows that neuroasthenia is due to anxiety and worry; in some, it is due to mental or physical over-exertion—but in the majority of cases it is probably due to a toxic, or poisonous agent, evolved in the stomach or the intestines from the improper assimilation of food. This is the natural inference, inasmuch as the doctor says that activity in the digestive process appears to aid in the elimination of the poison. Such being the case, we may set the most prevalent form of neuroasthenia and melancholia down as being simply a form of dyspepsia or indigestion."

"For treatment, Dr. Starr recommends a course of diet, which cannot be laid down in a uniform manner for all patients, but must be prescribed by one's physician or by one's own experience. Patients differ very radically from each other in their ability to digest various articles. The old saw, that 'what is one man's meat is another man's poison,' still holds good."

"For medication, Dr. Starr recommends calomel, Carlsbad salt, or other saline mixtures, in mild doses, also oil. The use of a hot bath on rising, at a temperature of 104, is recommended, and an increase of exercise, but not to the point of exhaustion."

"The doctor does not recommend the starvation cure, but this is undoubtedly the most efficacious in all diseases resulting from poisonous gases in the stomach or intestines caused by indigestion. If the stomach and other digestive apparatus are not performing their work properly, give them a rest. Give them a chance to catch up with their work."

Grain Foods.

HERE is quite a rage just now for various cereal preparations, a great number of which are upon the market under various names. The chief difference between these preparations and the grains from which they are made is that they cost ten or fifteen times as much. It is true that the partial cooking to which some of them are subjected, changing the starch into dextrine, renders them more acceptable to a weak stomach, but

that can usually be done by a housekeeper, with little trouble or expense.

On this subject Woman's Physical Development says: "Every one of these so-called health foods (I except none) lose delicacy and deliciousness of taste, and are of less value in nourishing elements than the simple grains from which they were prepared. They are in every way—taste, nourishment, ease of digestion, etc., simply poor imitations of the real food."

"This is a startling statement, and, if proved, will save many households hundreds of dollars per year, and even the poorest can also save by lessening or entirely discarding the use of flour, if they so desire."

"Now, follow my words closely, and the reader can have an opportunity to prove to his own entire satisfaction the truth of the statements made."

"Wheat, the entire grain, just as it comes from the field, is the best and usually the most appetizing food in the world, when properly prepared, and it can be prepared at home without the necessity of grinding or any other process."

"Buy some cleaned whole wheat, just as it comes from the field. Soak it in water over night. Add just enough water so it will all soak up. In the morning salt to taste, pour milk over it and simmer (not boil) for from three to five hours. The longer it is simmered, the softer it will become, and the more delicious it will taste when first placed in the mouth, though chewing will bring out the full delicacy of flavor, even if not cooked until soft."

"This wheat can be eaten with butter, honey, cream, or cream and sugar, though, if the taste is not accustomed to 'palate-ticklers' of this character, it will be found palatable without any addition whatever. If it is desired to make the dish especially rich, it can be soaked in milk instead of water over night. If milk cannot be had, water can be used for boiling instead."

Christian Science Pays.

WILLIAM G. NIXON, who for several years published the books of Mrs. Eddy, the Christian Scientist, but afterward left the community, when he found that he could no longer approve of Mrs. Eddy's methods, recently gave an interview to a reporter, in which he made some statements that should be interesting reading to Mrs. Eddy's followers, although, to judge from past experience, it is extremely doubtful whether this or any other disclosure will have much effect upon the faith of Mrs. Eddy's disciples. Following is the interview referred to, which is from a Boston correspondence of the Philadelphia North American:

"I was drawn into the movement, like others, because I believed that Christian Science had the power to heal. I was never healed of anything myself, but I had friends who attributed their cures to the science. When I became a Christian Scientist I firmly believed that it could do in the way of healing diseases all that Mrs. Eddy said it could. I was cashier of a bank at Pierre, S. D., and I was induced to come on to Boston and take \$300 worth of Christian Science lessons from Mrs. Eddy. Then I went back to Pierre, and after the lapse of several months, when I saw a favorable opportunity to pull up stakes, I did so, and came to Boston to accept the proposition of Mrs. Eddy to publish her writings."

"In September, 1889, I took hold of the publication business for her, and conducted it until January, 1893. When I took hold the concern was in a bad way financially. It had several hundred dollars of liabilities outstanding against it, and practically nothing to meet the payments. When I quit—for conscientious reasons—I left a balance of \$7000 in the treasury. Of course, all that was published did not go to Christian Science."

"Mrs. Eddy's 'Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures' was published by real Christian spirit that might be supposed to be in the movement, that is illustrated by the way in which Mrs. Woodbury was treated."

"I am not here to defend Mrs. Woodbury, but I do say that in dealing with her they did not imitate Jesus of Nazareth. They did not try to throw any Christian mantle of charity over this unfortunate woman. They did not even treat her with the rudimentary justice of an Indian. I have lived among the Sioux Indians and I verily believe that the Sioux Indians show more genuine justice in dealing with their victims than did the Christian Scientists with Mrs. Woodbury; for the Sioux Indians always grant to the accused the right of speech to state his side of the case. In Mrs. Woodbury's case she was excommunicated forever without any opportunity to be heard."

"Believe me, as one who was once on the inside, one who went into the movement honestly and could not conscientiously remain in it—Christian Science is a monumental humbug. It has seen its greatest prosperity as a money-making enterprise, and a few more trials like this will lay bare its skeleton closets."

"Mrs. Eddy dares not, in my opinion, go through the ordeal of a cross-examination. She is old and feeble, in spite of her constant teaching to the contrary. Concord is only a two hour's trip from Boston. According to her Christian Science teaching, she cannot be ill, or old, or feeble, and should have nothing to fear. Yet she will not come to the trial, hoping that by staying away she may win because the burden of proof is on Mrs. Woodbury. If she should dare to show herself in court it will, in my opinion, be her undoing. She will never give the public an opportunity to see how near she is to dissolution and collapse."

"Yet her followers, still blinded by their belief in her divine mission on earth, are swayed by her slightest wish. The flat has gone forth that when she sent the message about the Babylonian woman she did not mean Mrs. Woodbury, and although every Christian Scientist who heard that message knew full well that Mrs. Woodbury was the woman intended, one after another will be called to the stand before the close of the trial, and will testify that they hadn't the slightest idea that Mrs. Woodbury was intended. Some of them would just as lief say that they had never heard of Mrs. Woodbury, if they thought it necessary to win the case. For they believe the end justifies the means, and thus far Mrs. Eddy's wish is to them as a divine law."

periods and of which nothing was known except by the study of some fossil remains.

It is certainly a very strange animal. The head of a tapir, neck of a horse, ears of an ass, body of an ox—these are its characteristics. But what is most extraordinary in its coloring. The forehead is a bright red; a narrow black band follows the nose and around the nostrils. The ears are also a bright red, also the neck and the shoulders with dashes of crimson. The legs and the paws are striped like those of a zebra, with spots of orange on white lines. No front teeth in the upper jaw, the animal being a ruminant. The tongue is very mobile and extendible, like that of the giraffe.

This mixture of horse, zebra, ass, ox, tapir and giraffe is called by the natives okapi. It lives in couples in the forests of Ituri, and on the banks of the Semili. Stanley had heard of it, as is seen by a note in his book.

Sir Harry Johnston, Governor of English Ouganda, was commissioned to search for the strange animal. He received much information about the unknown beast among the natives whom he visited. Many warriors were the skins or fragments of the skin of the okapi. At last M. Eriksson, a Swedish officer in the service of the State of Congo, sent hunting some native soldiers, who brought in several of these animals.

The skins and the skulls will soon be placed in the British Museum. No doubt measures will be taken to prevent this curious creature from becoming extinct.

WEE-WEE.

THE STORY OF A PET WHITE RAT WHO DID MANY FUNNY THINGS.

By a Special Contributor.

Wee-Wee was the white rat a little boy in Chicago gave the little girl, and that a man in Florida gave the little boy. So you see, in the beginning, Wee-Wee was a much-traveled person; and then, after that, the little girl took him to live on a big ranch in Texas. To see a good deal of the world is a liberal education; so, altogether, Wee-Wee was a very bright rat, not to say a very handsome rat.

There was only one thing objectionable in Wee-Wee's appearance, and that was that he had no hair on his tail. Now this was a great source of mortification to him. So much so, indeed, that he was seen to eat the Ayer's Hair Vigor advertisements out of the papers. But alas and alack! it was no use, hair wouldn't grow where there were no roots planted; and so, poor Wee-Wee carried his bald-headed tail through life.

He had a voracious appetite for reading matter, devouring all the books he could find—leastwise, the edges of them. He was especially fond of the Literary Digest; and you needn't tell me there is nothing in a name, for Wee-Wee digested every copy he ate. Well, he never complained of dyspepsia, anyway.

Everybody was Wee-Wee's friend, even the porter on the train; everybody but the peanut boy. It did seem too bad about the peanut boy. Wee-Wee tried so hard to make friends with him. Every time the boy came through the car, Wee-Wee tried to jump into his basket.

A nice, fat gentleman across the aisle—who, by the way, the little girl felt sure was Santa Claus, traveling incognito, the resemblance was so marked—bought some peanuts and put them in his pocket. If you'll believe me, the little girl saw Wee-Wee walk right in and help himself. Of course, she took the peanuts back; but the nice, fat gentleman said that he had told Wee-Wee to take all he wanted, so that made it all right.

That night when they reached the hotel, Wee-Wee was lost. Mama asked the bellboy and the porters, but they had not seen him, and the little girl cried herself to sleep. The next morning come one knocked at the door, and there stood the nice, fat gentleman with Wee-Wee on his shoulder. He said he had intended putting a force of detectives at work, but when he woke there was no use, for there sat Wee-Wee, peeping out of his coat pocket on the bed post. He had crawled in the pocket to get more nuts, and had either fallen asleep because he was tired—which is usually reason enough—or because he had eaten so much he couldn't get out.

But with all Wee-Wee's faults he was a dear child. He used to sleep in the little girl's nightgown sleeve. It was a full sleeve fastened with rubber around the wrist, and all Wee-Wee had to do was to poke his nose under the rubber and crawl to bed. To be sure he kept scandalously late hours, and the little girl never knew when he came to bed, but he was there in the morning, which was such a comfort! She used to hang him, nightgown and all, behind the door, and Wee-Wee descended to breakfast when he felt inclined. Breakfast consisted in nursing the baby's bottle. If the baby happened to want breakfast at the same time, it made small difference to Wee-Wee. He just grabbed the bottle and ran off.

Ten miles from where the little girl lived was another ranch, which is a very near next-door-neighbor in that part of the country. On this ranch lived the most likely man in the world—excepting one's own papa and big brother—who was called Dan. The Dan knew a wonderful lot of stories, and had the most beautiful pack of hounds and a music-box. The Dan fell in love with Wee-Wee at once. He wrote poetry to him, and called one of the pieces on his music-box the Wee-Wee Waltz, because it squeaked so. All of the pieces squeaked equally, so the Wee-Wee waltz happened to be whatever piece the fox was playing when the little girl was there. And she happened there quite often. Wee-Wee always rode with her in the carriage. The polka-dotted lawn trotted behind. The lame grasshopper couldn't go; it was dead.

One day, the Dan gave the little girl a donkey. The donkey's name was Sooner, because he would sooner lie down than stand up, and sooner stand still than walk. Wee-Wee had five rides on the donkey. At first he was afraid, but after a while he would sit up between the donkey's ears and run down his tail to the ground.

But one sad day, when they were coming home from the Dan's, Wee-Wee was lost, and no hunting could find him. The little girl remembered seeing him last at the

fork of the roads, when he ran under the carriage seat and climbed into the lunch basket. As soon as the Dan heard of the calamity, he came over. He said he had put Sorco, the big hound, in mourning, by tying a black necktie around his neck. The little girl hoped Sorco wasn't hypocritical. She remembered how he had chased poor Wee-Wee into a hole, and then stood guard, his tail sticking straight out like a crowbar. The Dan said he felt sure Sorco was honest in his grief, for he went around with his head and tail hanging down in a very depressed way. The little girl had her suspicions that Sorco's woe-begone was more because he wasn't used to being dressed up. She knew from experience that being dressed up made one feel uncomfortable and not-a-friend-in-the-world-y.

And Wee-Wee was dead. There was no doubt about it. The Dan saw his ghost running up and down the stump at the fork of the road, every time he passed. The little girl said she thought it might be the sure 'nough Wee-Wee; but the Dan said no, that every time he tried to touch him, he disappeared like melted moonlight, and the Dan was a very truthful person, the little girl knew. He told the little girl that now they could have a graveyard, with a real tombstone, and Wee-Wee's name on one side and the lame grasshopper's on the other. This would be very comforting, but how could it be done? You couldn't have a graveyard where there were no graves. No one knew where Wee-Wee was buried, and the lame grasshopper wasn't buried at all; Tom-tit had swallowed him. The Dan had to agree to the impossibility of the thing, and so instead of starting the graveyard he took the little girl riding on his queer South American saddle, that was so wide the little girl's feet stuck straight out.

SUSIE C. OTT.

BUMBLE BEE AND RED ANT.

AN EXQUISITE NATURE STORY CONCERNING INSECT LIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

Overhead a bright blue sky; the trees swayed in the soft breeze, while the bees and insects hummed and droned a tender noonday lullaby to all nature. A little stream purled lazily along and then made quite a dash, as though to make up for lost time. Across the hot sand of the road a great bumble bee guided his awkward body. He must have been a very sleepy bumble bee, for he bumped his head and yellow-striped body against a large tree—bump—buzz—bu-zz—buzz—and he was on his back making his wings work very fast, as though he was trying to fly on his head.

He was choked with the sand, the accident had been terrible to him. Soon he ceased struggling, and the fuzzy legs and black hips stood up in the air—still—no longer protesting against fate.



“SOME WENT TO HELP WITH THE BEE, OTHERS DREW THEMSELVES AROUND THE HOW VANQUISHED ENEMY.”

Now, during these struggles, a small, red ant had been wisely waiting to know the result. A live bumble bee singing away in the air was one thing, but a dead bee on the ground was something else altogether. A few moments passed, and still no movement. The bumble bee was evidently dead.

The ant, with the true instinct of her kind of “putting by for a rainy day,” quickly approached the fallen prize, and, with her tiny feelers and legs went to work with a will.

Gracious! how that little red ant worked—never stopping to think she was trying to carry something many times her size; but pulled away, now as a straw lay across her path, and again attempting to lift her burden over a dead leaf, or forcing it through a forest of moss.

She would stop every now and then to rest; then she would look all around the great body, wondering what she was going to do with it when she got it home.

A big black ant roaming around looking for his dinner espied the little red ant and her bee, and instantly concluding that “might was right,” he shortened the distance between himself and the feast. The little red ant paused. What should she do? She had tried hard to do her work bravely, not calling for help, though her burden was heavy. Now here was a foe to face.

The black ant came nearer and—the red ant ran away as fast as her small legs could carry her. Deserting her work? Well, it looked like it.

Oh, my little red ant, don't give up because it is hard—go back!

The little red ant knew what she was about, however. In two minutes she had collected a small army of relations—back they all came—by twos and threes and dozens—some so eager that they tried to walk over the backs of those in front.

The big black ant was getting uneasy, and really did not want that bumble bee, anyway!

Each red ant had his own work. Some went to help

with the bee, while others drew themselves around the now-vanquished enemy; and not until the bee was quite safe in the ant's nest did the black prisoner obtain his freedom.

The bee safely stored, the ants did not even stop to admire their own industry, but went to work at something else. What would you have? Do you not know there is such a thing as winter.

HARRIET E. WRIGHT.

“THE COLLAR OF HONOR.”

HOW THE BRAVE CANINES OF FRANCE ARE REWARDED FOR LIFE-SAVING.

By a Special Contributor.

A “collar of honor” is awarded in France to dogs that have distinguished themselves by deeds of bravery. The collar is a work of art, and among the dogs already decorated in this way is Eacchus, a large bulldog, which has saved the lives of many people by stopping runaway horses. The dog jumps up and seizes the bridle of the fleeing animal. Another intelligent heroic beast is Pantland, also a bulldog. He saved his mistress from the attack of a footpad and has received a collar from the Order of Merit, which, by the way, was founded by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Turk, a splendid Newfoundland, has also been decorated for saving three young children from drowning on different occasions.

Sultan, also a Newfoundland, wore the collar of honor, in recognition of several acts of bravery. He rescued a child from drowning, saved a man who attempted suicide, arrested a thief and captured an assassin. His last heroic deed was preventing a castle being robbed, but he was poisoned, it is supposed, by those who attempted the robbery.

LIPTON SAYS AMERICAN BOYS ARE ALL RIGHT.

[Chicago Chronicle:] Sir Thomas Lipton, who is preparing the Shamrock II for a race for the American cup in September next, has been writing of American and English boys. He says: “I think the American boy is ahead of the English boy. I find that in America the managers of large concerns are often very youthful. In England a man must look old before he is thought to look wise.” Then follows a statement which, coming from so high an authority as Sir Thomas Lipton, will challenge the attention of those who are responsible for the education of the “ingenuous youth” of our nation. “I hold,” says Sir Thomas, “that it would be a good thing to send every English boy to America when he is 17 and keep him there for a couple of years.” Sir Thomas himself, one recalls, came to this country at that age and, his experiences here constitute, in his opinion, the best training he ever had.

CASH OF THE ANCIENTS.

[Cornhill Magazine:] The little brass cash, the Chinese coins, are the lineal descendants, in unbroken order, of the bronze ax of remote celestial ancestors. From the regular hatchet to the modern coin one can trace a distinct, if somewhat broken, succession, so that it is impossible to say where the one leaves off and the other begins. Here is how this curious pedigree first worked itself out: In early times, before coin was invented, barter was usually conducted between producer and consumer with metal implements, as it still is in Central Africa at the present day.

At first the Chinese in that unsophisticated age were content to use real hatchets for this commercial purpose, but after a time, with the profound mercantile instinct of their race, it occurred to some of them that when a man wanted half a hatchet's worth of goods he might as well pay for them with half a hatchet. Still, as it would be a pity to spoil a good working implement by cutting it in two, the worthy Ah Sin ingeniously compromised the matter by making thin hatchets of the usual size and shape, but far too slender for practical usage. By doing so he invented coin, and, what is more, he invented it far earlier than the claimants to that proud distinction, the Lydians, whose electrum staters were first struck in the seventh century, B. C.

EDUCATION.

[Detroit Journal:] No, indeed! Regret having cultivated the art of boxing at college? The idea!

“Why, I can put my baby to sleep with one punch in the solar plexus!” exclaimed the young mother, glowing proudly.

Secretly we envied her her savoir faire, but still we felt it incumbent upon us to affect mingivings as to the expediency, not to say propriety, of the higher education, so-called, for women.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

SUMMER FRIVOLITIES.

HER BOAS AS LONG AS THE WOMAN WHO WEARS IT AND REACHES THE TOP OF HER HEAD.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, June 24, 1901.—In these days of fluffy neck fixings, sashes and scarf ends, no woman need be at a loss for a smart toilette. For if she has only one gown, and that a simplish pompadour silk, a black canvas or a tobacco brown laine—all popular materials of the hour—a bouncy, gauzy collet of tulle intermingled with artificial flowers, poppies, roses or violets, will make the plain frock outshine Solomon and his glory.

On the other hand, if the costume is too fine for the occasion, or in a color too startling for the wide eye of day, a collet of black net and velvet ribbon will add just the touch of sobriety needed. The ultimate result all depends on the choice of the neck ruche. It must fit the case, as it were, be sharply contrasting or else blend graciously in color with the rest of the toilette, and it were better you had never known such things existed than to wear some pitiful piece of this finery after its pristine freshness has departed. To fulfill its mission, which is that of glorification, a collet should present always the appearance of immaculate freshness. Otherwise it seems bitterly ageing, as if the wearer as

pillar. Only a little more than the crown of the head could be seen over it from the rear.

"Oh, yes," said the dazzling creature who was showing off this bewildering, but simple confection, "it is from Paris, of course. But only Frenchwomen know the value of chic simplicity, so American ladies think my beautiful boa expensive because it has no trimming. See how it crossed the water!" And she showed "a proper boa box," a pasteboard coffin of almost human length, with tissue paper inner walls and a curve at one end to accommodate the caterpillar, and certainly \$35 did not appear dear after this, for it was a mansion spacious enough for the very queen of collets. It seemed a potent reminder of how carefully the fragile treasure needs to be kept, for exposure on one damp day would mean its finish.

Pretty Shoulder Capes and Scarfs.

For young matrons the fashion mongers are displaying just now some short shoulder capes with the same ends and throat ruffle as the boas, and which, when made of black French lace or taffeta with net frills, seem delightful additions to a light toilette.

Many sorts of scarfs are seen, those of painted Liberty silk being much used out of town as evening mufflers, and sometimes with a garden party or summer hotel evening frock there will be a long affair of soft mull, made to tie about the shoulders with a graceful quaint-

WHAT HOUSEKEEPERS WANT TO KNOW.

HOW TO KEEP THE COMFORTABLE WICKER FURNITURE CLEAN, ETC.

By a Special Contributor.

Wash willow and wicker, in the natural form, with a scrubbing brush and plenty of warm soap, and dry quickly—in the sun if possible. Do not thoroughly and look after stains and spots with a swab of prepared chalk, and very fine sawdust, tied tight in a square of cheese cloth; the cloth gets dirty put its contents into a box. After the rubbing brush hard with a soft brush. Rub very dirty places with a swab of tripoli at the end of the thumb, dipped as lightly as possible in linseed oil.

To clean upholstered furniture, cover the sofa with a towel and whip with a rattan, shaking whenever it grows dusty. Wash all visible parts with tepid soapsuds, dry it very quickly, then rub with a flannel and a few drops of kerosene. This has a cherry and oak in finish. Mahogany needs to be wiped with a damp cloth, then rubbed for half an hour with a clean flannel. Brush the upholstered parts hard, then wipe them quickly with a cloth wet in dry out of clear, hot, water. Follow this with white flannel dipped in alcohol. As soon as it shows dirt, wash it clean in tepid water. The alcohol will dissolve the dirt, and deposit streaks upon the surface of the fabric.

Clean out tuftings with a little swab of cotton on the end of a stout skewer and wet always away the cotton as soon as it gets dirty. Care lightly used will not mark the most delicate. The swab must not be wet enough to trickles and stain. Clear the intricacies of carved work with same sort of swabs, but take especial pains not to wet them too wet. With very delicate carvings sometimes have recourse to a sandblast, use tripoli and small hand bellows. Direct a stream of sand against the carvings. In flying back sand brings away the dust.

Clean gilt furniture with a sifted whiting and a cream with alcohol. Cover a small spot with a cloth and rub off before it hardens. If a spot sticks, rub lightly with clear alcohol. If there is much tarnish, wash quickly with borax soapsuds, then cover with the wet whiting, and let it dry off with a stiff brush and polish afterward with soft leather.

This is the very best way of cleaning all gilt frames. With very big ones, cover with a cloth, then lay the frame flat, and leave it there for brushing. A gilt frame specked but unbroken can be rubbed with a flannel wet in alcohol and afterward with a soft leather, stretched smooth.

Brasses, as knobs, handles and such as are modern furniture, are commonly lacquered, cleaned with alcohol and a soft cloth. Damage in place of wetting it and rub quickly. Unless can be cleaned in various ways. One of the best is to wash it well in warm soapsuds, then rub with vinegar, using a flannel swab, and polish with dry whiting and a clean cloth. Take care not to acid and salt touch the wood. If the brass is open or intricate it is better cleaned with metal, a soft paste with sweet oil. Rub hard and polish afterward with tripoli in powder.

To clean matting, sweep it twice—first with a broom, working along the grain of straw, then with a soft broom dipped in warm water with clean water. This brightens all sorts of matting, and also saves it, in a measure, from wear.

Very light matting is best washed, after with weak borax water or rather wiping it wrung out of it. Anything whatever stays on a matted floor makes the last estate of it than the first. Dust invariably collects under once wet, shows through in ugly, dark spots, grease spots a grain of prevention brain but if they exist, cover them quickly with chalk wet with turpentine, let the mixture two days, then brush off with a stiff brush. Spots are very big and very greasy, put on much washing soda as chalk and mix with the thickness of putty.

Little used matting, as in spare chamber or summer rooms, should be swept very clean, with a cloth wrung out of sweet milk. Do this year—it keeps the straw live and to a degree the milk-wash is used in a living-room or follow it by a wiping with very hot clear water the floor from drawing sick.

STYLISH WOMEN RIOT IN THE EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS SEEN APPROACHING THE LIMIT.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, June 24.—It requires more than a small set of fingers these bright summer days to create the red gowns that can be counted on at the clubhouse or casino veranda. For the past few weeks women wore red a good deal for safety's sake, golf links, and having thus formed a pleasant contrast with that royal color they have largely given it to the requirements of full dress toilette.



well as her boa had too long breasted the storms of life.

Women May Make Their Own Boas.

A batch of summer collets here pictured will provide excellent hints for the woman who cannot afford the expensive shop novelties—for these ruffles are frightfully dear in the shops—and since their mechanism is of the simplest, a fair knowledge of how to baste and box or triple pleat is all the handcraft necessary for their construction. Black and white chiffon, French lace, tulle with raw edges, silk muslin and point d'esprit are the chief materials employed in this direction.

Edges are outlined with narrow velvet or satin ribbon, or if lace is used here the long scarf ends to the throat ruffle will sometimes be striped or barred with tiny ruches of it, producing an effect of richness that would glorify any frock. However, the most delightful of these collets, are daintily simple.

One of white Brussels net with tucked scarf ends flouncing some five inches at the bottom—where the tucking stops, you know—depends entirely on black stitching for ornament. This outlines in nine rows the inch-wide hem of the ruffle and that of the ends, which in the approved fashion fall below the knees. Another very smart collet seen in a Fifth-avenue shop was of scarlet tulle, with edges of ruffle and ends left raw, the latter folded in long, loose pleats, and coming almost to the feet. The ruche part of this was in itself a creation. It was much wider at the back than front and, doubled to stand out like some immense, strange cater-

ness. A dainty scarf of this sort is made to wear with a garden party frock of tucked white taffeta and black dotted Swiss. The scarf proper is of the plain Swiss with dotted ruffles, and the note of black is further repeated in a heading to the skirt flounce, a girdle and neck band of lace in clover-leaf appliques.

Low-necked Dresses Very Popular.

The low neck of this bodice, by the way, is a feature of many of the French frocks in airy midsummer textiles, and for a round, young throat, nothing could be prettier, but alas, for those which are long and thin! Parisiennes even wear the stockless bodice shopping, it seems, but here the few seen about hotel corridors, en voiture, and on summer-garden roofs, are generally accompanied by the partially shrouding boa or scarf, which only slips away long enough to tantalize masculine eyes. We must be modest in town, but for country use, where gloves are not thought of and bare heads go everywhere, the low-throated bodice is perfectly admirable.

MARY DEAN.

NOT THE USUAL DESTINATION.

[London Globe:] An amusing story is told which bears upon a case of mistaken identity. A man went up to an acquaintance and began to talk to him. In the course of conversation he said: "I heard your father made such an excellent speech in the House of Lords." "I am so glad," was the reply; "we lost him about ten years ago, and I am highly gratified to hear that he has gone to so respectable a place."

June 30, 1901;

but continues any longer to wear, for example, a hyacinth blue foulard, figured over with huge scarlet poppies, and on top of all this riot of color she will perch a hat of poppy red straw, trimmed with hyacinth blue foulard that is powdered with poppy-red dots. When she raises and opens her parasol it unfolds as a cloud of tulip fire and her jeweled ornaments are usually ruddy rubies, garnets or other bright sanguine stones.

Where these startling frocks do display themselves to the greatest and most appropriate advantage is on the croquet lawn and on the seat of the private automobiles. Nothing short of a décolleté ball dress is considered too elaborate for the croquet lawn and red is the proper color in which to honor this revived and lady-like sport. It is in the cool of the day when a game is under full swing that a fashion chronicler gets her best chance to observe the mode, and so far as the croquet lawn makes revelations the excessively long skirt, spreading out prodigiously at the feet, is the shape to be followed for sometime to come.

As the exquisitely clad women step about after their balls it is essential to lift the front of the skirt sufficiently to permit safe locomotion. There is a great art in doing this, for many of the skirts are of satiny surfaced foulard, sun-pleated, ten yards wide at the foot and then supplied with a thick, gauze ribbon ruche at the tip edge of the trailing garment. The sun-pleating is so accomplished that the skirt clings close as far down as the knees and then flares like a double petticoat below. With such skirts the proper under petticoat is made narrowly to the knees of taffeta. Below this is gathered and accordian-pleated flounce of soft taffeta is set on and over this falls a flounce of white lingerie bustine that is entirely concealed by over-lapping frills of lace. It is very much the fashion to carelessly cut the rear of the dress skirt a suspicion shorter than the trailing, lacy under-petticoat, the glories of which peep forth with luxurious effectiveness. This point is particularly emphasized in lawn party gowns.

Just now there are two distinctive styles of summer automobile dress. One is frou frou, rosy red, and long skirted, and worn when the groom handles the lever. The other is red and simple and becoming, and worn when the owner of the trap drives herself. A smart mottled voile is sketched to indicate on what lines the later type of gown is nearly drawn. This pretty suit is set off with white mohair braid and very dark mahogany red velvet ribbons. The undersleeves and chemisette are of white wash lawn, while the hat is distinctively something new. Its straw is almost rust red in tone and its two big pom poms are made of countless loops of dark red chenille. These are chauffeur's cockades and are almost the last word in millinery.

Among the recently developed variations in fashions is the fancy for wearing lace hats to informal summer dinners. When the dining is large, very formal and at the house of a mere acquaintance, the hat is not de rigueur, but for less ceremonious feasts it is not only proper but approved for an airy fairy species of head gear to be assumed with the low-necked and short-sleeved evening gown. The hat is any size or shape one may please to wear, and is all of lace. Flowers, feathers and ribbons are not permitted, but jeweled ornaments are liberally employed, and the most elegant of these trifles are founded of heavy lace of one tint and trimmed with a light net lace of another tint.

Numbers of women who are swift, handy and tasteful with their needles, make their own dinner hats by buying a few white wire frames and utilizing on them the lace and jewel odds and ends from their boxes or drawers of hoarded treasures. The hat must not be so large or heavy as to interfere with the display of a particularly nice or elaborate coiffure. We seemed to have reached a new stage in ornaments for the back hair. The pins we so long have used are disappearing, and in their places we have a long comb of shell supplied with very short, widely set teeth. This comb is so long that it almost clasps the rear of the head from ear to ear, its top is studded solidly with fresh water pearls, or turquoise and when set in place the teeth sink quite out of sight, the wild hairs that will stray out at the back of the neck are held neatly in place and the head appears to be clasped by a curved band of solid jewels.

BABY'S "PEN."

A NEW DEVICE DESIGNED TO AFFORD RELIEF TO BUSY MOTHERS.

By a Special Contributor.

The busy mother who adds to her cares the charge of an active little toddler or mischievous runabout will find the greatest assistance to her necessary vigilance in the construction of a "pen."

There used to be an old saying that a boy should be kept in a hoghead and fed through the bunghole, between the ages of 8 and 15—which was a trifle severe; but the little explorer of either sex, who has just begun to enjoy the freedom of toddling legs, and who cannot be provided with a constant companion in a nurse or some older child, cannot be made happier or safer than in a pen, particularly if this play spot is made as attractive as it easily may be around and about Los Angeles.

There is no country in the world where civilized children are able to spend more time in the open air than here in Southern California. The wise mother appreciates this fact, and her children live out of doors. A mother, if she is also housekeeper and seamstress, or even if she is obliged to devote some portion of her day to social duties, cannot spend the major part of her time in the dooryard, nor can this be expected of the one servant so frequently employed. Neither is it safe for baby to wander about alone. Consequently the eager, restless little one is often housed, when birds, flowers and sunshine are all calling him; and he becomes irritable and "such a bother." In a pen he will play safely and happily for hours.

In a Los Angeles dooryard a most attractive inclosure of this kind for a child is constructed in the vicinity of a high cypress hedge, which does not exclude the sun,

but softens its too great brilliancy. It is fifteen feet square, one side being fenced by the house and three sides by chicken wire about three feet high, fastened to heavy posts driven solidly into the ground at the corners.

If such an inclosure can conveniently be built around a tree, it will be rendered more attractive; and the shade is desirable, if not too dense.

Putting a child alone in a barren inclosure would savor somewhat of the old hoghead method; but the modern pen is a fairy garden, a perfect treasure trove of pleasures. First is the light hammock, hanging low enough for the baby to climb in alone. The difficulty which attends this fact is just sufficient to keep the child entertained with the effort and delighted when he has accomplished it; and if he rolls out there is no harm done. Such a desirable place, too, to swing dolly to sleep in; and when one's family includes all the animals contained in Noah's ark, just consider how much time is consumed in rocking all, from the elephant to the guinea pig, "by by."

In one corner is a generous heap of sand, fresh from the seashore, shovel and pails for digging, and great iron spoons, which every baby knows beats any other "digger" ever made. Near by is an old dripping pan sunk in the ground, into which fresh water is poured daily. This makes an enchanting lake (water an inch and a half deep) upon which to float leaf and chip boats. The joys of this sheet of water cannot be exhausted in an hour, and then there is a tin cup which will drain the reservoir to its bottom, and the water is just the thing for mud pies or to fill a newly-dug well.

In another corner stands old Racer, the worn-out hobby horse, although he gets little attention when at his feet is a real train of wooden cars, and nice hard

casually some ultra-fashionable girl made so bold as to appear in a silk dress.

During the régime of Miss Terry as lady principal, dressing at Vassar made rapid strides and the students began to array themselves more like the outside world. But even then on occasions such as Philanthropic and Founder's Day, or during commencement week, each girl was ordered to appear before Miss Terry and enter into detail as to what she intended to wear. Not only were low neck and short sleeves tabooed, but not even a low-necked or short-sleeved underwaist with muslin over-dress was permitted.

Perhaps the most noticeably "dressy" dressing now is observed at Smith College, though it is hard to discriminate too closely, for at Vassar, Wellesley, the Woman's College of Baltimore, Bryn Mawr and the other prominent feminine seats of learning, full evening dress is noticed at large functions.

At Smith the cap and gown have not been adopted, and scarcely any headgear at all is worn by the students on the campus, except in very severe weather. A favorite out-door garment at Smith is the easily-adjusted golf cap, with its picturesque hood. The cap and gown are not worn at Vassar; but at the Woman's College of Baltimore the cap and gown are in high favor and are worn by freshman, sophomore, junior and senior. The freshman starts out on her college career in a spick and span cap and gown, the former of black cloth, the latter of black alpaca, which she clings to during the whole four-years' course, and not for worlds would the senior part with her battered cap and rusty gown. In all the years to come will they be treasured almost as dearly as the diploma which certifies that she is a "Bachelor of Arts." These scholastic regiments are worn all the time as the girls pass from lecture to class-room, from residence hall to chapel, or anywhere within the college environment, but it is not allowable to wear them in going down through the city, nor are they worn in the residence halls.

No college makes so strong a point of the cap and gown as Bryn Mawr. There all four classes wear them, the gown of black serge being put on in the morning only to be laid aside at dinner. The gown is modeled after the English Oxford scholar's gown, having an open front and a short open sleeve. The bachelor's gown has long, pointed sleeves and a hood trimmed with fur. The master's gown has a hood trimmed with white velvet, which is twelve inches longer than the bachelor's hood. The doctor's gown is the only one that may be made of silk; it has bands of velvet down the front and a round, open sleeve with three bars of velvet. All hoods of doctors of philosophy are edged with blue. The fellows of Bryn Mawr College wear black or's gowns and yellow and white hoods, these being the college colors. These various gowns are worn on all State occasions.

The seniors alone at Wellesley sport the cherished cap and gown, this custom having been introduced of late years.

At Mount Holyoke, too, the flowing black robe and suggestive mortarboard adorn the senior only. She prizes them immensely, and her younger colleagues regard them with mingled longing and respect.

At Barnard College these academicals are adored, and the seniors wear them even on class-day. At Radcliffe they are not customary. Much diversity of opinion exists concerning them in all educational circles.

At all the centers for the higher education the various forms of exercise and athletic sports call for the regulation costume. For regular gymnasium work the students wear the bloomers and blouse, nearly always of plain dark blue, in all the colleges.

Four years of college residence often educate the girl up to high standards in dressing as thoroughly as in scholastic affairs. Especially is this true if she comes from some quiet town or village. Her provincial ideas are revolutionized by contact with recognized good form in her up-to-date colleagues, and the graduate departs from her alma mater with a very different "cut to her jib" from that innocently supposed to be altogether correct on entrance.

In reality, however, fine clothes count for very little at the women's colleges. Brains are the important desideratum, and the all-round clever girl is the most popular with the college world. Not the rich girl nor the "dig," but she who can turn her hand to everything—is quick in the class-room, ready at athletics, dramatics, social doings and the possessor of a winning personality—is the one to make her mark in college life.

SPENCER OGDEN.

FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO CLIMB THAT TRAIL.

[Washington Star:] Miss Mary Aughinbaugh of this city, now in South Africa, recently wrote to a friend in Washington, giving an account of a trip made afoot across the Andes Mountains from Caracas to La Guayra. Miss Aughinbaugh is said to be the first white woman to make the journey over that trail. She says:

"In the eastern cordillera of the Andes, nestled in the heart of the beautiful Chacao Valley, over 3000 feet above the level of the sea, lies picturesque Caracas. The capital of Venezuela is often called the Paris of South America, for nature has been lavish with her gifts.

"La Guayra is the seaport of Caracas and has the reputation of being one of the three hottest places on earth. As the crow flies, La Guayra is about eight miles from Caracas, yet the steep mountain trails necessitate our walking over thirty miles to accomplish the trip, and, from what the natives say, no white woman ever made the journey before."



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MEMORY.

COMPLEXITY OF MODERN LIFE AND ABUNDANCE OF BOOKS ARE CAUSING THE DECAY.

[Chicago Evening Post:] Not many years ago a slate was part of the apparatus of the schoolboy. When the little chap sidled along the street leading to the temple of learning—

"With his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwilling to school."

the satchel held perhaps two books and a slate; to the latter was attached a string from which dangled on one end a slate pencil and on the other a sponge. The day came when the nerve-worn American schoolma'am demanded a woollen cover for the frame of the slate, and mother's bag of patches was drawn upon and her busy hands cut and sewed the refractory strip in place.

Later this task was taken from her by the factory; but she did not foresee the end. Modern invention was to take away more than the slight task of covering the slate. It went on rapidly to cheapen the making of paper and pencils until the slate itself was banished from the schoolroom. Even then the shrewdest prophet could not have foretold the very serious loss which this was to bring upon the nation—the loss of a well-disciplined memory.

For with the neat, convenient little tablet and pencil always at hand, and with an ever-increasing mass of detail pressing for mental assimilation, it soon became the habit of the schoolboy to lay the charge of remembering upon the serviceable pages. He no longer bothered himself to remember things, but jotted them down to refer to when needed. This was sure and easy. Will humanity ever become wise enough to look with suspicion on anything that is temptingly easy? Not until we learn by sad experience that disuse of a faculty means the approach of atrophy. The first generation of writers of memoranda had at last lost the faculty of remembering anything with precision. A list of three or four items must be committed to writing; we shrink from the effort of memorizing it.

Here the uneducated peasant of Europe has the advantage. The aboriginal redskin could hear faintly and see farther than his white successor. We are dropping behind European or Asiatic ignorance in the faculty of memory. An Irish servant some years ago surprised her mistress often by remembering with unfailing accuracy the five, ten or even twenty items of an order at the grocer's. She was tested again and again, with lists which required choice of judgment, directions as to what to select and what to reject. She declined to wait for a written list, but never made a mistake. After several weeks the secret of her unusual memory was revealed, much to the poor girl's discomfort; she could not read!

What youth of today can listen attentively to his mother and store up temporarily in his memory twenty items? Where is the man, woman or child who would start out to hunt up a strange house with only a mental memorandum of its number? Few are the teachers or parents who have recognized the evil and are attempting to meet it. These few are convinced that forgetfulness and laziness are own brothers, twins that should be forbidden entrance to good society.

As an auxiliary agent to the pencil and tablet in the injury of the power of memory the daily newspaper stands first. We take it up and read and forget; we have no distinct object of attending closely to the page for the purpose of storing the memory with its manifold details. The indolent diversion of the hour is our sole object, unless we are on the lookout for some special

item or class of news which perhaps is necessary for our business.

It may be remarked in passing that the multitude of small things nearby has destroyed our sight for large things in the distant perspective. We thus lose not only memory, but the sense of proportion in things spiritual. The material presses upon us on every side, insistent for notice, of almost infinite variety and detail, and as a result often we get our truths strangely mixed. Financial reports, stock quotations, bank deposits, seem to us the all-important things, the real, practical facts, as we say, of the business world; whereas the only unchanging verity and beauty in it all is the great fact of credit, of human character and integrity, the confidence which man places in man, and without which our whole financial system would crush together like an empty eggshell.

There is no doubt that the great complexity of modern life has much to do with the decay of the memorizing power. One need only compare the book trade of the day with that of fifty years ago to realize the injury we are doing ourselves by attempting too many little things. We must revert to the world-old metaphors of the leaves of the forest or the sands of the sea to find an adequate expression for the output of printed matter, which is justifying day by day the remark of the preacher. It is a small crumb of comfort to reflect that, although there may be no end to the making of many books, the limit of profitable manufacture may some day be reached and recognized.

Fewer books in earlier days meant a deeper deposit in the mind from each one. Not all of those earlier books were better than many we can boast in each decade now; yet proportionally fewer ventures rushed in where angels feared to tread; it was a serious matter and worthy of long and earnest consideration whether one should baptize the child of his invention with printer's ink. Therefore, our forefathers read slowly and reread, storing the mind with the thoughts and enriching the fancy with the graceful language of the author. It is related that Thomas Gray kept his famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" in manuscript for twenty years, making now and then a little change, before it reached the printer's hands.

Right here is a hint for the recovery of our lost faculty. Let each one of us deliberately resolve to learn "by heart" every day, or at least every week, a few lines from one of the great masters of literature. There was a time in the early days of the Sunday-school when it was considered an obligation resting on every member to commit to memory a group of verses in the week's lesson. As the English of the King James version and of Shakespeare is the corner-stone of all of modern English literature, the reader who has grown up without an intimate acquaintance with these great founders often might miss the point of an allusion or illustration that is packed with meaning to the initiated.

Let such a reader, with no other object than a cultivation of the power of memory, take up his Bible now and then and commit a few verses, and he will have gained an inestimable benefit beyond the increase of a useful faculty. Let him take some of the grand psalms, the nineteenth, twenty-third, forty-fourth, ninetieth or one hundred and twenty-first, for example; or in the New Testament, the Sermon on the Mount, or one of Paul's outbursts of eloquence, as in I Corinthians, xiii; nowhere can be found such materials for growth.

Memorizing of favorite passages from Shakespeare is of similar advantage, an advantage which must be tried to be appreciated. Not that there is not an abundance of riches in later masterpieces, but these are fundamental. There is true cause for rejoicing in the return of the old custom of committing to memory of

passages from the classics all along the graded lines of the schools. This step will help to restore our accomplishment, the art whose loss has been so sorely threatened.

GEM-SET LACE IS NEW.

[Unidentified:] Gem-set lace is the latest in fashion, one which has certain points to recommend it, though there are those who hold that any attempt at ornamenting lace is a case of gilding the lily, and that the purest art when left alone. However that may be, the hands of a competent artist the fairy-like lace certainly shows up and is enhanced by delicate insertions here and there of delicate stones, such as sapphires in their various shades, amethysts, topazes, emeralds and garnets. For, like on a painted-gauze evening gown jeweled lace looks well, and it sounds attractive as a collar, a lace round the throat inset with precious stones is also adaptable for diadems and ornaments for hair. Both lace and stones are real and of course quite distinct from what we have been accustomed to call "jeweled lace".



'Tis said that to insure a beautiful white complexion you should "Wash in dew while the moon is new and shining through a cloud." Possibly so, but if you want a remedy for discoloration the sure, time tried, and based upon scientific principles, there is none to equal

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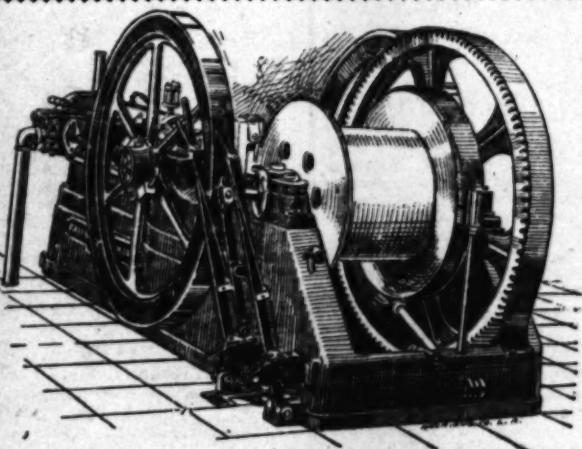
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A HOME RESORT.

A SUGGESTION FOR WOMEN WHO CANNOT GO TO SEASIDE OR MOUNTAIN.

By a Special Contributor.

In spite of its close proximity to seaside and mountain resort, or perhaps because of it, a good many people will spend the entire summer in Los Angeles with only a day now and then at some of the beaches.

Such people are deserving of less sympathy than those who are obliged to remain in almost any city of the United States, for where can one find the general climatic conditions more delightful than in Los Angeles—at least in its suburbs?

Those who live away from its crowded streets, possess wide vine-hung verandas, a pleasantly-situated and shady back yard and the leisure to enjoy them need no compensation if forced to spend their summer here. In fact many prefer to do so and their comfortably furnished verandas fitted up with well-cushioned lounges, easy chairs, rugs, hammocks, tables for books, work and often the chafing dish show how much outdoor living is appreciated, and then one need only step inside to be confronted with all the comforts of home which are never found at the summer resort.

There are, however, some few who must remain at home during the summer, who have not extensive grounds nor shaded yards, whose tiny grass plot with its narrow flower border is the only green thing about the uncomfortably warm cottage perhaps budded in among others of its kind. The burning southern sun beats upon it and the tempering sea breeze scarce reaches it till nightfall. The back yard is an unwelcoming spot, given over to clothes drying and a chicken yard and it is, moreover, the only place where the children may play.

The overworked mother, tired of the stuffy house, longs to be out in the fresh air and in desperation carries out her rocking chair to the shady corner of the narrow little porch, where she sits only half comfortable, dreaming of the dancing waves and a stretch of sandy shore.

To such shut-in houses the home-made cosy corner is recommended and its restful comfort, all summer through, will repay for the few hours' time and trifling expenditure necessary for its arrangement.

It is adapted to any porch and may be made to present really elegant appearance if the lumber room or attic affords extra material.

In its simplicity one was recently made by an ingenious woman, who constructed the framework from two wooden coal-cil boxes, placing on top of them a discarded door. Four gunny sacks were ripped and sewed together forming a mattress case two and a half feet wide and six feet long (the length of the door.) This case was generously stuffed with hay, making a fragrant and most inviting couch. Over this a faded and worn portiere was thrown, being less expensive than the new denim which would have been prettier. Two more gunny sacks stuffed, not too full, with hay, formed back pillows and were covered with a pretty brown and red calico, which corresponded with the colors of the portiere and cost 3 cents a yard.

As there were no extra pillows in this very humble little home for the lounge, the bed pillows, six in number, which were in use every night, were slipped and buttoned daily into cases of bright, easily-washed calico and piled about in luxurious disorder at back and end. A more inviting corner and lounging place it would be difficult to find on the veranda of a handsome residence.

A little table discovered in the attic and provided with a new leg was pressed into service and covered with a small denim table cover. Here books and papers lay ready to hand and a bit of rag carpet on the floor added a touch of real living 'outside'. When a pitcher of lemonade and glasses were placed on the table and a rocker dragged out from the sitting-room the cozy corner had an air not only of hospitality but actual festivity.

Practical, durable and particularly appropriate porch cushions can be cheaply made from plaited matting used for the protection of rolls of carpet in shipping. This can be obtained at any furniture store for the asking or trifling sum. When cut to a proper size, stuffed, not too lavishly, with excelsior and finished with a cord made of hempen rope, two or three of these stout and comfortable porch accessories piled together form an inviting seat or restful back support in any cozy corner. The tired mother during the hot summer days will find many a quarter of an hour to throw herself down comfortably in some such attractive spot and enjoying the balmy air, fragrance of flowers and song of birds will almost forget that she is confined within the close bounds of a busy city, borne down with the weight of less household cares.

ISABEL BATES WINSLOW.

—Half Rates at—

Bekins Van & Storage

244 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Shippers of Household Goods to and from all points at nearly Half Rates,

In their own private cars, receiving better care and only half the handling. Tell your friends about it and save them money, much care and worry. For further particulars write or see nearest Main Office, 38 Market Street, Chicago; 725 Mission Street, San Francisco, or above address. Agencies in all important cities of the United States.



Live Stock Shipping a Specialty.

Our local business is Packing, Moving and Storing everything in the Household, Pictures, China, Bric-a-brac, Furniture, Planos, etc., in city or country, in rain or shine. Our new brick warehouse is the best on the Coast. The second floor has 100 separately locked iron rooms, exclusively for Household Goods. The only firm whose operations are sufficiently large to allow of shipping at REDUCED RATES.

Bekins Van & Storage,
Telephone Main 19 - - 244 S. Broadway.

Moore Floor Co.

Hardwood Floors, Parquet Floors, Wood Carpet, Fancy Borders, Floor Wax, Brushes, Venetian Blinds, Metallic Ceilings, etc.

TEL JOHN 321.

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Manufacturers of Artistic Grilles, Quaint Furniture, Fine Cabinet Work.

PHONE JOHN 321. 618 SOUTH BROADWAY.

Jones' Book Store

226 and 228 West First St.

Imperial Atlas, containing last census, 1900. Large quarto, beautifully bound, \$1.50. Latest novels rented 10c a week. Libraries purchased. "Meet me at Jones'."

.. Fancy Grilles..

Add much to the home—many new designs at low prices. Hardwood floors cheaper and far better than carpets. Manufacturer of Wood Novelties, Parquet floors.

JOHN A. SMITH. 416 South Broadway.

Tel. Main 227.

WELTMER method of healing represented in Los Angeles by PROF. GEO. A. WEBB 314 West Fourth Street.



GEO. C. PITZER, M.D.

Late of St. Louis, where he has practiced his profession for the past twenty-eight years, is now located in Los Angeles. Dr. Pitzer successfully treats people suffering from all kinds of acute, chronic, nervous and organic diseases, by SUGGESTION alone, and without medicines.

It is the knowledge of the law of suggestion that enables us to control and cure disease. By suggestions properly made, we lift people from conditions of despair and distress, exhaustion and disease and start them to living new lives. People who are actually sick, or who suffer from habits or vices of any kind, no matter what their ailments may be, or how long they may have existed, if a cure be possible, can be certainly and radically cured by suggestion—by suggestion alone; no drugs of any kind employed. Suggestion, as acknowledged, taught and practiced by masters in this science, is a peculiar method of cure, unlike any other. That it is a success is no longer a question. It is an absolute victory, and takes rank as a leading method of care among the highest scientific authorities in America and Europe.

Absent Treatment a Specialty and a Great Success.

Consultation Free; and free personal interviews or correspondence with all people interested in mental methods of cure earnestly solicited.

Send for our 16-page Booklet, No. 2. This contains a partial list of diseases and habits we successfully treat, and clearly explains how we cure people by suggestion, in our office and at a distance, with terms of treatment. All sick people should read this booklet. SENT FREE TO EVERYBODY.

We also teach this science of healing to others, and hundreds of good men and women have been sent out from our school of Suggestive Therapeutics, and are now doing successful work at this practice. Send for our School Announcement for terms. Sent free. For Booklets or School Announcements, address

GEO. C. PITZER, M. D.

935 West Washington Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

CURSE OF DRINK

Drunkenness Cured by
White Ribbon Remedy.

Can be Given in a Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee
Without Patient's Knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed intemate, "tippler," social drinker or drunkard. Impulsive for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after taking White Ribbon Remedy. Sold by druggists, in bottles, 1000, 2000, 3000, 4000, 5000, 6000, 7000, 8000, 9000, 10000, 11000, 12000, 13000, 14000, 15000, 16000, 17000, 18000, 19000, 20000, 21000, 22000, 23000, 24000, 25000, 26000, 27000, 28000, 29000, 30000, 31000, 32000, 33000, 34000, 35000, 36000, 37000, 38000, 39000, 40000, 41000, 42000, 43000, 44000, 45000, 46000, 47000, 48000, 49000, 50000, 51000, 52000, 53000, 54000, 55000, 56000, 57000, 58000, 59000, 60000, 61000, 62000, 63000, 64000, 65000, 66000, 67000, 68000, 69000, 70000, 71000, 72000, 73000, 74000, 75000, 76000, 77000, 78000, 79000, 80000, 81000, 82000, 83000, 84000, 85000, 86000, 87000, 88000, 89000, 90000, 91000, 92000, 93000, 94000, 95000, 96000, 97000, 98000, 99000, 100000, 101000, 102000, 103000, 104000, 105000, 106000, 107000, 108000, 109000, 110000, 111000, 112000, 113000, 114000, 115000, 116000, 117000, 118000, 119000, 120000, 121000, 122000, 123000, 124000, 125000, 126000, 127000, 128000, 129000, 130000, 131000, 132000, 133000, 134000, 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Bishop's Cupid Chips

Warm them just before eating and you have the finest cracker we know—Bishop's Cupid Chips to serve with tea, coffee, milk, lemonade or fruit—all good grocers sell them.

BISHOP & COMPANY.

Crackers.

Candies.

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Preserves.

NEWMARK BROS., Los Angeles.



Be patriotic. Drink the greatest American coffee on the greatest American day—

Newmark's Hawaiian Blend

For Fourth of July morning, and evening after. Rich, Aromatic, delicious. One pound packages 35c. imported, roasted and packed by



There is Stamina

In every loaf of bread made from

CAPITOL FLOUR

In chewing the wheat and in grinding it the bone and muscle qualities are carefully looked after and preserved. Capitol Flour is always best. Every loaf guaranteed.

CAPITOL MILLING COMPANY, Los Angeles.



Rubidoux Chocolates

There are no chocolates made in any part of the world that can compare with Bishop's Rubidoux Chocolates. The fruit flavors of California fruits give them a delicacy unequaled in other chocolates. As a gift Rubidoux Chocolates are always proper and acceptable. All dealers

BISHOP & COMPANY.

Candy.

Crackers.

Jellies.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

AT THE THEATERS.

BURBANK—The Amazons. ORPHEUM—Vanderbilt.

THE TIMES AT THE BEACHES.

Patrons of The Times desiring the paper delivered to them at any of the beaches may leave the necessary order at The Times office, or any of the following-named agents:

A. E. Jackson, Santa Monica, 238 Third street.

Mrs. Thacker, Ocean Park, corner Hill and Second streets.

F. J. Schlesinger, Long Beach, Bank Building.

F. W. Clark, Catalina.

R. R. Commander, foot of wharf, Redondo.

Mrs. D. Sampson, postoffice, Terminal Island.

Arrangements have been made for special summer delivery of The Times at all resorts, and patrons will confer a favor by reporting any irregular or unsatisfactory service.

THE TIME-MIRROR COMPANY.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Mattingly's Ambition.

Charles H. Mattingly was admitted to practice before the United States Circuit Court yesterday on motion of W. F. Fitzgerald.

Union League will give a stag party at the rooms, No. 2304 South Spring street, Saturday evening. There will be a supper and other "exercises." Slowly Recovering.

Patrofman Orlando Rohr, who has been at the California Hospital for several weeks dangerously ill of appendicitis, is so far recovered that he left the hospital.

Guita Boede. A suit was filed in the United States Circuit Court by R. Percy Wright, a British subject, for payment on bonds issued by the East Riverside Irrigation District. The suit is for the sum of \$600, with interest and costs.

Los Angeles Camera Club. At the Friday evening meeting of the Los Angeles Camera Club, Dr. L. H. Johnson gave a graphic description of a recent trip to the high Sierras, showing about 150 slides. The rooms were well filled, and clever musical renderings filled the intervals of the trip, both being well applauded.

What We Read. The Club had a merry meeting at the banquet board Friday evening. The subject for discussion was, "What We Read and Why." Past president C. P. Giltner, J. J. Blasius and Frank P. Flint, while the discussion was taken up by Horace Earle, C. C. Parker, Henry O'Malley and others.

Picked Hand. George Stetson, No. 335 North Bunker Hill avenue, was treated at the Receiving Hospital yesterday forenoon for a cut in the back of his right hand.

While at work in Merriam's clothing store, he fell and accidentally struck him with an ice pick, inflicting a cut nearly two inches long.

Switchback Injuries. Frank Baker, a switchman employed in the Southern Pacific yards, and residing on 32d Street, has been taken into custody and will be examined to determine his sanity. He has been ill for some time and, although unable to work, the illness is supposed to have affected his reason.

Awkins Burned. A man, identified as the co-counsel for the defense in the trial of the city's co-counsel, was severely burned in a motor car accident on the 12th of June. The man is now in the hospital.

Allen, chairman of the committee, favored a vote as the 1890's might be transposed and would not oppose the object for which the bill is being introduced.

Franklin Powers, a member of the city council, has been a member of the city council for nearly a month and is a naturalization committee, for instance, favored a vote as the 1890's might be transposed and would not oppose the object for which the bill is being introduced.

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Greatest Importance.

of detail and preliminary work a woman's taste is noticeable. Our styles are

Superior to All Other Styles.

Every garment contains ample cloth, is not too hastily put and is free from imperfections. We are inclined to describe all our styles, but you must be contented with a short

Summary of the Latest Modes.

Velvet and lace are favorite materials for summer underwear. Many of the finest mull and fit tightly around the hips and flare

flounces are made one upon the other, so that the effect is daintiness. Some are embroidered by hand in marguerite designs and are profusely trimmed with beading through which is drawn

ribbons. The newest corset covers are considerably shorter in the back and front and have a novel finish of Van Dyke or round scallops. They are worn outside of the underskirts and the short back prevents round the hips. Low, square neck corset covers are much in favor.

Some are cut low around the neck and some are made like a chemise to the head and do not require buttons or other fastenings. Designs are various and beautiful to describe.

Those which combine the daintiness of a corset cover and the fluffiness of a lace skirt are much favored for wear with shirt waist suits.

Bridal Outfits.

Underwear designed as bridal sets but in no way restricted to brides. Most women delight in matched sets. We have sets consisting of gown, chemise, corset cover and drawers, all made after French patterns and of the finest materials.

50, \$22.50 and \$39.50.

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The Drama & Plays and Players. & Music and Musicians. & Musical Intelligence.

Kaiser Cross

AT THE THEATERS.

The Orpheum.

ZERA KENDALL will head the list of attractions at the Orpheum this week, beginning tomorrow night. Miss Kendall is well known in Los Angeles and elsewhere as a very clever entertainer. Her success, since she entered vaudeville, has been remarkable. Her quaint personality never fails to amuse an audience, and she has little use for the accessories of makeup. The claims of Miss Kendall and the vaudeville managers are to be believed, he draws a larger salary than that given to any other single-handed entertainer in the vaudeville field. At all events, he is a strong attraction from the box-office point of view.

The East Indian pygmies are to have a prominent place in the bill. They are Faima and Smaun, and it is claimed that they are the smallest persons ever to have been born. It is to be only a few inches tall, but well developed and perfectly formed. It is announced that they will perform a number of athletic feats in a novel fashion.

A farce, which is said to be clever, entitled "The Judge," will be presented by Miss Williams and her dramatic company. Williams is an old-time character actor, but this is his first venture into the realms of vaudeville. He was received with much favor.

Cole and De Lassus equilibrists from the old world, will make their first appearance in Los Angeles at the Orpheum tomorrow night. Cole and Maddern are a new sketch, the Doherty sisters, dancing and singing girls, and the biograph are also on the bill.

Burbank Theater.

The bill at the Burbank this week will be Arthur W. Piner's rollicking farce-comedy, "The Amazon." This is one of the plays in which James N. Neill and his company gained approval during their tour of the country. It is a most acceptable form of entertainment for this warm period of the year. Mr. Piner never fails to move up a plain old "Amazon." His plots and situations come near turning topsy-turvy the customary traditions of dramatic composition. Here, in the plot of "The Amazon," are four charming young damsels forced to masquerade in masculine attire because their mother, Lady Castlejordan, has so kindly disposed of them in the fact that the children were born girls instead of boys that she insists on teaching them the usual sports, pastimes and habits generally indulged in by the sons of the nation. For eleven years previous to his selection as the head of the order he was vice-president and acting executive officer. So it may be said the last fifteen years of his life were given to the philanthropic organization.

His wife, Lady Castlejordan, is a member of a British theatrical company.

But while Lady Castlejordan is on a visit to London, three swains come wading to Overpeck Park and make love to the damsels. One of them is a Frenchman named De Grival, who in order to overcome the objections Lady Castlejordan has for the Frenchman, assumes a name and pseudonym of being a Britisher. What becomes of being a Frenchman, De Grival has this explanation, "French by birth, yes, but so long educated in England. I am English now." The swains, to play your games, follow your sports, and dammit all in the smoking room. Don't-ether-know." One of the other lovers is the effeminate Earl of Twoways, who has won a quiet triumph over those of any other families in the long lists of triumphs they achieved, according to the present Earl's boasts, from the first to the last, the drinking of ale and gaining laurels, come of fame on the field of battle. Then there is an easy-going young Englishman named Lord Litterly, who also comes to win one of the Castlejordan's daughters. The play will be given all the week, with a matinee on Saturday afternoon, with the exception of Thursday evening, when a grand special patriotic matinee of "Barbara Frietchie" will be given.

Los Angeles Theater.

LOS ANGELES THEATER. The next engagement at the Los Angeles Theater will open on Wednesday evening, July 3, and will continue during the remainder of the week, with a special Thursday matinee on July 4, and the regular Saturday matinee July 6. The "Fairy Bazaar" Extravaganza, "Cinderella," the overture, and the "Little Glass Slipper," is the play, and it is promised that it will be given with such enthusiasm as to be a sensational success. Mr. Aldrich retired about eight years ago.

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Sullivan's Last Opera.

The "Emerald Isle," the last opera composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and the man in the middle of whom his death will have the fall. Manager S. S. Shubert of the Herald Square Theater, New York, has agreed to have it heard in the role of the man in the middle of the production of an unsuccessful melodrama, "The Kaffir Diamond," but "The Editor," the next and the last play in the series, will be given back through it was not a sensational success. Mr. Aldrich retired about eight years ago.

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Salaries of Vandevillians.

The following is from the Chicago Record-Herald: The leading "headliners" in principal stars, and are paid in some instances prices which but few of the dramatic stars are able to realize. Speaking on this point yesterday, a manager who is presumed to be the farce king of the country, said: "Take this season of Jessie Bartlett Davis, just ended, as an example. Mrs. Davis has played thirty-seven weeks, so that her gross earnings have been just \$37,000, while her traveling expenses have been no greater than they would have been had she remained with the Bostonians. During the single year she was a vaudeville performer Camille d'Arville," was paid about \$31,500. "The Girl With the Auburn Hair," the dancer who has been here the week, will come back to her home in Chicago with gross earnings for the year of \$37,500. This, added to the \$31,500 she received in the preceding last year, makes her gross income for two years, \$69,750, certainly more than any except world-famous singers could make in the same length of time. Davis, for the surest comedy star to come any comic opera company and command a great salary, is coming to Chicago next week for \$1000. Sam Bernier, the manager of the theater, said single night recently in place of an act that had been booked at a local vaudeville house, but which failed to arrive in time for the Sunday night's

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The Chutes.

Last evening closed one of the best weeks had since the opening of the Chutes. The attendance was unusually large, and yesterday night's bill and prologue concert was a decided success. Last evening the cake walk, the coronation of Southern California, and the preparation of this of the management every Saturday night for the entertainment of the public.

Commencing this evening a new programme will be rendered, including vaudeville attractions, races for prizes, cake walks, and the entertainments furnished by the various concessions.

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Salaries close on to \$1000 a week.

Japanese Players.

Mme. Yacco and a "select company of leading Japanese actors" are starting the new den of serenity, something the world over interesting for young and old alike. Mr. Griffiths, the one-legged cyclist, has a new turn in connection with his coasting the chutes on a bicycle.

The chutes themselves are quite entertaining, and the crowd which attends the show is as large as those who made the ride. The Cabaret de la Mort, a new illusion, is now in working order, and is crowded daily by those who desire to see something both dramatic as well as mechanical. Besides the regular vaudeville bill, there will be special programs rendered both afternoon and evening by the Chutes Orchestra. There will be pony races, burro races, potato races, sack races and many other novelties.

Next Thursday afternoon and evening Manager Ellet will endeavor to render a patriotic programme. The evening will close with brilliant displays of fireworks, including the bombardment of the chutes and the battle of Manila on the lake, in conjunction with the torchlight procession. What will be will be amply compensated by the playing of the electric fountain, and the illumination of the entire grounds.

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"The Count's Dilemma."

The above is the title of a one-act act written by Dan J. Cooper of that will be produced at one of the local theaters in the near future. From a casual inspection of the manuscript the author of this droll little sketch seems to be expressing the opinion that the skit is not without merit. It is based upon a novel idea and has a rather striking originality. What improvements in dialogue and action as would suggest themselves to lay a dozen of fresh caftans with their trusty right hands find able successors in the heroes of these Japanese plays.

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QUIPS AND CUES.

William Haskins will play Capt. Hodge in "Arizona's" next season. Eddie Hale, the juvenile, will be engaged to play Glory Quince in "The Christian" next season.

A rumor comes from Boston that a new theater, to be called the Van Rensselaer, is to be erected in that city.

Ada Rehan will return to America in August. She is spending the summer at her cottage on the Irish coast.

Klaw & Erlanger have engaged Frank Weston to play Arrius, and Ellen Mortimer, Esther in "Ben Hur" next season.

John P. Kennedy, the acrobatic and singer, has been engaged by Klaw & Erlanger for one of their attractions.

"Two Little Vagrants," which opens in Boston in August, will open after playing the eastern cities, make the tour of the South.

Eliza Barrymore is still playing "Captain Jack of the Horse Marines" at the Winter Garden.

Thomas Brown, the whistler, has been engaged by Frank McKey to play a new comic role in "The Queen of the Castle" next season.

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Richard Harris, who will manage Andrew Mac in his tour in "Tom Moon," next season, has engaged George F. Nash, Theodore Babcock, Myron Connelly, Eddie Heron, Frank Mayne, R. J. Dillon, Gies Shae, H. H. Stiles, and Jackson, George, Louis, Margaret Fielding, Jane Payton and Susie Winkins as the principals of his supporting company.

Roger B. Smith and Victor Herbert are now collaborating on a comic opera, in which Frank L. Perley comes to stay a new prima donna the coming season. Mr. Smith has composed the supporting company, and until he does the name of his new soprano will not be made public. He advises that she will sing "Summer Is Here," "Song" (Chadwick), "Treble Clef Club: Waltz," "Finae Crisino" (Gounod), "Jewel Song," "Faust" (Gounod), "Maid Marian," "Song" (Chadwick), "Left Untold" (Cowan), "Mrs. Godman," "The Angelus" (Chamindine).

The selections by the Treble Clef were artistically rendered and much made to try his famous eight-note part. H. Barker, Mrs. Frank Brynn, Mr. Charles Fuller, and the Misses Charles, Lola Barker, Blanche Sprecher, Bennett and Messrs. and Mrs. Briggs and Hauser.

One of the most enjoyable events of the year was the concert given at the Woman's Club House on Friday evening, when the following were performed:

"Fair Song" (Schumann); "First Concerto" (Mendelssohn); and at the Concerts of the Chautauqua concert.

Miss Brown has several eastern leavers in her laurel wreath. She was for some time soloist in two of New York's prominent choral societies.

Miss Brown has made several successful appearances, the most notable being with the "Symphony" and "New York" choirs.

Miss Brown has been engaged to take part in the Chautauqua concert.

Miss Brown has done a great deal of work in conjunction with chorus and orchestra, and her most successful appearance has been as soloist with full orchestra.

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this act one of the chief musical events is obtained by a pater noster by a Christian, in pure contrast to the pagan religions before and after it. Nero, although greatly fearing to appear before the Romans, is taken by his litter and escorted to the arena. He is followed by the crowd, it is gathered that he remains to court and goes triumphantly to court. The second act takes place in the temple of Simon Magus, where Nero comes, and a child is born, representing the power that torment him. A strong wind is sent to impersonate the power of Nero, who by his words, but when he touches her and his real flesh and blood, he has of his gun of various passion, and death with the Prophets, wrecks the temple. The next act opens in the Christians, who are broken in upon Simon, who has vowed to have natural birth. In the struggle and is taken.

The first scene of the fourth act is the Circus Maximus, to which the first fire penetrates, and Simon is sent to try to save his life through air. The second is in utter darkness, being a subterranean chamber under the circus, where those killed in the arena are buried. Nero, born an Fennel and Asteria, now an Rubia, a vestal virgin, stays in the sun. The last and fifth act is in the arena. In the center of the arena, where the Emperor sits in a tank of Orestes, although Nero kills him, but he soon loses himself, losing his gun of various passion, and death with the Prophets, wrecks the temple. The next act opens in the Christians, who are broken in upon Simon, who has vowed to have natural birth. In the struggle and is taken.

Again, Souza has written a march, entitled "The Invincible Eagle," for the Exposition concerts.

At Buffalo.

Music at the Pan-American Exposition will be provided, in the course of summer, by no less than twenty different bands. Souza, the conductor and arranger, is not performing his famous symphony, but is at the Buffalo show, and there are others to work with him, which he is said to be.

The Temple of Music has been installed, and will remain, free for all visitors, given that they are not organized to be used for the fair closes.

Besides these, the Exposition Orchestra of fifty men, under John Lind, will offer more serious and important occasions.

Weak Stomach

upset every organ in your body. I am constipated, bilious, nervous and easily fatigued. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It strengthens the appetite and makes rich, pure blood. It cures all forms of stomach disease, such as indigestion, constipation and dyspepsia. It has been doing for the past fifty years. A few drams convince you.

SURE
HOSTETTER'S
GET
GENUINE
STOMACH
BITTERS

EST FOR THE BOWELS

It's a regular, healthy, strong, and nutritious food for all. It is the best way to keep your bowels in perfect condition. It is the perfect way to keep your bowels in perfect condition.

CANDY
CATHERINE
Bacareth

TRY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

CANDY
CATHERINE
Bacareth

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

WEET, PEAZY, POTENT, TASTE GOOD

AND WITH A LOT OF NUTRITION

ADMITTED CHEMISTS, CHICAGO AND NEW YORK

UP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

WHY
BE
GRAY

MR. NETTIE HARRISON'S
4-DAY
AIR RESTORER

THE NATURAL COLOR, GONE
AND RESTORED PERMANENTLY, WHILE
YOU SLEEP. ALL DAY, YOU ARE
AND WITH NO DISCOMFORT, OTHER
METHODS. THE AIR RESTORER
IS THE HIGHEST STICKY. \$1.00.

MR. NETTIE HARRISON
Dermatologist

GEARY ST., San Francisco

Teat Parlor, corner of Geary and
Market Streets, San Francisco.

Carries a complete line of
cosmetics.

MR. NETTIE HARRISON
THE KING'S CHARIOTS.

His kingdom is a cross, too—a cross

STAINES IN ENGLAND.

They Appear to Have Been Scarce
in the Thirteenth Century—His-
tory Records Only a Few Varieties in
Gardens and Orchards.

The enthusiast of the present day
thinks how his ancestors of
the Middle Ages were ecclesiastic,
and it is thought that in the gardens
of Eleanor, Countess of Lein-
ster, wife of the celebrated Simon de
Mort, from this, the earliest
account of the expenditures of
English subjects, some curious
facts are gathered.

Dated pease and beans, parsnip,
carrots, green peas, and new
potatoes are the only species named. Pot
pease are gathered.

pease are

Song Birds from the Leading Choirs of Los Angeles.

BUSY MUSICIANS.

LOS ANGELES is a busy city musically. From time to time throughout the year we are reminded how many musicians we possess. Vocalists, pianists, violinists, instrumentalists of all sorts come forward periodically to claim a place in the list of those we admire. There is one class of workers in music, however, who are not always as prominently before us as they deserve to be. That class is composed of our church singers. It is an old but well-authenticated fact that the majority of them have no aspirations as to what it really means to be a soloist in a church choir. They have an idea that choir singing is an easy and profitable business. In fact, any solo who can sing at all can sing in a church, they say.

How far astray they are in their supposition! It is safe to say that there is no musician whose path is no better with the organ as is the chorister's. To begin with, the church building is frequently a place of great beauty and sanctity, but no ear, one might say, for sound. In other words, the arched and pillars and decorations of the church are most voracious musically, often swallowing three-fourths of the singer's voice. Choristers, therefore, are the primary sinners in this respect, as the mass of their decorations is often in front of the choir benches. Then, again, there is the fact that the choristers are obliged to do. Think of those weekly practices, not only for solo singing, but for the whole musical service. They are working for the voice, after all, as far as for the notes. The church soloists have really a dual responsibility. They are presented to the congregation not only as musicians, but as workers. They are supposed to do their part toward keeping the thoughts of the worshippers fixed steadily upon things above, especially during the service, so that the minds of the faithful are in danger of reverting to earthly matters, perchance even to such trifles as economics. That is, it is not such an easy one, after all. All honor and admiration be accorded to our church song birds, we soloists, then, today for our master's detection.

Who snapped these song birds? I said Molonier, with a little camera.

And very good snaps they are, too. In the center of the group is Forrest Dubrey, basso soloist of Christ Church (Episcopal). Although Mr. Carr has been here only a few months, he has already achieved a high reputation among us. This would have been the case even if Mr. Carr had not just then had a reputation with him, ready made, from the East. He has a great big bass voice of brilliant quality, with artistic appreciation of his subject.

If any man thinks that a singer's life is easy, let him ask Forrest Carr how hard it is to be a singer. From his childhood Mr. Carr has earned his own livelihood. He early discovered that he had the voice and the ambition to be a singer, and he worked hard at it. Carr is now 25 years old, and less he made his way to New York in search of the master who might teach him to manage a great vocal career, with his voice as his carouse with him. He arrived in the midst of winter, penniless and friendless, i.e., not absolutely penniless, because he had the clothes of a shaver, with which he immediately purchased and set to work to shovel snow from the doorsteps and pavements of the streetcar. It had been a dark day that something about the lad pleased the "boys" in an express company's office, in front of which young Carr was industrially shoveling. He called him in, and took him on. The next day Carr sold his shovel at reduced rates and took a job with the company as express driver for a few more days. He had not made any money, but any man will take a long chance when he has been promoted from a cold, shushy place to a nice high, airy office.

For Mr. Carr, he has a temperament and a personality that make him friend, easy and which help him to live with those whom he has brought to bear, and he rises steadily.

A few years from the day on which he sold his shovel he completed a course at the Dai Verme Theater in Milan. Shortly afterward she signed a contract for three years with the Royal Carl Opera Company. She made a name for herself, too. He made his greatest hit as Mephistopheles in "Faust," in which character an enthusiastic New York audience gave her a very good picture of him. We present today a good portrait of Mr. Carr, of a somewhat different nature. It is not every man can sing the rôle of Mephistopheles to do the gait of the church and wear them both so becomingly. Mr. Carr is, however, as much at home in art as in secular music, having had a large experience of oratorio and church work.

Church soloists are human. They are sometimes tall, thin, and they sometimes take a holiday. In the former the substitute becomes the important person. Miss Mary Link has substituted in the First Congregational Church several times for the soloist at various special services. Miss Link is one of America's operatic stars. She is possessed of a phenomenal voice, which can sing from soprano to D in alt, and is an instantaneous boon to a repertoire company, since she can sing contralto and soprano roles with equal facility and dramatic, and her interpretations have been as much admired for their dramatic as for their musical qualities. She has also joined the choir of St. Mark's as a choir boy, at 75 cents per

year.

years in Italy, and two years later became the soloist at the same church, which position he held for eighteen months. He left it to join the Castle Square Opera in New York, with which congregation he made his debut in the United States. In 1895, he was at the Dai Verme Theater in Milan. Shortly afterward she signed a contract for three years with the Royal Carl Opera Company. She made a name for herself, too. He made his greatest hit as Mephistopheles in "Faust," in which character an enthusiastic New York audience gave her a very good picture of him. We present today a good portrait of Mr. Carr, of a somewhat different nature. It is not every man can sing the rôle of Mephistopheles to do the gait of the church and wear them both so becomingly. Mr. Carr is, however, as much at home in art as in secular music, having had a large experience of oratorio and church work.

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year.

The home life of the Eiseman is happy until Mr. Eiseman's brother exerts his wiles. The Eiseman applied for a divorce, and it was granted, no defense being made by all concerned, except the wife of James Liked It.

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[Rochester Dispatch.] New York women are deeply interested in the Queen of this city has blissfully presided over the hearts and homes of two men, each of whom, for nearly a year past, has been the victim of the Queen's beauty. It was by a very smooth and ingenious method that Mrs. Clara Eiseman managed the affair, which finally came off at the Duke of York's. — noticing the beautiful tints in Her Majesty's hair, exclaimed: "Oh, Your Majesty, what wonderful shades the sunlight has given to your hair, and how artistically you do arrange it!" The Queen blushed with pleasure, but, knowing her husband's aversion, made a reply which the entire court was pleased to hear. The Queen was sincere, and seeing how much her silence had pained her, the Duchess whispered kindly: "Thank you for your pretty words about my hair."

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The Social World. ✕ Men and Women in Society. ✕ Personal Intelligence

EVENTS IN SOCIETY.

WITH the wave of heat so suddenly replacing the coolness of the past few days, social affairs in these more active times have come almost to a standstill. As yet the extreme inactivity of summer has not arrived to entirely put an end to social gatherings, but a hint of it may be felt and more inviting places than the city are being rapidly sought.

During the past week many Los Angeles people close their homes and go to the island and beaches for the summer, where most of them will remain until the first of September or until the approach of cooler weather.

There is still an orange-blossom atmosphere, but weddings have nearly all stopped until the more popular period is limited to the small circle of those immediately concerned.

One of the delightfully informal affairs of the week, which has not been chronicled, was the dinner party and musical given Friday evening by Judge and Mrs. John D. Bicknell at their home in West Second street, complimentary to Dr. W. S. Layton of Minneapolis.

The dining-room was artistically decorated with pink sweet peas, pink sun flowers and green ferns. The drawing-room, hall and library were arranged with white sweet peas and tropical foliage. After dinner the program was contributed by the guests. Those present were Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Cates, Misses Mary Linck, Clara Bobbushoff, Mrs. Robert Haupt, Mrs. G. H. Brown, Mrs. Arthur T. Bell, Miss Edith Warner, Miss Edna Talbot, Mrs. John Herbert and Gen. M. H. Sherman.

Sentos-Trait. William L. Pruitt was married yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Sustos, No. 108 West Twenty-first street, Thursday evening. The house was artistically decorated with pinks, flowers, potted plants and Japanese lanterns, and green ferns and ivy.

The wedding was celebrated quietly and Judge M. T. Allen officiated. The rooms were artistically decorated with blue hydrangeas and the dining-room with Dutchess roses and ferns. Those present were Mimes, Keyser, McIntosh, Worth, Spinks, Blinn, Field and Hawley.

Whist Party.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Mayes entertained at whist Wednesday evening at their home, No. 1188 South Olive street. Mrs. Warren captured first prize, and Mr. A. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Peacock, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Haupt, Mrs. G. H. Brown, Mrs. Arthur T. Bell, Miss Edith Warner, Mrs. W. Swearingen and Mrs. L. C. Cleve of Columbus, O.

Gilly-Schmidt.

Vincent Methodist Episcopal Church was the scene of a pretty wedding Thursday evening, when Miss Zoe Fernande Gilly and Oscar Emilie Schmidt were united in marriage by Rev. W. C. Chapman. A large reception was held afterward at the home of the bride's mother.

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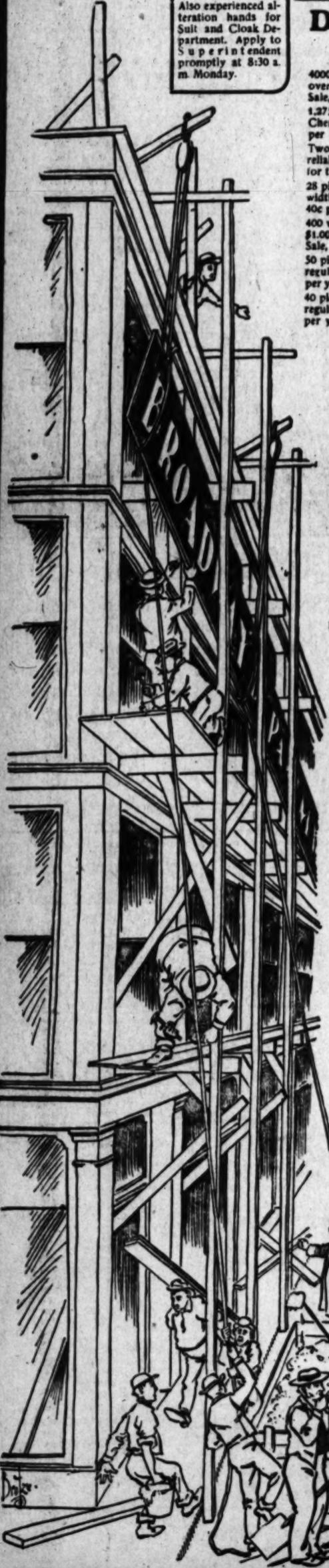


We're expanding again—we have to—quarters are too cramped—floor space too limited—not a Department Manager but is crying "More room!" "More room!" Expansion for us means opportunities for you. We must unload \$50,000 WORTH OF NEW, SEASONABLE, DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE in the next fifteen days. Must get it out of harm's way. This Expansion Sale marks a new merchandising era for the purchasing public of Los Angeles. This week this huge Economy Hall will present a solid array of imposing, attention compelling values that will thrill every prospective purchaser. The keynote of the whole vast occasion is dependable, wantable merchandise, presented without exaggeration and offered at the lowest prices ever attached to such worthy goods by any house in Los Angeles.

\$50,000 Worth of New, Seasonable, Dependable Merchandise to be Sold in 15 Days

Extra Salespeople Wanted

In all Departments
Also experienced alteration hands for Suit and Dress Department. Apply to Superintendant promptly at 8:30 a.m. Monday.



Domestics

Expansion Prices

4000 yards unbleached Canton flannel, a grade that is sold all over town at 9c and 10c. Cheap at 8c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
1,375 yards white plique, 32 inches wide, the sort you pay 15c for. Cheap at 13c. Special for this Expansion Sale, per yard
Two cases unbleached muslin, 45 inches wide, a well known, reliable brand, uniform details at 14c. Cheap at 12c. Special for this Expansion Sale, per yard
28 pieces unbleached table cloths, have weight, good generous width, we guarantee that it cannot be matched for less than 40c per yard. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
400 white bedspreads, good, full size, sold in most stores at \$1.00 and cheap enough at that price. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
50 pieces blue and white striped ticking, 30 inches wide, sells regularly at 7c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
40 pieces Galates cloths, next stripes, good colorings, sells regularly at 15c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
200 dozen huck towels, size 16x32, splendid value at 12c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
20 pieces 43-inch bleached pillow tubing. Always sells at 15c per yard. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
100 pieces checked pure linen crash, table cloths that are worth up to 35c per yard. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
81 pieces fleeced back damask in dark colors. Sells regularly at 8c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
400 pieces 18 inch wide unbleached muslin; good value at 8 1/2c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
22 pieces ten ounce duck, 30 inches wide, suitable for tents, awnings, etc., sold ordinarily at 16 2/3c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
87 pieces 18 inch wide cambic (seconds of Lonsdale cambic) good value at 10c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
10 pieces 25 inch white wool flannel, the best 20c value we ever saw. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard
28 pieces 18 inch bleached linen crash, colored border, the grade that always sells at 10c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard

Lining Bargains

Cordette Canvas, soft and pliable, gray, tan, white, black and brown, 30 inches wide. Sells all over the country at 20c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard

Commodore Cloth, mercerized finish, 36 inches wide, in all staple colors, used for linings and skirts. Splendid value at 25c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard

Collar Canvas, black, tan or natural color. Sells regularly at 20c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard

Crinoline, in white, gray, or black, the grade we usually sell at 6 1/4c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard

Ondule Percaline, moiré effect, mercerized finish, 36 inches wide, all staple colors. Regular price, 20c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard

Mercerized Satin, in all stripes and pastel shades. Used for linings and skirts. Full yard wide. Regular price 25c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard

Notable Notions

Our notion department is always the busiest in the store. We will have extra help this week so you won't have to wait. Come early in the day, however. It's easier for you, and it's much easier for us.

15c Shetland Floss 8 1-2c

A little range of colors, including black and white, the best quality. Sold elsewhere at 15c. Special for Expansion Sale, per skein, 8 1-2c.

2 1-2c Darning Cotton 1c

All colors including black and white, regular price 2 1-2c. Special for Expansion Sale, per ball, 1c.

Spool Sewing Silk 1c

Good black Sewing Silk, all numbers. You never heard of such a thing before. Thank the Expansion Sale for it. Price per spool, while it lasts, 1c.

2 1-2c Hat Elastic 1c

Flat Hat Elastic, black or white, regular price 2 1-2c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 1c.

3c Pig. Hair Crimper 1c

Lead Hair Crimper, one dozen to a package. Sell regularly at 3c. Special for Expansion Sale, per package, 1c.

4c Darning Balls 2c

Black Enamelled Darning Balls, fancy handles. Regular price 4c. Special for Expansion Sale, each, 2c.

5c Round Combs 1 1-2c

Children's Catbird Round Combs, all colors, well finished teeth. Regular price 5c. Special for Expansion Sale, each, 1 1-2c.

35c Shopping Bags 19c

Net Shopping Bags, made of strong cord, leather handles. Regular price 35c. Special for Expansion Sale, each, 19c.

1,484 Pairs of Men's Pants at Less Than Cost of Production

Read This Letter



Moody Dept. Store.
Los Angeles, Cal.
September:

Your telegram received and offer accepted. Goods will be shipped to-day. The price you offer (\$10.00 per dozen) is extremely low as the pants range in price from \$12.00 to \$18.50 per dozen, with more of the latter price than the former. However, we are anxious to close this season's business and so you take the entire stock (120 dozen) we accept.

They are all new fresh goods and you will find this the biggest bargain you ever bought from us or any other manufacturer.

Thanking you for your valued order, we remain,

Yours very truly,

Lycoming Pants Co.

The above letter speaks for itself—these pants are the same grades that are sold by exclusive clothiers at \$20 to \$25 per pair. To push this expansion sale to its fullest limit we have decided to retail these goods at a figure far below the regular wholesale price. In the lot are plain black cheviots, fancy checked and striped cheviots, fancy tweeds, cassimere, and other popular materials. They are well made, will not rip, and the buttons won't pull off. They will fit equal to the average custom tailor's work. Think of the opportunity this Expansion Sale affords you. We will not sell more than three pairs to one customer. Positively none to dealers.

\$1.00

Expansion Sale Prices--Millinery

We are going to close out our entire stock of trimmed hats—we must do it—can't afford to move them. Here's another splendid opportunity for money saving afforded by this Expansion Sale.

\$20 Trimmed Hats \$4.98

Your choice of our entire stock of pattern and model hats, some of them imported, this season's brightest and best ideas. They include a range of prices from \$10.00 up to \$20.00. To insure a ready sale we have priced them at a ridiculous figure; come early and get first choice. Your pick of the entire lot at \$4.98.

Pretty, pleasing hats conjured by New York's leading milliners, many of them exclusive styles; priced regularly at from \$5.00 to \$10.00. A special to close during Expansion Sale for \$2.98.

\$10 Trimmed Hats \$2.98

This lot embraces a lot of misses' and children's hats as well as trimmed hats for middle aged women. The original prices range up to \$5.00 and they represent good values at that figure. Special for Expansion Sale, your choice, \$1.98.

\$5 Trimmed Hats \$1.98

This lot embraces a lot of misses' and children's hats as well as trimmed hats for middle aged women. The original prices range up to \$5.00 and they represent good values at that figure. Special for Expansion Sale, your choice, \$1.98.

\$3.50 Walking Hats 98c

Street and walking hats in all the latest styles, some trimmed in Persian silks—others with black velvet, wings, quills, etc. Splendid values up to \$3.50. Monday only, your choice 98c.

Expansion Sale, Men's Furnishings

Men's 75c Golf Shirts 49c

Of good bedford cord—also woven madras cloth. Large assortment of blue, pink, helio and oxblood stripes. Separate cuffs to match. Good value at 75c. Expansion Sale price 49c.

Men's \$1.00 Golf Shirts 69c

Made of Garner's percale—splendid patterns—two separate collars and one pair of cuffs. Good value at \$1.00. Special Monday and Tuesday, 69c.

Men's \$1.25 Golf Shirts 98c

Of best madras cloth—woven collar—separate cuffs to match—large pearl buttons, one pocket. Splendid value at \$1.25. Special Monday and Tuesday, 98c.

Men's 75c Nightshirts 49c

Fine grade muslin. Plain white or silk embroidered fronts, full length. Good value at 75c. Special Monday and Tuesday, each 49c.

Men's 75c Underwear 48c

Men's four thread French baliburgan shirts and drawers. Tan color, silk finished, covered seams, good pearl buttons. Splendid value at 75c. Special Monday and Tuesday, per garment, 48c.

Men's 50c Underwear 25c

Dixy ribbed baliburgan shirts and drawers, made of combed Egyptian yarn; well finished, all sizes. Sells regularly at 50c. Special Monday and Tuesday, per garment 25c.

Expansion Sale Prices--Laces

Normandy val. and Point de Paris lace—bordal designs, good edges—widths up to 2 1/2 inches. Splendid values at 10c. Special for Monday, per yard.

Woolen lace—black or white—beaded, ribbed, etc. Special for Monday, per yard.

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The walls are up for our new addition—work is being pushed as rapidly as human skill, energy, and endurance will permit. Our contract calls for the completion of this building by the 1st of September and we will not be disappointed. Every department in this big, busy store will have to be moved—every stock must be reduced to the lowest possible point to save the wear and tear of moving. We have inaugurated this Expansion Sale with but one object in view, the reduction of our enormous stock to the lowest possible limit. We have strained every commercial nerve in our endeavor to make this sale exceed, in every vital essential, anything ever attempted, by this or any other store in Southern California. Read every item, ponder over every price.

The Best Bargains will go first. Many lines are too short to advertise. Find them on our Bargain Tables. Come early.

1200 Shirt Waists

At Less Than Cost of Manufacture



50c

Closing Our Cloak and Suit Stock

The changes that have been planned for the interior of our store call for an entire remodeling of our cloak and suit section. In fact it's to be moved bodily. We expect to close out every garment in this stock before the change is made. We must get them away from the dirt, dust, mortar, and general dirtiness of the goods—these were made especially for display; every little detail was carefully considered. The price paid was a mere pittance for the cost of the goods. The goods were sold at a loss. In the open market these goods would retail readily at \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00—with some few even higher. There are two hundred different styles in the lot. It would take an entire page to describe them all. You can see them all and then select the one that suits you to close your eyes and choose a waist line. The cost of this lot you could not choose a waist line less than \$1.00 and \$1.50. Thank the expansion sale for this glorious opportunity. Your choice, while they last.

\$17.50 Tailor Made Suits \$10.00
New stylish suits in dark gray homespun with stitched taffeta trimmings; tan colored and black cheviot with stitched piano velvet trimmings; tan and black clover and vaneians, short backed Eaton effects. Every suit is made to our own order and passes a rigid inspection before it goes into our stock. In this lot are suits that are magnificent values at \$17.50 and many at an even higher price. Special for Expansion Sale, your choice per suit \$10.00.



Silks—Dress Goods Expansion Prices

Imported Japanese Silk, 20 inches wide, 50 different colors to select from, including black and white. Was formerly sold at 35c but the Broadway made it 35c and some others followed. 14½c Special for Expansion Sale, another Broadway, per yd. 39c

Black Chintz silk, taffet finish, 24 inches wide, excellent for

pleating, trimmings and waist, sells regularly at 35c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard.

Silk poplin, 20 inches wide, reversible, soft lustrous finish, comes in

castor, scarlet, pearl, brown, gray and tan, a grade that sells

in most stores at \$1.25, a bargain at \$1.00. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard.

Corduroy velvets, suitable for skirts or waist, the colors

are blue, tan, gray, brown, castor, green and red, a splendid

value at 75c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard.

Pongee silk, natural color, 32 inches wide, suitable for chil-

dren's and women's wear, also for men's shirts; regular price

60c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard.

Black mohair, pique, net figures, dots and conventional designs; suit-

able for separate skirts or suits, shades dust easily, full 42

inches wide, worth \$1.25. Special Expansion

Sale, per yard.

Ladies' cloth, black or colored mixtures, reversible, 32 inches

wide, made in various colors, suitable for children's wear, a

splendid value at \$1.00. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard.

Black brilliant, full width, used for skirts and bathing

suits, shades dust easily; can be used without lining; worth

40c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard.

200 yards extra width Sicilian, in navy and royal blue;

suits for girls and suits; values \$1.00, \$1.15 and \$1.25, and extra grades for these prices. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard.

500 yards all-wool Henriette Cloth—a complete

range of colors, including black; splendid value at

65c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard.

Venetian Suitings, 54 inches wide, in mode and cas-

ter shades; for jackets, skirts and suits; good value

at \$1.50. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard.

Almondine, 44 inches wide, reversible; used for skirts and children's wear; worth 65c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard.

Scotch Plaids for children's wear, full 38 inches

wide; worth 60c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard.

All-wool Panner, suitable for bathing suits; colors

blue, brown and red, also black; reversible; worth

40c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard.

We dictate prices

Shirt Waist Suits

We have some decidedly novel styles in women's ready-to-wear summer suits. Light and airy creations made especially to our own order and priced as only the Broadway would price such desirable goods.



50 Combs 2 1-2c

Black rubber fine combs—sell all over the world at 5c. Special for Expansion Sale, each, 5c.

15c Dressing Combs 8 1-2c

Good strong Dressing Combs, 8 inches long; coarse and fine teeth; regular price, 15c. Special for Expansion Sale, each, 8 1-2c.

25c Dressing Combs 17c

Extra grade, made by Goodyear Rubber Company; un-

breakable; sold regularly at 35c. Special for Expansion Sale, each, 17c.

10c Metal Back Combs 5c

Horn combs with metal backs, 7 inches long, coarse and fine

teeth; regular price, 10c. Special for Expansion Sale, each, 5c.

20c Castile Soap 10c

Imported Anchor brand Castile soap, made by Francisco

Bernaldo; worth 20c. Special for Expansion Sale, per bar, 10c.

5c Toilet Soap 2 1-2c

An assorted lot of fine toilet soaps, including the Dairy Queen, good fall

cakes, worth 5c. Special for Expansion Sale, per cake, 2 1-2c.

10c Toilet Soap 3c

Kirk's Strawberry Soap; large cakes; a splendid toilet or bath soap. "It

floats." Sold in most places at 10c. Special for Expansion Sale, per cake, 3c.

15c Tar Soap 7c

Uncle Sam's Tar Soap—large cakes; softens the skin, prevents chaps on hands, face, removes dirt and dressings from the hair; excellent for

cleaning silk or woolen goods; regular price, 15c. Special for Expansion Sale, per cake, 7c.

35c Pocket Books 19c

Women's combination pocketbook and card case, imitation seal or val-

rus. Extra value at 35c. Special for Expansion Sale, each 19c.

Women's 35c Belts 25c

Handsome Satin Belts, Persian effect, pretty buckles, extra values at 35c.

Special for Expansion Sale, each 25c.

10c Can Talcum Powder 44c

Good talcum powder, 44c.

5c Bot. Petroleum Jelly 24c

Sale Commences
Monday Morning at 8:30



We Are Sole Agents for Standard Patterns

They are Accurate and Reliable
Have Seam Allowances

Ice Cream Freezers	
The celebrated White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer, made in tan, black, and brown, and most reliable freezers on the market.	
Two quart size, special Monday.	\$1.75
Three quart size, special Monday.	\$2.25
Lemonade or Water Sets	
Set of seven pieces, of handsome colored glass, of ruby, blue, or green, silverline tray. Nicely shaped pieces, six glasses to match. Good value at \$1.50; special for Expansion Sale, per set.	90c
Flags for the Glorious Fourth	
Fast color bunting flags, size 5x8 feet, well made. Special for Expansion Sale.	\$1.89
Cotton flags, mounted on stick, with spear head, size 2x3 feet. Special for Expansion Sale.	25c
Muslin flags, mounted on sticks, prices range upward from per dozen.	2½c

dictate prices

before others advertise them

Leaders. It's one of the penalties attached to having an idea that is copied by others. Advertise it and flaunt it before the public as their

Women's Neckwear

Silk four-in-hand Ties, plain color, double faced, over seam, feathers; all sizes; Special for Expansion Sale.

Agate Hump collars, all colors, two class of jersey, white, black, or velvet, Broadway Special at per pair.

Par. Wool Collars, made to order, all colors, all sizes, Special for Expansion Sale.

Summer Collars, white, tan, black, or brown, all sizes, Special for Expansion Sale.

Fancy Stock Collars, of tucked muslin, latest shades, or black velvet with plaided satin bands. Good value for Expansion Sale, each.

Silk String Ties, plain satin or fancy, colors, good value for Expansion Sale, each.

Out of Town Railroad

We want you all to come to the glorious Fourth of July, and we will spread the word.

WILL PAY YOUR FAIR

conditions upon which you come.

5 miles full fare return, 10 or over, 15c.

15 miles full fare return, 20 or over, 25c.

25 miles full fare return, 30 or over, 35c.

35 miles full fare return, 40 or over, 45c.

50 miles full fare return, 50 or over, 55c.

Proprietary conditions.

Mail Agent

Our is the only com-

pany that has the

best equipped orga-

nized service in the

country. If you have

any questions, order im-

mediately. You will soon be

sold. Goods at such prices.

Embrace

Mrs. Fantine A. Mc-

complete course in

you is your time and

Art Department.

Fourth and

Store Opens at 8:30 Tomorrow Morning

Undermuslins Underpriced

Corset Covers, made of good grade muslin, well finished. All sizes. Special for Expansion Sale, each.

Muslin Drawers, wide ruffles edged with torchon lace, embroidery or hemstitching. Good material, well made.

Worth 35c. Special for Expansion Sale, per pair.

Nightgowns, of fine grade muslin, empire style, cambric ruffles, embroidery across yoke, well finished, all sizes.

Muslin Skirts, fine quality muslin, trimmed with ruffles, wide lace, yoke band, full width. A special for Expansion Sale, per pair.

Skirts extra fine muslin, made with 12-inch flounce, cluster of ruffles and fine cambric embroidery, band yokes. Splendid value at \$1.25. Special for Expansion Sale.

Short Slips, good cambric, neck and sleeves edged with lace, yoke band, full width. A special for Expansion Sale.

Worth 35c. Special for Expansion Sale.

Infant's Wear

Marvelous Map About to Be Installed in the Executive Mansion.

THE GAME OF WAR.

How it Will Be Watched in the War Room.

Pins Will Point Out Armies and Navies.

How This Most Wonderful Map in the World Will Be Manipulated.

BY JOHN ELEPHANT WATKINS, JR.
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) June 24, 1901.—The most remarkable map of the world, and in the world, is shortly to be installed in that unique sanctum, the war room of the White House. I have just watched the finishing touches being put upon it. It is twenty feet long by eighteen feet wide, and the parallels and meridians which form its projections would cover 2000 feet, if placed end to end. It has required four months of hard work to make it. All of its parts have been made by hand, yet it still has been employed that it appears to be a gigantic lithograph.

Upon this colossal chart, President McKinley and his successors will study all future wars and diplomatic conflicts exciting the world. Over its face, as though it were great chess board, miniature representations of the armies and fleets of the world will be moved, while skilled geographers and cartographers will continually alter it to represent changes of boundaries, and cable lines, telegraphic canals, and whatsoever may alter the political complexion of Mother Earth.

President McKinley has developed a poison, played with pins of different colors, and to which other great generals have resorted, with confection of complex military problems. This mad took possession of the Chief Magistrate during the war with Spain. While other statesmen found relief in the billiard table or chess board, not to mention other boards, he has realized greater enjoyment in tracing out upon this map the world map, skewered with dots, bearing flags and miniature ships, representative of military and naval forces, struggling to gain the charts which have been playfully prepared.

MINIATURE SHIPS AND ARMIES.

No drawing board in the world would hold the paper on which this remarkable map was made. Hence it had to be drawn upon two immense strips of paper, which had to be joined together. This seam was necessitated until run lengthwise with the finished sheet, but will be so neatly effected as to be hardly noticed. The chart is covered with thick cloth, such as will conveniently receive the flags and miniature ships stuck into it. It will extend across the billiard table or chess board, not to mention other boards, he has realized greater enjoyment in tracing out upon this map the world map, skewered with dots, bearing flags and miniature ships, representative of military and naval forces, struggling to gain the charts which have been playfully prepared.

President McKinley can see every point of strategic importance upon the entire face of the earth. North and South America loom up in the center of the great rectangle. To the right, and the left, to the east, appear Europe, Asia and Africa in their entirety, except for a small corner. To the west is shown the broad expanse of the Pacific, Australia, Oceania, and a repetition of nearly the entire eastern coast of Asia. This repetition is made to again show the Philippines, which are at the extreme eastern end of the map. Thus the President can trace the progress of ships all the way to Manila by the African or Pacific route. He can follow them through the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean and the China Sea, starting from New York, or embarking from San Francisco to follow the progress by way of Hawaii and Guam. In neither voyage will his miniature ships run off the edge of the map. The colors are employed to indicate the political divisions of the world. There are eleven distinct colors, each representing territory of one of the eleven countries having power. Countries without detached colonies are designated each by one of three other colors, distributed about. To make the map more colorful and harmonious, great artistic judgment had to be used.

The colors were applied to the great map with an air brush, the hand of the most skilled master painter in the world not being sufficient to afford in touch to effect a fining which might appear perfectly homogeneous when so widely distributed. The air brush used was a special instrument of the Government, through which the paint, fed by reservoir and tube, was emitted by compressed air pressure and fell upon the paper in the form of delicate spray.

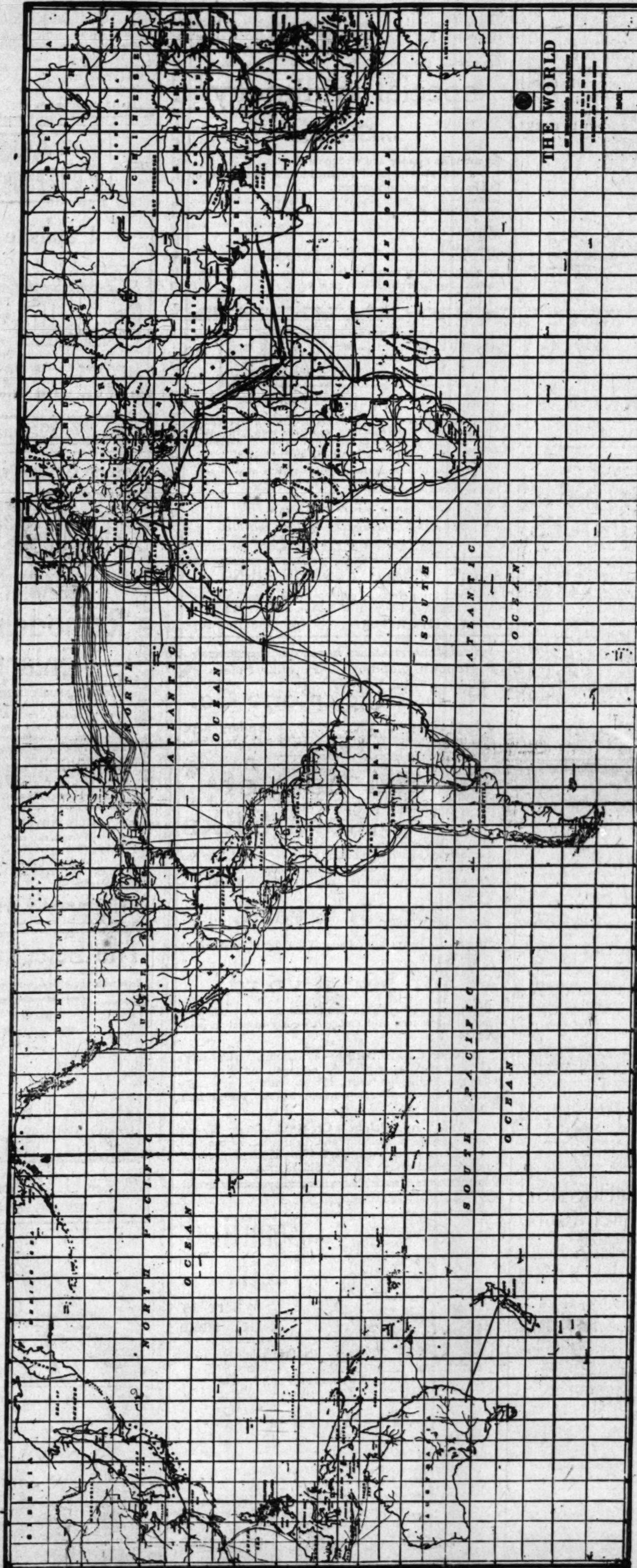
A THOUSAND MOVING FLAGS.

Over a thousand little flags and emblems bearing flags are being made to represent the positions of our army and navy alone. It will take one man a week to paint them all, after the map has been mounted and before the President returns to view it. Each flag is a square of parchment of about three and one-half inches dimension, fastened with wire, with a long steel pin with a white glass head.

A blue ship stuck through a card-board box will represent each vessel of our navy, and each name, last name neatly lettered thereon. Each army transport will be represented thus, with an addition of blue and white, the first being a blue flag with the number of officers and men aboard. Each regiment of infantry will be designated by a white flag, cavalry by a red flag, and by a flag bearing a diagonal red and white, signal corps by white with red center and hospital corps by a red cross. Each general and admiral will be designated in the war room by a flag bearing his name. It will be placed upon the map with any regiment of fleet which he may happen to command in an engagement. Each of the foreign armies and navies will be similarly represented.

ABSOLUTELY UP TO DATE.

All naval stations of the world and ports where there are docks sufficiently large to repair our war vessels are shown on the map, also all coaling sta-



tions of the world's navies. All of the sixteen submarine cables crossing the Atlantic, the entire series of new cables, and the great cable lines in fact, every ocean cable line in the world—are shown. The great Trans-Siberian Railway is indicated. Similarly are shown the great railway lines of China. Fixing his eye upon this interesting war chart, the President traces the course of the inter-continental lines which transmit not only the accessories, but the intelligence of international affairs.

The great map will be absolutely up to date, geographically, to the hour when it is put in place. It is believed to be of the size of a billiard table, large or small, which today shows in exactness and completeness of detail all of the political subdivisions of the newly-organized world. It teaches many interesting lessons not to be found in our school geographies for students.

Our expansion of territory shown thus for the first time upon a single map is surprising, even to the most conservative of the passing events. The blue color designating our continental area extends to islands of the sea which have been added to the map.

We all know that Porto Rico, Hawaii, Tutuila and the Philippines are some of the hundreds of other satellites of continents and island systems, added with the blue color representing our territories. The Midway Group, Cura, Wake, Baker, Mariana, Oahu and Olongapo—all in the Pacific, besides the Isle of Pines in the Adriatic.

Some eccentricities and anomalies of up-to-date geography were unearthed in the course of this map. Japan, for instance, in the South Atlantic was found in the Sandwich group, not the Hawaiian Islands—of nine islands which cannot be counted because they do not exist. This group is the only No Man's Land remaining in the accessible seas. Another discovery was that Madagascar Island, situated far northeast of the Ladrones, although regarded as our territory prior to the war with Spain, was claimed by Japan as being only a portion of the fleet of that aggressive oriental empire. The map maker was likewise puzzled when he came to the collection of the New Valley, south of Khotan, where Egyptian sovereignty ended and British sovereignty commenced in the problem. Hence the colors of the two areas were skillfully and gradually blended into each other.

The big map was being made at the expense of much labor and time, completed and finished by E. T. Fowler, chief draughtsman of that bureau who conceived the idea of thus combining the President's war map with the map of the world, for giving the interesting games of which he has become such an enthusiastic devotee.

In compiling the new chart, Mr. Fowler combined the various maps of the various countries of the world and altered them according to the very latest geographical, political and other data. In this way he committed to all of the departments and in many cases had to be taken into secret confidences. The original map consists of four dimensions, a thickness of one-half inch, and the uninitiated could not appreciate, but which means much to the President when he plays at his unique military game.

THE BRAIN AND NERVES OF WAR.

The White House war-room will thus become the brain of our military system. The thousands of miles of telegraph and cable lines centering there will be the nerves. The war-room will be the brain of the President upon the outbreak of the late war. It is a small apartment in the southeastern corner of the Executive Mansion, situated between the President's office and anteroom. It had been formerly occupied by Mr. Porter, Secretary to the President. It contains a single table, supporting twenty wires, by which the President can place directly upon the circuit all of the telegraph companies of the United States, and the American and English cables, and therefore with the entire civilized world. A cable box with fifteen telephone wires places the room in communication with all of his cabinet members, with both houses of Congress and with the Supreme Court.

A President of the United States must necessarily assume the duties of commander-in-chief of his army and navy power vested in him by the Constitution. The combination of direct cable communication with foreign governments and this graphic representation of the whole world's possibilities as a theater of operations laid graphically before him, even to the detail of the exact position of each army and naval force, allows him to make assumption of such responsibility possible. President McKinley, being himself a tried soldier, proved that this possibility during the Russo-Turkish war, when the nursing of the great military hospitals, established by himself, their hands.

THE TRAINING OF SKILLED NURSES.

In 1891 Frederika Fiedler, one of the first nurses, opened a house at Kaiserwerth, on the Rhine.

In 1892 Elizabeth Fry founded a private nursing school in Devonshire Square, London, which still exists.

In 1894 St. John's House was opened.

Now the nursing staff of this house

consists of Miss Mary Bell Summersett, of C. T. Fiedler, and Mrs. Fiedler.

Order. Often I could not sleep at night, I was entirely alone and my whole system seemed to be disorganized. It was a dangerous

disorder. I was advised to go to Golden Medical Recovery, and began to feel better, but amounting in the hospital, I was given a slight

discomfort.

The question of nursing continues

to attract numbers of educated women into its ranks, despite the hardships of practical skill.

The relatives of a sick person

is still in active service. In country

districts where capable nurses are

much needed, the profession is

known through comments upon

what constitutes the thoroughly

equipped nurse largely fails of ap-

preciation.

As has been well said in connection

with sick nursing, "It is a mistake

to think that the low

value of practical skill.

The judgment of the relatives of a

sick person is still in active service.

Young women who are

known through comments upon

what constitutes the thoroughly

equipped nurse largely fails of ap-

preciation.

The timely use of Dr. Fiedler's

Medical Discovery will save

the life of a sick person

and the life of a sick person

Riverside and San Bernardino Counties—News of Their Towns.

REDLANDS BIG FILE OF DEBT FIGURES.

PROPOSED WATER BOND ISSUE IS GETTING AIRED.

Danger That the City's Progress May Be Dwarved by the Heavy Load, and That Another Bond Issue May Be Necessary to Complete the System.

REDLANDS, June 29.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.]

In the investigation he is making of the water-bond issue, Secretary Thaxter of the Board of Trade is eliciting much interesting information. He says Redlands will be head and ears above the city in the matter of water rates in the matter of per capita debt.

He shows that Redlands will have a per capita debt of \$92, and a per capita tax of \$12.50. Some other cities are:

Bethel, debt \$40, tax \$3.25; Sacramento, debt \$4, tax 67.

Mr. Thaxter gives figures from the country, the average debt of eleven cities being \$25.54, and the average tax \$4.65, leaving Redlands high and dry, \$6.46 ahead of the average per capita debt and \$3.35 to the bad in the matter of per capita.

The gentile says, "I don't think these figures are the best advertisement to show intending investors."

Some feeling in favor of the bond issue is being created by those who are in the business of \$400,000 a municipal plant will give much work to laboring men here. It is apparent, however, that the Dunlap ranch for \$275,000 and the Donahue Water Company's distributing system for nearly \$100,000, would leave the city money, and in debt without the means to pay the taxes down from the bottoms or make improvements and repairs except through its rental revenues.

new bond issue would then have to be paid off in the same manner as property considerably increased.

BAND CONCERT.

Several hundred people went out to Terraces last evening for the concert given by the Redlands City Band. Under its new leadership the organization is making excellent improvements and were it not that the concerts are given on a hillside, out in the country much larger crowds would attend. The band, however, has not had many people, though it comes enough to make it worth while for it to pay the band.

A subscription could, however, be raised to meet the band's weekly concerts in Redlands and thus enable many more people to hear the music.

MINOR NEWS NOTES.

George B. Ellis returned today from an extended visit to the Kern River country.

Jones & Harris have completed plans

for a nine-room dwelling for W. T. Gileas. It will be built at the corner of West Palm and Cajon streets.

W. T. Gileas is here for a visit to the Pan-American Exposition.

Bishop Johnson of Los Angeles, who came here to conduct funeral services for his son, Rev. W. F. Johnson, returned to his home today.

Miss Minnie M. Clark has gone to New Orleans for a visit with relatives.

Cheap Excursions Daily to Coronado. Coronado Tent City is COOL.

SAN BERNARDINO.

WIFE-BEATER SENT UP.

RIVERSIDE, June 29.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.]

Bartolo Curiale was arrested yesterday and put in jail on a charge of beating his wife, a slip of a girl, who was forced to marry him against her will, about six months ago. The girl, who is 16, was born in Italy, and the story of her married life has been continually abused and beaten by her husband, but was afraid to take any action until yesterday.

He shows that Redlands will have a per capita debt of \$92, and a per capita tax of \$12.50. Some other cities are:

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but the knowledge or consent of the owner, and unlawfully disposed of.

The members of the newly-formed club are to meet this afternoon to perfect the organization.

The Ford Bros. will start for a visit to their old home in New York Saturday.

Henry Winger left last night for her old home in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Samuel Harwood arrived home from San Diego this morning, after a business visit there.

A lodge of Rebekahs has been formed here, and will hold the next meeting Monday evening.

ONTARIO.

CHURCH WEDDING.

RIVERSIDE, June 29.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.]

The marriage of Miss Susie Lavina Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Jones, pioneer residents of Ontario, to Wilmer D. Hole took place in the Methodist Church yesterday afternoon, Rev. Dr. G. H. Jones officiating.

Charles S. Hale left today for San Francisco, en route for Honolulu, where he will practice law.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bramble entered a company of friends yesterday afternoon at their home at 1015 W. Main.

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BUT REMAINING

IF YOU MISS THE BIGGEST, YOU

NOT FARE SO BADLY.

The "Consolation Prize" and the

serve Very Well Worth Working

Study Over These and the Other

selected From Time to Time,

The prizes to be distributed by

Times in July among the people

lately have been canvassing for

subscriptions consist of land,

money, oil stock, pleasure trips,

leg scholarships, and a number

of other sometimes added to as

choose the prizes. Among the latest

which there is a great and attrac-

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COAST RECORD

I LOVE BY
TELEPHONE.lena Youth Weds
a Hello Girl.aghan Surprised
His Friends.astering-out Due at the
residio-Eight-hour
Law Invalid.

Upon Reflection.

You will find that there is no
elegant and useful fixture in the
furnishings than a fine mirror.Times meets a popular demand
for an ornate frame French-style

mirror.

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money, oil stock, pleasure trips,

leg scholarships, and a number

of other sometimes added to as

choose the prizes. Among the latest

which there is a great and attrac-

tive variety, particular attra-

ction is to the following—not be-cause

they represent so much money

many of the other prizes, but be-

they are so really desirable and

so well worth the trouble.

The "Consolation Prize" and the

serve Very Well Worth Working

Study Over These and the Other

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THE PUBLIC SERVICE—IN THE OFFICES AND COURTS.

SOME PEOPLE'S IDEA OF "IMPROVEMENT."

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

The City Assessor has practically completed the assessment roll, and on account of the increased valuation of some franchise holdings, taxes may be paid under protest.

The Horticultural Commissioners received an important report yesterday relative to successful experiments at Rivers in the extermination of purple scale.

The Los Angeles and Redondo Railway Company brought an injunction suit yesterday against the California Pacific Railroad Company.

Judge Allen took occasion yesterday to score the practice of "holders" in dispensing Police Court justice.

AT THE CITY HALL

TAXES WILL BE PAID.
ONLY UNDER PROTEST.

FRANCHISE HOLDERS OBJECT TO CITY ASSESSOR'S VALUATIONS.

ROLL Practically Completed. Although the Totals Have not Yet Been Computed—Mayer Refuses to Approve Claim of a Chinese Interpreter.

In making assessments this year City Assessor Ben Ward has carried out the reputation gained by him during the last administration, and as a result of the work done the amount of the amount of his assessments under protest. The work of completing the assessment will be completed by Monday. In fact, all the assessments have been made, and the deputies and clerks in the Assessor's office are busy computing the totals.

A feature of the new assessment is the valuation of the telephone company's privilege to do business in Los Angeles. This year it is valued by the Assessor at \$50,000, as against \$25,000 last year. The valuation of the franchise of the Los Angeles Lighting Company has been placed at \$100,000, that of the Los Angeles Railway Company at \$80,000, that of the San Francisco Company at \$75,000, that of the San Gabriel Electric and the Edison Electric companies at \$35,000 each, that of the Los Angeles Water Company at \$25,000, and that of the Highland Water Company at \$10,000.

Already the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company has filed protest against the increase in its franchise valuation, and the tax of the Los Angeles Gas Company, which has been assessed at \$25,000, will be paid under protest, the company claiming that its property is exempt from tax payment, under a State law.

The heaviest assessment this year is that of the Los Angeles Gas Company, the value of which is \$112,000.

The Lankershim estate and I. W. Hellman are close for second place.

Chinese Demand Turned Down.

The Mayor yesterday refused an application of Ching Kiu Sing, Chinese interpreter. The claim is for \$7.50 in payment for services rendered to the City Justice Court. The refusal of the Mayor on the ground of the provisions of a State law which went into effect last March. It provides that citizens of the United States shall have the exclusive right to be employed as interpreters for the Chinese.

It is the opinion of the Chinese that this law precludes the right of any alien to be employed in such a capacity, as interpreted by lawyers.

TROLLEY FRANCHISES.

LOCAL EMBARRASSMENTS.

In his address before the University Club, Charles Conant Davis said:

"Embarrassment exists with street railway applications at this time,

since the grants now asked are for ex-

tensions, which are not attractive

as are the original grants, with the

shorter terms and failing fares

would seem to be possible without in-

justice to the companies and with man-

ifest justice to the public."

One of the conclusions reached was

that the grants for the right

for street-railway franchises should

be not over two years, while those

for telegraph and telephone ought

to be over half a long, especially in

view of the fact that the franchise

is abroad, in the District of Colum-

bia, and in all of the grants made by

the Federal government, and the

Philippines the franchises are

given without a definite term, and at

the will of the government; and yet

there seems to be no difficulty in dis-

posing of them.

The figures showing the receipts by

Toronto during the year 1897 from their

franchise should be \$1,000,000

and the statement con-

cerning the traction line of the city

should be that the company has out-

standing a balance of \$500,000

of bonds, making a total of \$1,000,000

of obligations, which in an average, as

correctly stated, is \$33,714 per mile.

WRECK ON PENNSYLVANIA.

Southwestern Express Was Ditched Near Pittsburgh, but Only Three Persons Were Slightly Injured.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.—June 29.—

THE PITTSBURGH (Pa.) June 29.—The Southwestern Express was derailed at the East End siding about two miles east of Greensburg, Pa., early this morning. Only three passengers were hurt and their injuries were slight.

LOUIS HULLTON, Brooklyn:

J. J. HARBISON, Louisville, Ky.;

H. L. LLOYD, Cincinnati.

The other passengers escaped with a shaking-up and the wounded were able to continue on their way.

It is thought the accident was a deliberate attempt at train-wrecking. The switch had been turned to the track and the switch was broken. The express and express baggage cars got over safely. The last truck of the first sleeper jumped the track and the four sleepers followed. The express and express baggage cars got over safely. The passengers were transferred to another train and brought to this city.

Dividend Notice.

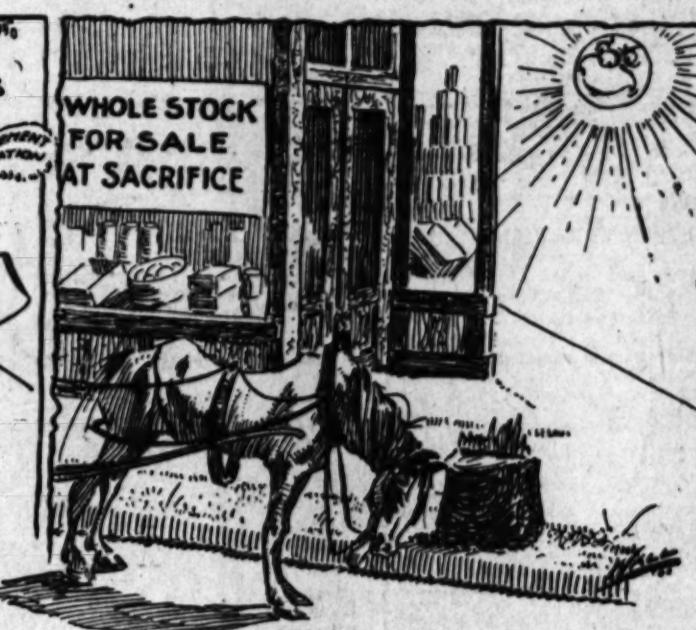
For the six months ended June 29, 1901, the Los Angeles Savings Bank, 22 North Main Street, has declared a dividend to depositors as follows:

On term deposits at the rate of three and one-half per cent, and at the rates of three and one-half per cent, free of taxes, payable on and after July 1, 1901.

John D. CLARK, formerly of the well-known firm of Clark & Niemann, the construction and engineering firm in charge of the construction work and men, has withdrawn from the partnership with his son, the late son of J. D. Clark & Co. Thanking his many friends and the general public for past services, he will continue to practice his law in this city.

The Lady Undertaker.

Mrs. M. H. Conant, with Orr & Hinde Co., is the only lady undertaker practicing in Los Angeles. Her office is at 22 North Main Street.



"The Nor'-nor'-east Improvement Association has cut down the old shade tree on Pepper street, greatly improving the corner." [Item from daily paper.]

AT THE COURT HOUSE

REPORT IMPORTANT

TO FRUIT GROWERS.

SUCCESSFUL TESTS IN THE RID-

DANCE OF PURPLE SCALE.

Inspector Maskew Submits a Report to the Horticultural Commissioners of Interesting Experiments Carried on at Rivers.

The Horticultural Commission received a report yesterday from Inspector Maskew of Rivers that is of absorbing interest to the fruit growers of Southern California. It has to do with testing a spraying process in the extermination of purple scale on seedling orange trees.

A few days after the new board went into office on May 1, the members visited Downey and Rivers to see if some definite plan could not be originated for the extermination of the purple scale, which had extended its ravages to the extent of threatening the public meetings held on May 22 at Rivers, attended by the board, and the citrus-fruit growers were induced to originate an association for the purpose of asking the commissioners to disinfest the orchards. Every grower at that meeting signed an agreement to begin a relentless war against the purple scale.

For the last ten years past the Redondo road has been untroubledly operated between Los Angeles and the beach.

Now the plaintiff proposes, in the near future to change his present line of railroad into an electric railroad, and to do it will be necessary to construct an additional track on Ver-

mont avenue, west of its present line.

But, it is alleged, the defendant

is deserting the old line of railroad

and is about to lay a new line.

It was in furtherance of this work

that Inspector Maskew of Long Beach was given charge of the experiments and the field.

IMPORTANT REPORT.

Following is his first report in part:

"The orchard selected for the experiments consisted of 382 large seedling orange trees, heavily infested with purple scale. About one-third of the trees was young and indicated from the units of size that there had been a general hatch in the late spring. The fruit presented a grayish-white appearance and looked even from the outside, while the fruit had been dusted with fine powder.

"Upon examination millions of

purple scale were discovered.

"The spraying carried out was as fol-

lows: The orchard was traversed in

different directions for the purpose of

visiting every portion of it. Infested

parts of the orchard were taken

and placed in a receptacle,

from which they were afterward taken, spread out, examined and then an esti-

mate of the average condition could be

gained.

"The spraying was then divided into four parts and the work of washing

the fruit was begun.

"The spraying was done by the

method of spraying the trees with

water.

"A careful test of the solution and

the water used was made, both

before and after the application.

"A one and one-half horsepower

gasoline engine supplied the force

to do the spraying.

"The spraying was done from a

height of 10 feet.

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height of 10 feet.

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